★ Oct. 23, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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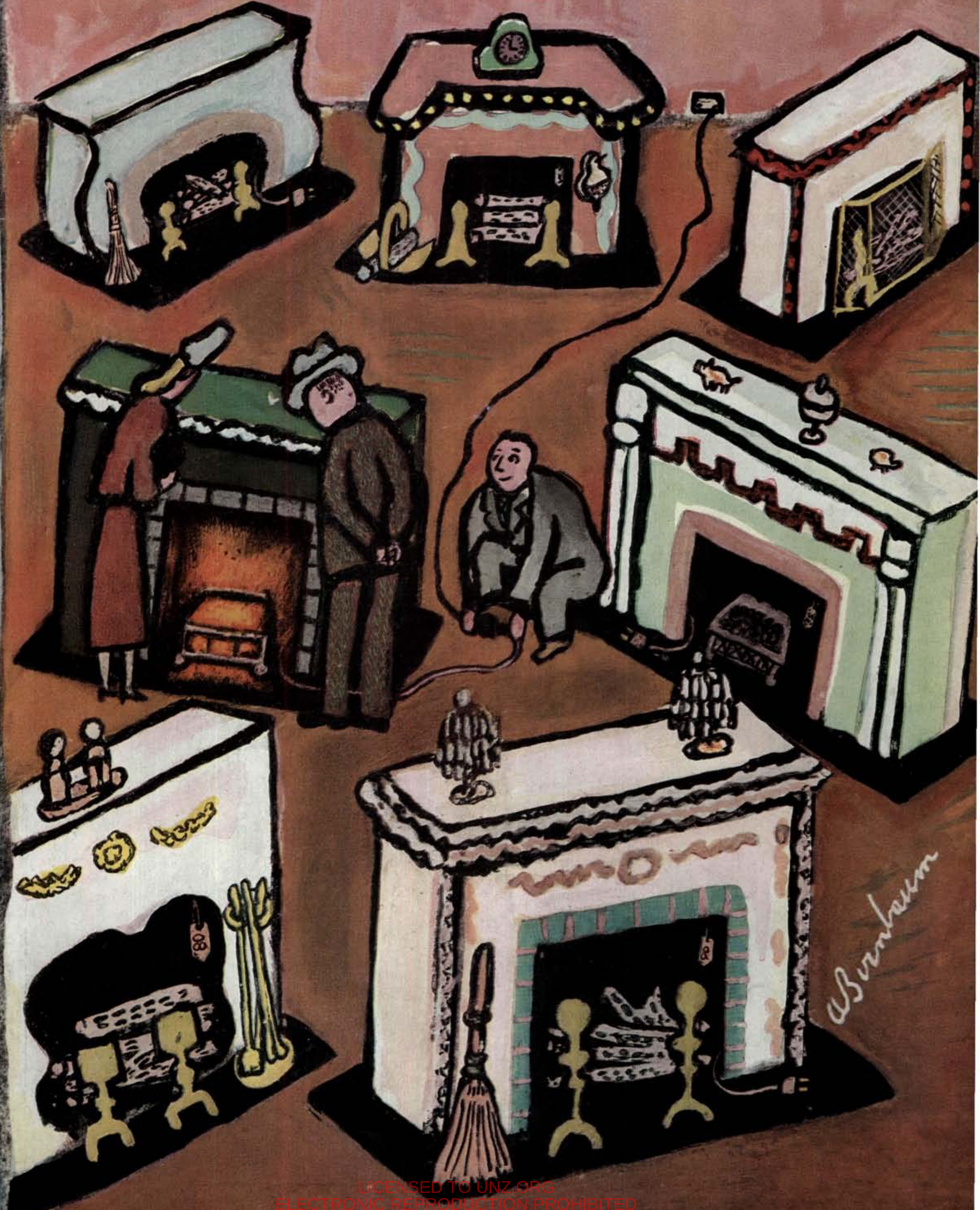

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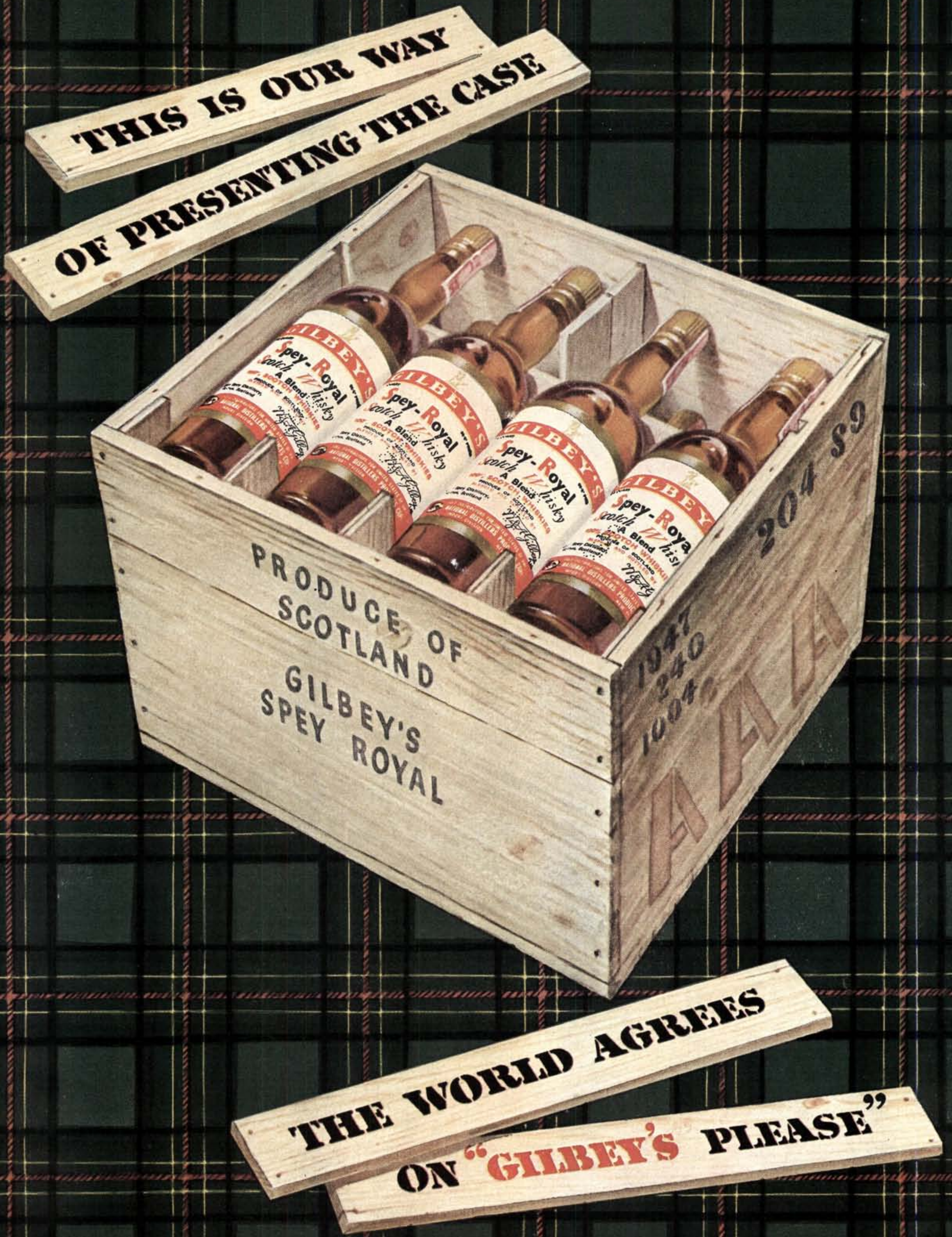
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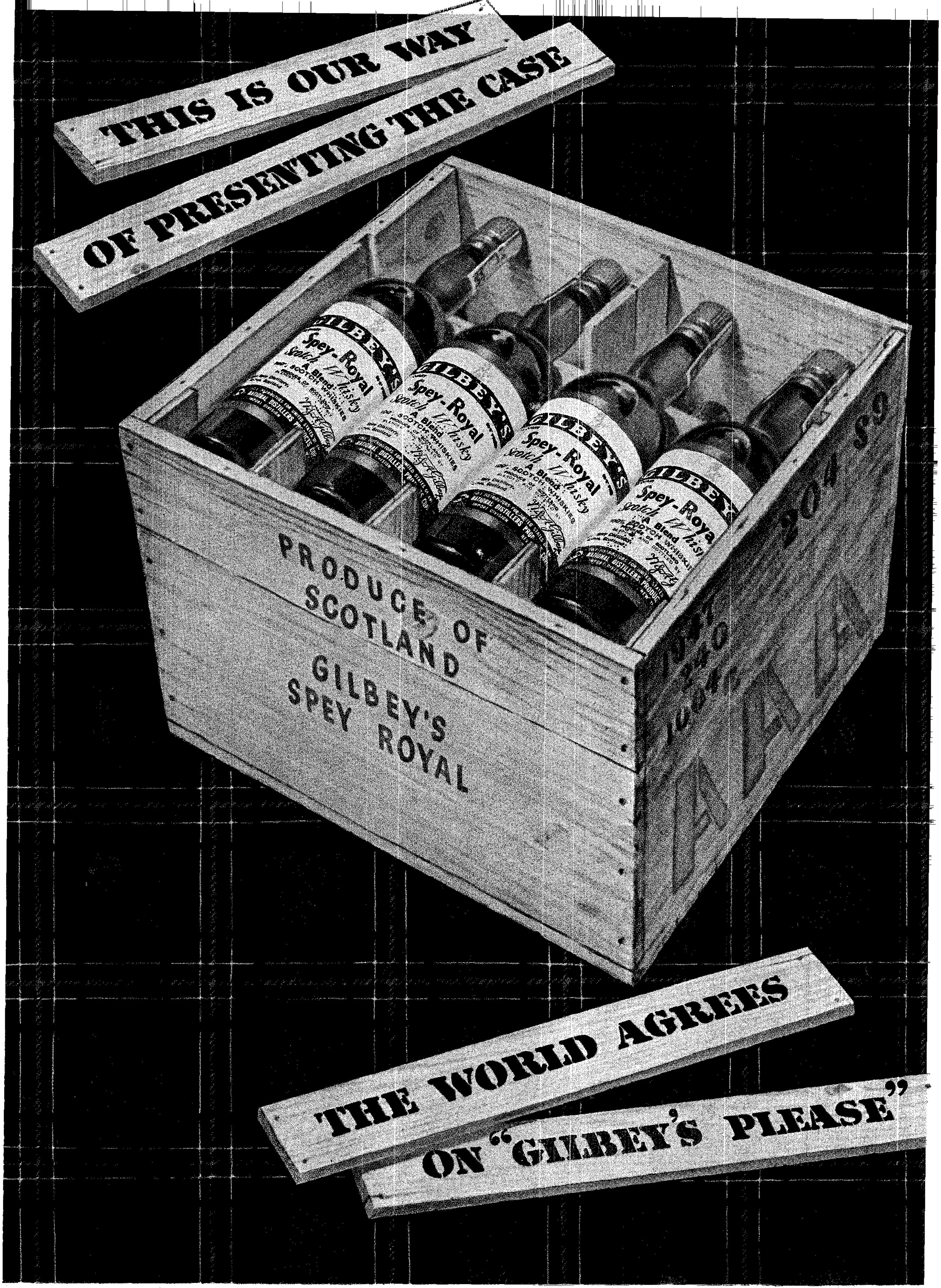
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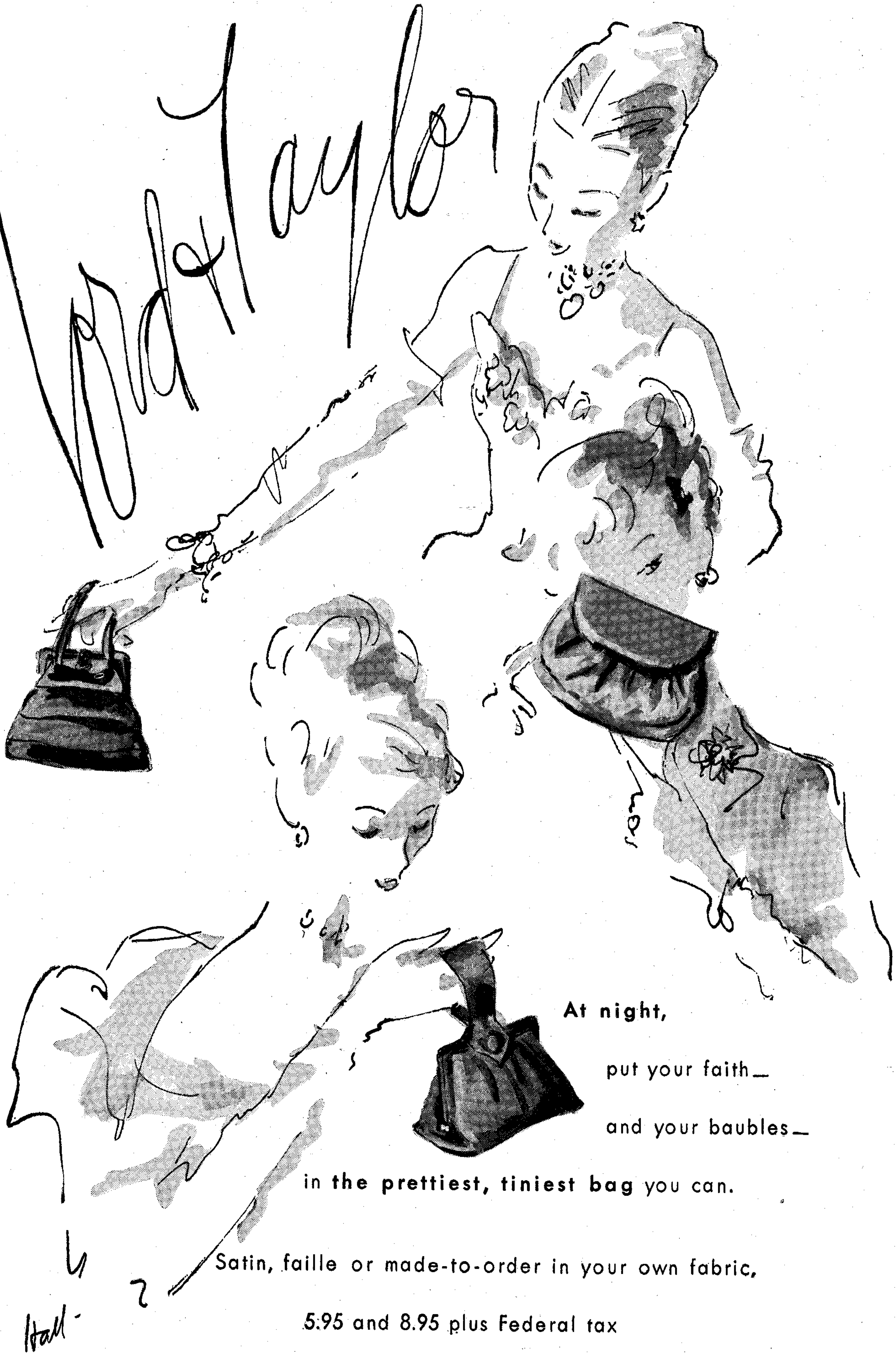

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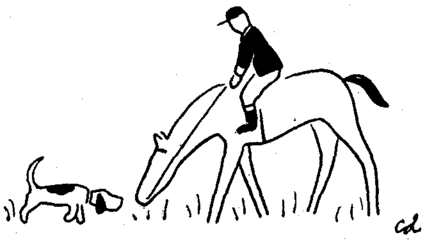

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Edward, My Son—A wonderfully sinister performance by Robert Morley and a very touching one by Peggy Ashcroft make this otherwise routine melodrama something you'll surely want to see. Mr. Morley wrote the script, with Noel Langley, and Peter Ashmore is the director. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Mister Roberts—A fine, funny, compelling job, by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen, based on Mr. Heggen's book. Henry Fonda is at the top of a remarkable cast, which includes David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Play's the Thing—A rather fetching revival of Molnar's comedy about sex on the Italian Riviera. Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernest Cossart, and Claud Allister are in the highly satisfactory cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Private Lives—Noel Coward's comedy suffers from the effect of its years, but, thanks to Tallulah Bankhead's splendidly rowdy carryings on, it is still a very funny show. Donald Cook supports her courageously. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Sartre's melodrama concerning a harlot who is driven to betray a Negro and, consequently, herself has its weaknesses, but it has more to say than most plays on the subject of lynching in the South. Ann Dvorak has the leading role. "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," by Richard Harrity, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Summer and Smoke—Tennessee Williams' play about a sexually repressed girl and her uninhibited lover is too cloudy and monotonous to be altogether successful, but Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews give noteworthy performances. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** An enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. With Judy Holliday. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** The invisible rabbit. His pal is now Joe E. Brown. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' big one about a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. With Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, Oct. 24.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Leading Lady—Ruth Gordon and John Carradine in a play by Miss Gordon. Directed by Garson Kanin and produced by Victor Samrock and William Fields. Donald Oenslager designed the setting. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Life with Mother—Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay in a play by Russel Crouse and Mr. Lindsay, produced by Oscar Serlin. The director is Guthrie McClintic. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Inside U.S.A.—In spite of fairly uninspired material, Beatrice Lillie is extremely comic in this big, handsome Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz revue. She is assisted by Jack Haley and by Valerie Bettis, one of the most accomplished dancers you ever saw. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Love Life—Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are very engaging as a couple whose marriage goes on for a hundred and fifty years, and Kurt Weill has written a nice score, but in the end the burden of the story is just too much for them. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Magdalena—This spectacle is beautiful to look at and Heitor Villa-Lobos's tunes are charming, especially when sung by Irra Petina, John Raitt, and Dorothy Sarnoff, but an old-fashioned and obtrusive book makes large parts of the evening almost unendurable. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Small Wonder—Several really first-rate routines, notably one about magazine advertising, result in a revue well worth seeing. Tom Ewell is more or less in charge of the activities, and the cast also includes Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day, Hayes Gordon, and Mary McCarty, who is quite a show all by herself. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Where's Charley?—Ray Bolger is chiefly responsible for the success of this musical version of "Charley's Aunt," by George Abbott and Frank Loesser. With Allyn McLerie, Byron Palmer, and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **high button shoes:** Some nonsense concerning the 1913 Rutgers football team, among other things. With Joan Roberts, Phil Silvers, and Joey Faye. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **make mine manhattan:** The leading comedians of this revue are David Burns and Sid Caesar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

My Romance—A musical play with a new score by Sigmund Romberg and a book, by Rowland Leigh, based on Edward Sheldon's "Romance." Anne Jeffreys and Lawrence Brooks have the leading roles. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert and directed by Mr. Leigh. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Minnie and Mr. Williams—Eddie Dowling and Josephine Hull in a play by Richard Hughes. Produced by John Gassner and David Dietz, and directed by Mr. Dowling. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 27. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet Company—Tentative schedule—Monday, Oct. 25, at 8:45: "Concerto Barocco," "Four Temperaments," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 8:45: "Four Temperaments," "Serenade," and "Orpheus." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:40; Sunday evenings at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Rodeo—The annual rooty-toot on the Eighth Avenue range. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 24.)

Fernandel—The French comedian, with Le Trio des Quatre, in a one-night stand. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Monday evening, Oct. 25, at 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000) —In the Trianon Room, William Scotti's or-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIV, No. 35, October 23, 1948. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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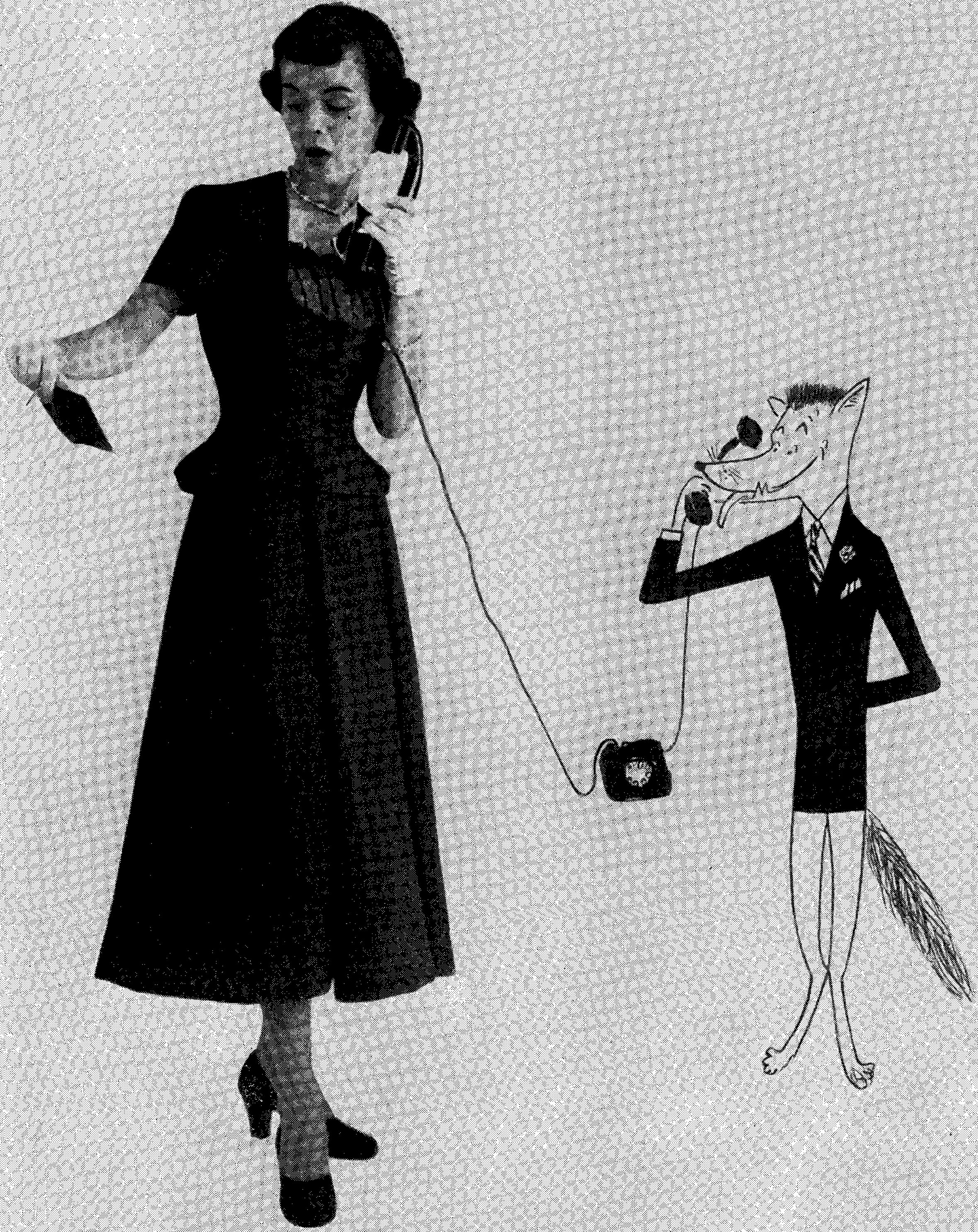

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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chestra and a rumba band play sedately for dancing. No music on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Russ Morgan's and Harold Nagel's dance orchestras in the big and bustling Bowman Room. Closed Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Nellie Lutcher expounds her let-nature-take-its-course philosophy, and Avon Long goes through his stylized but effervescent song-and-prance act. Everything sounds even better than usual, because of Dave Martin's band. Cliff Jackson plays the piano. Dancing; closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Fifty violins, working their way deadpan through an old Victor Red Seal catalogue, which is not at all the Broadway that Henny Youngman, the incumbent comedian, is used to. Billy Banks' dance band.

Le Directoire, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—The show headed by the Delta Rhythm Boys closes Thursday, Oct. 21. Next evening, the humorist called Abe Burrows will fire the first shot in his one-man war with show business. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Gringo's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A pretty girl, a cold bottle, the benevolent music of Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras, and life is yours for the asking. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A closely held corporation in which the places at table are handed down from one generation to the next. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Charles Reader's orchestra provides a polite background for dancing. Some singers and a dance team are around now and then. Closed Mondays.... ¶ A small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room offers Charles Trenet and Marge and Gower Champion. Dance music by Leo Reisman's and Mark Monte's bands. Closed Sundays....¶ In the Rendez-Vous Room, there are the orchestras of Nycola Matthey and Payson Ré, playing in very stylish surroundings. Closed Mondays.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays gently during dinner in the Oval Room. No dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Nan Wynn sings at suppertime in the Maisonette. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's band is in the Café Lounge. There's a small show, too, every day but Sunday. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The endearing patter of little feet far, far into the night. Sande Williams' orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, taking a very French view of the thing that makes the world go around. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy forgather at suppertime to swap good-natured jokes about their confreres. Eddy Duchin's orchestra plays all evening and Mischa Borr's band lends a hand toward midnight. On Sundays, bedtime is 10 P.M.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In this stately drawing room, Les Crosley's relaxed but perceptive piano at the cocktail and dinner hour, and Cy Walter's intricate études at suppertime. On Sundays, Harold Cooke does both stints.... **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio for dancing (after eight-thirty) in this plushy nook. Closed Sundays.... **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A sightly and peaceable spot to listen (after eight-thirty every night but Sunday) to John Kelley's piano. ... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): One of the best of the old-timers, with Mary McNally at the piano during cocktails, and Harry Taylor after nine. Closed Sundays.... **CHAT NOIR,** St. Moritz Hotel, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): One more excuse for not playing bridge of an evening, with music from dinnertime on and, later, a show involving Lucille and Eddie Roberts' mind reading, Mervyn Nelson's comedy, and Kitty Crawford's songs. Closed Mondays.... **PERROQUET,** Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): After dinner, Hugh Shannon and his special songs for the lovelorn, and Stella Brooks and her special blues for the worldly. Closed Mondays.... **LITTLE CASINO,** 243 Sullivan St., at 3rd St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, chirping merrily on his own tiny hearthstone. Garland Wilson and Norene Tate are at the piano, and Mae Barnes sings brashly but amiably. Closed Mondays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): This matey alcove has Faconi's violin from dinnertime on, and Sonny Kendis and his trio after ten, except on Sundays.... **SAZARAC,** 716 Lexington Ave., at 58th St. (EL 5-8923): A dim but invigorating greenroom, where the trade can talk things over, after ten, to the accompaniment of Ralph Strain's romantic piano meanderings. Closed Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A placid haven, with Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Except Mondays, Val Ernie and his orchestra play for dancing from teatime on.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latin-American life in its jauntiest and most neighborly form. Dancing; closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Kirkwood and Goodman run riot every evening but Monday, and Nancy Andrews sings every evening but Sunday, when there are movies of the Pearl White period.... **PENTHOUSE,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Jayne Manners starts singing at ten-thirty every evening except Sunday.... **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Life goes on once more aboard this old Volga houseboat just about as it always used to. Dancing; closed Mondays.

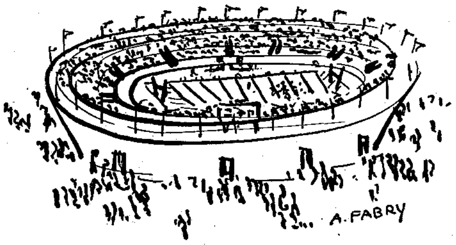
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Lena Horne's elegant demonstration of what to do with a song, and a fresh collection of those heartwarming Copa showgirls. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Imogene Coca and her new gentlemen-at-arms, Fletcher and Sheidy, blueprinting thirteen or fourteen original ways to be *enfants terribles*. American folk songs of the Cole Porter era by Bill Lawrence; Peruvian hillbilly songs by the Inka Trio. The background music is provided by the eminent Stuart Ross and by Ellis Larkin's leprechauns. ... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, singing jovially about a collection of Manhattan types that should long ago have been given back to the Indians. Arthur Kent and Sam Hamilton play piano. Closed Sundays.... **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): What sounds like one of the best backfields yet assembled by Julius Monk, this establishment's coach—Connie Sawyer's sleight-of-hand humor, Thelma Carpenter's fiery songs, Raymond Chase's bland tricks with a concertina, and Will Jordan's right jabs at people we all know. The melodic line is still supplied by the precocious Normann Paris trio. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Bibi Osterwald, a songbird who doesn't really need a microphone, making a fair-sized tempest in this little old teapot. The Loumel Morgan Trio sings too, and also plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **BREVOORT SUPPER CLUB,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (GR 3-7306): Starting Friday, Oct. 22, the Café will afford a show comprising the Three Flames' mad music, the songs of Marion Manners, and the harp playing of Daphne Hellman. The Earl Hodges Trio for dancing.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, the third rail of the trumpet, plus Jack Lesberg, Georg Brunis, and other men of iron. Ralph Sutton plays piano during their leisure moments. Anything goes Tuesday nights, when itinerant masters of the art drop in for a busman's holiday. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Butterfield, Ernie Caceres, and friends, in a knockabout mood. Sunday afternoon is jam time here. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet's trio, lighting firecrackers, and Chippie Hill, declaiming her blues, except on Sundays, when there is a jam session. Dancing.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, playing subtle but fervent music every evening but Monday; supper dancing.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The Mary Osborne Trio is inside the oval bar every day but Monday; jam sessions Sunday afternoons.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 142 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Primeval musicians from the Max Kaminsky-Miff Mole circuit, making their favorite kind of noise, every Friday evening; dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Ray McKinley's orchestra. A fill-in orchestra operates Sundays.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's band. Closed Sundays.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. Closed Sundays.... **COMMODORE,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Tommy Ryan's orchestra for dinner dancing; dancing at supper as well on Fridays and Saturdays. Tea dancing Saturdays; closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

The Arts Work Together—Architects, artists, and designers in collaboration on several handsome projects, shown in expert scale models and photographs. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Oct. 30.)

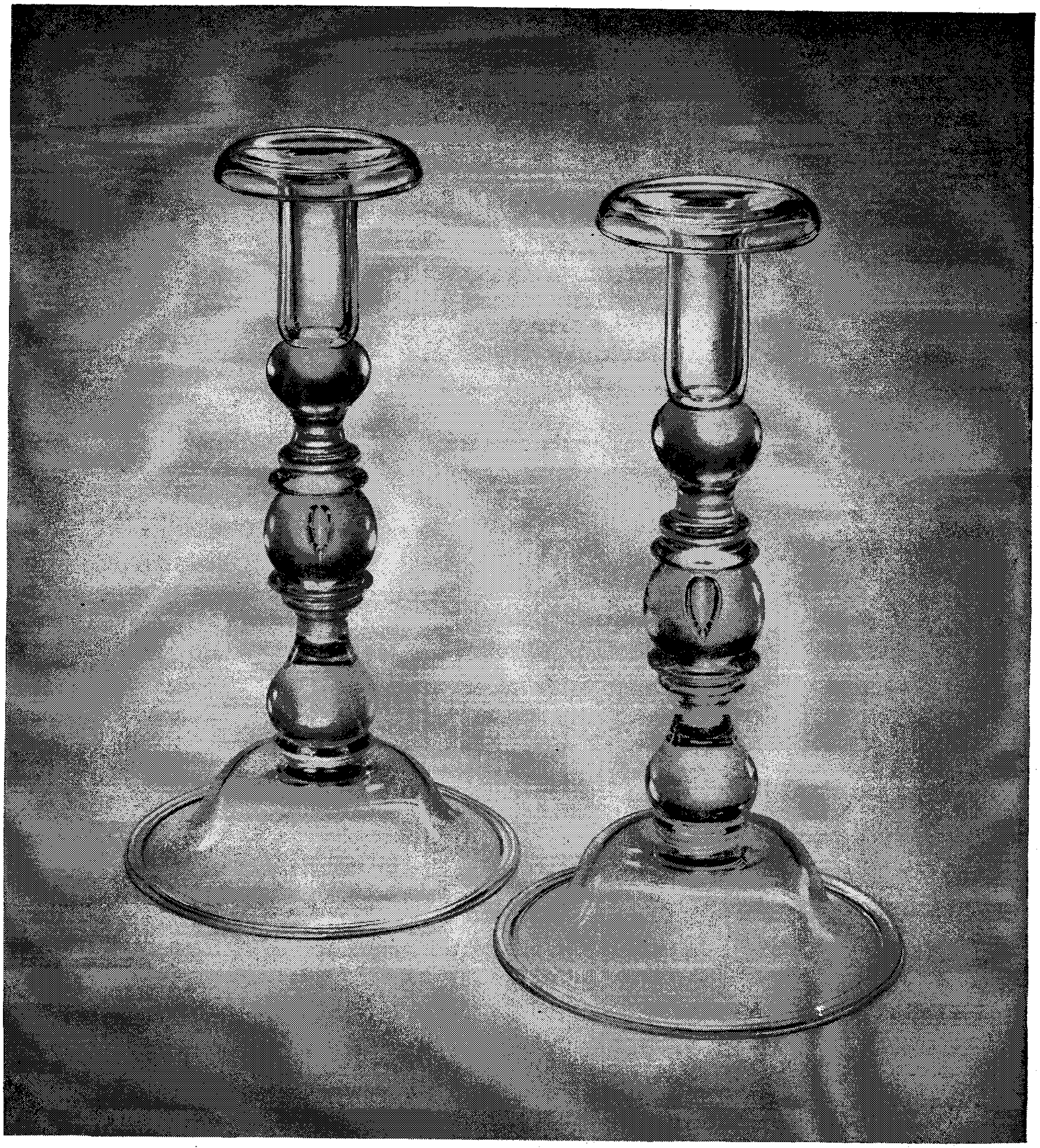
Darrel Austin—More of his dark ladies and deflated tigers, plus some other paintings, which are smaller and tighter in style, indicating a new direction in his art. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Oct. 30.)

Herman Cherry—Modern mobiles and paintings showing some familiar ideas well carried out. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Nov. 3.)

Charles Culver—Ingenuous water-color portraits of red foxes and mammoth butterflies, which are rather engaging. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 23.)

European Sculpture—Recent French, German, English, and Italian examples, in a well-knit, interesting survey. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 23.)

A. E. Gallatin—New abstractions, with a



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broader and bolder style than his previous ones. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 30.)

GROUP SHOW—Oil paintings by Ben Shahn, Niles Spencer, Karl Zerbe, and others. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Oct. 23.)

HAITIAN ARTISTS—Philomé Obin, Hector Hyppolite, Wilson Bigaud, and other members of the now well-established group of native Haitian painters. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through Oct. 23.)

THEO HIOS—Forbidding skies, midnight suns, and enormous, gentle birds in an enjoyable show of romantic oil paintings. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 22.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—Ten new paintings, mainly of city-genre subjects. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Oct. 23.)

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK—Pleasantly nostalgic backward glances at the big town by Childe Hassam, George Luks, Ernest Lawson, and others of that period. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 23.)

LENARD KESTER—Circus and other subjects, some of them with a slight touch of the Surrealist added for zest. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Oct. 23.)

CAROLINE MARTIN—Dream landscapes with an overabundance of colors. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Oct. 30.)

MERCHANT SEAMEN—Small but worthwhile show of paintings by men in the merchant marine, most of whom are unschooled but employ a traditionally vigorous and hearty style. (Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South St. Daily, 3 to 11 P.M.; through Nov. 1.)

PAINTINGS OF THE YEAR—The fifth annual Pepsi-Cola competition and exhibition, comprising a hundred and fifty-six contemporary paintings from all over the country. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Tuesday and Thursday evenings, 7 to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 31.)

RALPH ROSENBORG—Canvases filled with clear, mosaic-like colors in vague, uncontained patterns. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 23.)

TRYGGVADOTTIR—Substantial but not extremely imaginative abstractions by a young Icelandic artist, in her second exhibition here. (New Art Circle, 41 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 23.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ST. ETIENNE**, 46 W. 57th St.: Kaethe Kollwitz; through Nov. 13. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Marsden Hartley; through Nov. 12. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Raoul Dufy; through Nov. 6. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Jankel Adler; through Oct. 30. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: John Minton; through Nov. 6. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Ad Reinhardt; through Nov. 6.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A "Turn of the Century" exhibition of ostrich boas, diamond lorgnettes, embroidered satin opera slippers, and such, along with portraits, by Sargent, Whistler, and Boldini, of the elegant people who wore them; daily, except Mondays, through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Contemporary Chinese paintings, some of them with an interesting blend of Western and Oriental influences; through Nov. 21. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A compact exhibition of collages, with examples ranging from the beginning of the movement, among the French Cubists and the subsequent French and German Dadaists, to the present; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ A large, absorbing show of prints, some in color, by such distinguished artists as Picasso, Matisse, Klee, and Rouault; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Four pieces, two by van Gogh and two by Seurat, recently acquired by the Museum; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Romantic works by an early rebel school of photographers, the Photo Secessionists, founded in 1902 by Alfred Stieglitz; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Memorial show of sculptures by Elie Nadelman, who

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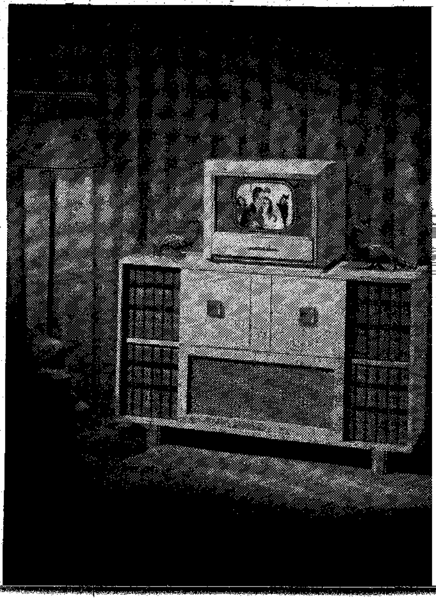

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

was prominent in the nineteen-twenties and is now almost forgotten; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Small, lively show of paintings by children in New York public schools; through Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Amelia Goes to the Ball" and "The Old Maid and the Thief." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday afternoon, Oct. 24: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 24: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 29: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Maggie Teyte. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30: "La Traviata." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Afternoons at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday evening, Oct. 21, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Oct. 22, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Oct. 24, at 2:45; all with Joseph Szigeti, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23, at 8:45, with William Lincer, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 28, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Oct. 29, at 2:30, both with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30, at 8:45, with Dorotha Powers, violin. (Carnegie Hall.)

Eva Jessye Choir—Eva Jessye directing. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Edith Weiss Mann—Harpsichord, with Ernest White, organ, and others. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Donald Dame—Tenor. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Benno and Sylvia Rabinof—Violin and piano, in the first of three concerts. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Oct. 23, at 5:30.)

Horszowski—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Blanche Thebom—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Oct. 24, at 3.)

Mischa Elman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Nell Tangeman—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Theodore Lettvin—The winner of the Walter W. Naumburg Foundation Award, in a piano recital. (Town Hall. Monday afternoon, Oct. 25, at 3.)

Bernardo Segall—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Byrd Elliot—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

Andor Foldes—Piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Wednesday evening, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

London String Quartet—The first two programs of a Beethoven festival. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon and evening, Oct. 30, at 3 and 8:30.)

Simon Barere—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, Oct. 30, at 8:15.)

Artur Schnabel and Joseph Szigeti—Piano and violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday evening, Oct. 30, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Willie Pep vs. Sandy Saddler, 15 rounds for the Featherweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 29. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 23, AT 2 P.M.:** Brown vs. Connecticut, at Providence. . . .

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Army, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Vanderbilt, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 30, AT 2 P.M.: Army vs. V.P.I., at West Point. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Baltimore. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Washington and Lee, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Virginia, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Brown, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Pittsburgh. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2:05 P.M.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8:30 P.M.)

HUNT RACING—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 23.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 30.)

RACING—Empire City at Jamaica: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M. The East View Stakes, Oct. 23; the Westchester Handicap, Oct. 30. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

SIX-DAY BICYCLE RACE—The Sixty-eighth International marathon will wind up on Saturday, Oct. 23, at 11 P.M. (Kingsbridge Armory, Jerome Ave. at 194th St. For tickets, call LU 2-3360.)

FOR CHILDREN

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas K. Scherman conducting a concert for young people. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 11 A.M. For tickets, call CI 5-5160.)

CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE—"King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.)

PETE SEEGER—Folk singer, and others, in a program for youngsters sponsored by the Child Care Center Parents' Association. There's a movie, too. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 10:30 A.M.)

CHILDREN'S MOVIES—Films and short subjects of interest to small fry are shown at the Trans-Lux 85th St. Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180) on Saturday mornings at 11.

OTHER EVENTS

POLITICAL RALLIES—Madison Square Garden—Henry Wallace, sponsored by the American Labor Party, Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30 P.M. . . . ¶ President Truman, sponsored by the Liberal Party, Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8 P.M. . . . ¶ Governor Dewey, sponsored by the Republican Party (who else?), Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8 P.M.

ANTIQUE SHOW—The New York Antiques Fair. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 21-22, from 1 to 11 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 23, from 1 to 6 P.M.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—An outdoor display of hardy chrysanthemums (what few have been spared a trip to the Yale Bowl this season), together with an indoor exhibit by the National Chrysanthemum Society. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 22, from 2 to 5 P.M.; Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 23-24, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

NAVY DAY—For the occasion, four ships from the fleet (the Missouri among them) will drop anchor at New York on Wednesday, Oct. 27. Visiting parties may board the Missouri, at Pier 90, 50th St. and North River, from 9:30 A.M. to 4 P.M.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Antique English and French clocks, and eighteenth-century English furniture, from the collection of the late Henry P. Strause. (Exhibition, Thursday, Oct. 21, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Books and newspapers printed in the West during pioneer

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, and papers and pamphlets relating to the Mormon Church, from the collection of the late Herbert S. Auerbach. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 21-23, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 25-26, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ American and English furniture of the eighteenth century, the property of Mrs. L. H. Littlefield, Sholem Asch, and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, Oct. 23, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 25-26, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 2 P.M.)

MODERN HOUSING—A handsome display prepared by the American Institute of Architects, forecasting the communal buildings and private houses of the future in blueprints, photographs, panoramas, and models. (Museum of Science and Industry, 1250 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Friday, Oct. 29.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Autumn Skies." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

ON THE AIR

(Programs, as you know, are often changed at the last minute; your newspaper should be consulted as the final authority.)

RADIO

POLITICAL ORATORY—Starting Monday, Oct. 25, the three major candidates will take to the air in the evenings, beating the drums in a whirlwind roundup before Election Day. Practically any station, any night, sometime after 9.

UNITED NATIONS—Meetings of the General Assembly in Paris are broadcast Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 10 A.M., and Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11 A.M., over WNYC.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sunday, Oct. 24, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC.

DRAMA—Celeste Holm and Walter Abel in "Dark Victory," presented by the Protestant Episcopal Church, Friday, Oct. 22, at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Celeste Holm (she's working overtime this week) and Otto Kruger in "The Wind and the Rain," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Oct. 24, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Herbert Marshall in "The Admirable Crichton," by Sir James Barrie, Sunday, Oct. 24, at 9 P.M., WCBS.

SPORTS—College Football: Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 1:45 P.M., WOR; Columbia vs. Princeton, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 1:50 P.M., WINS; Cornell vs. Army, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2 P.M., WMGM; Michigan vs. Minnesota, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Professional Football: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2 P.M., WMGM.

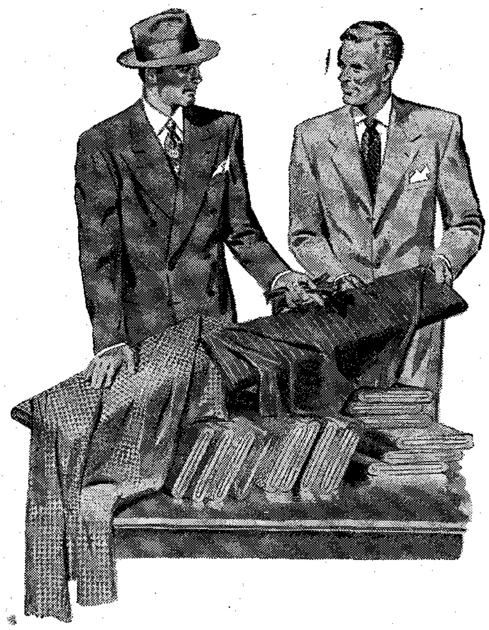
TELEVISION

NEWSREELS—Daily at 7:30 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ Daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT.

DRAMA—The Hartmans and Hank Ladd in an hour's worth of "Angel in the Wings," Sunday, Oct. 24, at 9 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Hiram Sherman and Mary Wickes in "The Catbird Seat," by James Thurber, Sunday, Oct. 24, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—College Football: Navy vs. Pennsylvania, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 1:50 P.M., WPIX; Yale vs. Vanderbilt, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 1:45 P.M., WNBT; Columbia vs. Princeton, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 1:45 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Professional Football: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sunday, Oct. 24, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Hockey: Rangers vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8:20 P.M., WPIX.

MISCELLANY—"Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Oct. 24, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Elephant Boy," a Korda film, with Sabu, Friday, Oct. 22, at 8 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ The Rodeo, Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon and some of his musicians, Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 9:05 P.M., WPIX.



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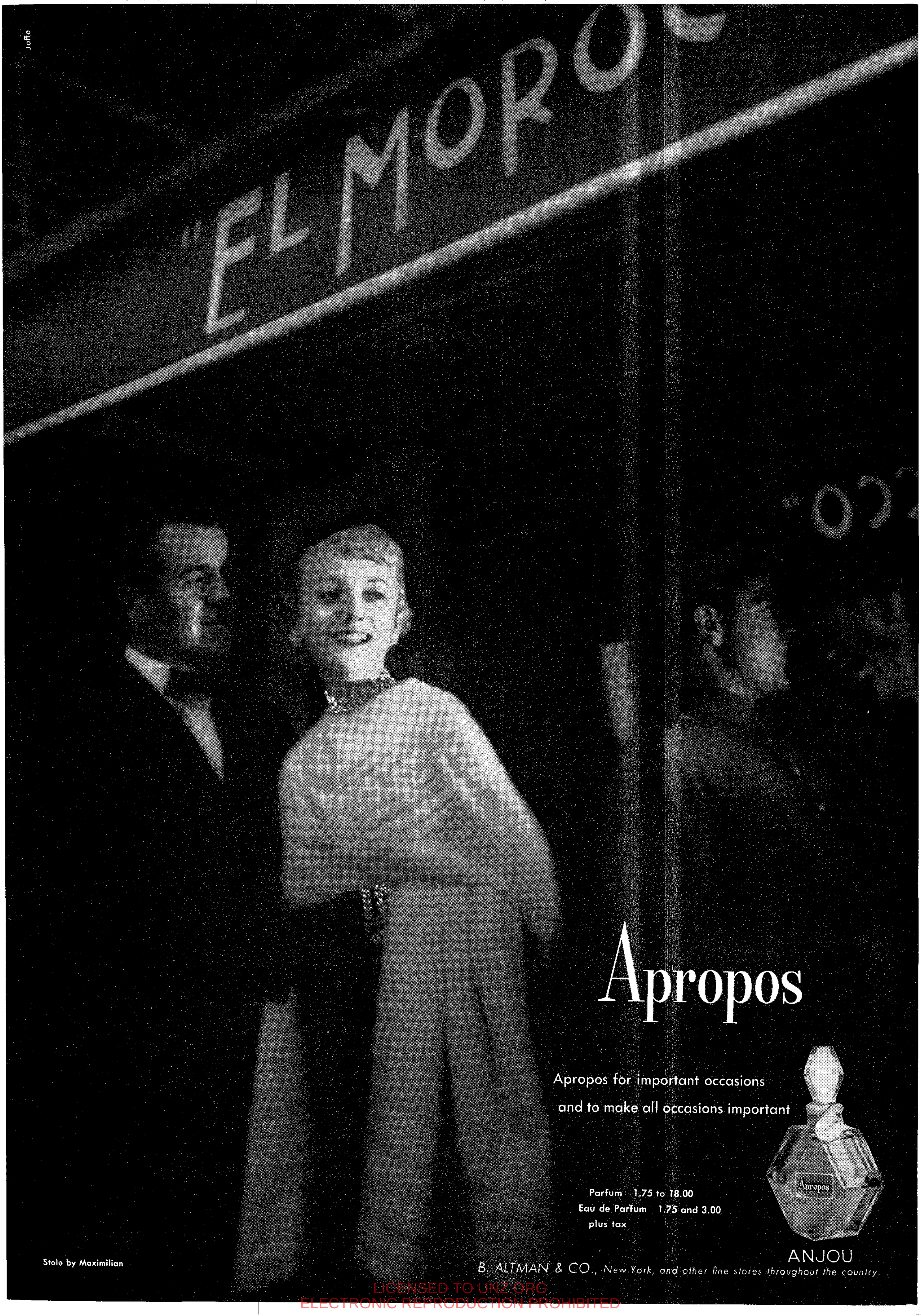

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Easter Parade—Fred Astaire dancing in fine style to a number of pleasant tunes by Irving Berlin. He is assisted by Judy Garland and Ann Miller. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; starting Oct. 27.)

A Foreign Affair—A visiting congresswoman's difficulties in postwar Germany. Jean Arthur, Marlene Dietrich, and John Lund. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting Oct. 27.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier's adaptation of the Shakespearean tragedy, which has sufficient virtue to overcome the inevitable handicap, for the movies, of static situations. An English film. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

Johnny Belinda—A picture about a deaf-mute and a doctor that is rewarding because of its apt characterization. Jane Wyman's performance as a deaf-mute is exceptional. She is supported by Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, and Agnes Moorehead. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

Louisiana Story—A splendid film about oil drilling in the South, created by Robert Flaherty, who could not make a bad picture if he tried. The principals, all of whom were hired on the spot by Mr. Flaherty, are absolutely first-rate. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

Marriage in the Shadows—A talented German cast in a German film about some of the difficulties of marriage between Jew and Gentile in the Third Reich. With Ilse Steppat. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

Mr. Blandings Builds his Dream House—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas have a great time in this film about the housing troubles, urban and rural, of people in and around Manhattan. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Oct. 23-27.)

Paisan—A top-flight Italian picture, directed by Roberto Rossellini, who made "Open City." It strings together six episodes showing how the Italian people reacted to the Germans, English, and Americans during the war. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Red River—A lot of steers, and John Wayne and Montgomery Clift, roving the Western plains in a lively cow-country film. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, CO 5-1250.)

The Red Shoes—Tucked away in this interminable study of life among the devotees of the dance is an excellent ballet based on the Hans Christian Andersen story about a young lady whose magic slippers almost danced her to death. With Moira Shearer, Anton Walbrook, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina. A British film. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215; starting Oct. 21, at 9 P.M. Thereafter, showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

The Search—An examination of some of the more horrifying effects of war upon the lives of children in Europe. The cast is led by a nine-year-old boy named Ivan Jandl. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 22-24. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Oct. 23-26. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Oct. 26.)

Sitting Pretty—Something about baby-sitting. Clifton Webb and Richard Haydn help enormously to make a funny item out of a thin screen play. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; Oct. 23-25.)

Symphonie Pastorale—A superb adaptation of the André Gide story about a pastor whose charity for a blind girl he has befriended is suddenly transformed into love. Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar are convincing in the main roles. A French picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Time of Your Life—James and Jeanne Cagney, together with James Barton, William Bendix, and Paul Draper in an effective adaptation of William Saroyan's play concerning a group of dreamy characters hanging around a bar in San Francisco. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 22-24. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Oct. 25-26.)

Tragic Hunt—A gangster film from modern Italy that is as diverting as those old Chicago epics used to be. The fine cast is headed by Vivo Gioi. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

Farrebique (1948)—A study of French farm life, with a cast of French peasants. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; tentative, starting Oct. 26.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener, in Egypt and Technicolor, by Korda. An English film, with Ralph Richardson and June Duprez. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 22-25.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

The Invaders (1942)—The troubles of a Nazi submarine crew in Canada. Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 25-26.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and various other people set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Oct. 24-27.)

Life with Father (1947)—William Powell, Irene Dunne, and Zasu Pitts in a Technicolor adaptation of the play. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Colonial, B'way at 62nd, CO 5-0484; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Oct. 26.)

The Magic Bow (1947)—A British film about the life of Paganini. With Stewart Granger. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Oct. 27.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte folk. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 22-25.)

Mourning Becomes Electra (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

Nanook of the North (1922)—Robert Flaherty's great documentary of Eskimo life, including igloos and walruses, reissued with thoroughly satisfactory sound effects. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 25.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Oct. 24-26.)

Sahara (1943)—Humphrey Bogart in an all-male movie about the North African campaign. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Oct. 25-26. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Oct. 26.)

Seven Sinners (1940)—Marlene Dietrich and the Navy in the South Seas. (Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; Oct. 26.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule—Through Oct. 24: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), with Greta Garbo and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 25: "Bombshell" (1933), with Jean Harlow, and "Tuesday in November" (1945), a documentary about the American electoral system. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"A Song Is Born," Danny Kaye.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
RED RIVER.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Through Oct. 25: "Walk a Crooked Mile," Louis Hayward, Dennis O'Keefe.
From Oct. 26: To be announced.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Rope," James Stewart.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA, revival.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Julia Misbehaves," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Oct. 26: "Angels with Dirty Faces," revival, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; and "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann Sheridan, Ida Lupino, George Raft.
From Oct. 27: To be announced.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Night Has a Thousand Eyes," Edward G. Robinson.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Gallant Blade," Larry Parks, Marguerite Chapman.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Apartment for Peggy," Jeanne Crain, William Holden, Edmund Gwenn.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
"The Three Musketeers," Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, June Allyson.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
JOHNNY BELINDA.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
TRAGIC HUNT.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Back Streets of Paris" (in French), Françoise Rosay.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
From Oct. 21 at 9 P.M.: **THE RED SHOES.** (Opening night is a benefit for the Soldiers', Sailors', and Airmen's Club of New York. For tickets, call RE 4-1996.)

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
"Ruy Blas" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Jean Marais.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"L'Atalante" (in French), revival, Michel Simon; "Zéro de Conduite" (in French), revival; and "Lot in Sodom," revival, short Surrealist film.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Mädchen in Uniform" (in German), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
HENRY V, revival.

Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
SYMPHONIE PASTORALE; and "A Visit with Henri Matisse," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
LOUISIANA STORY.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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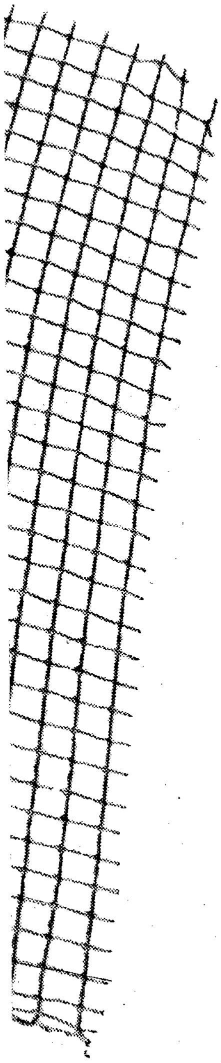

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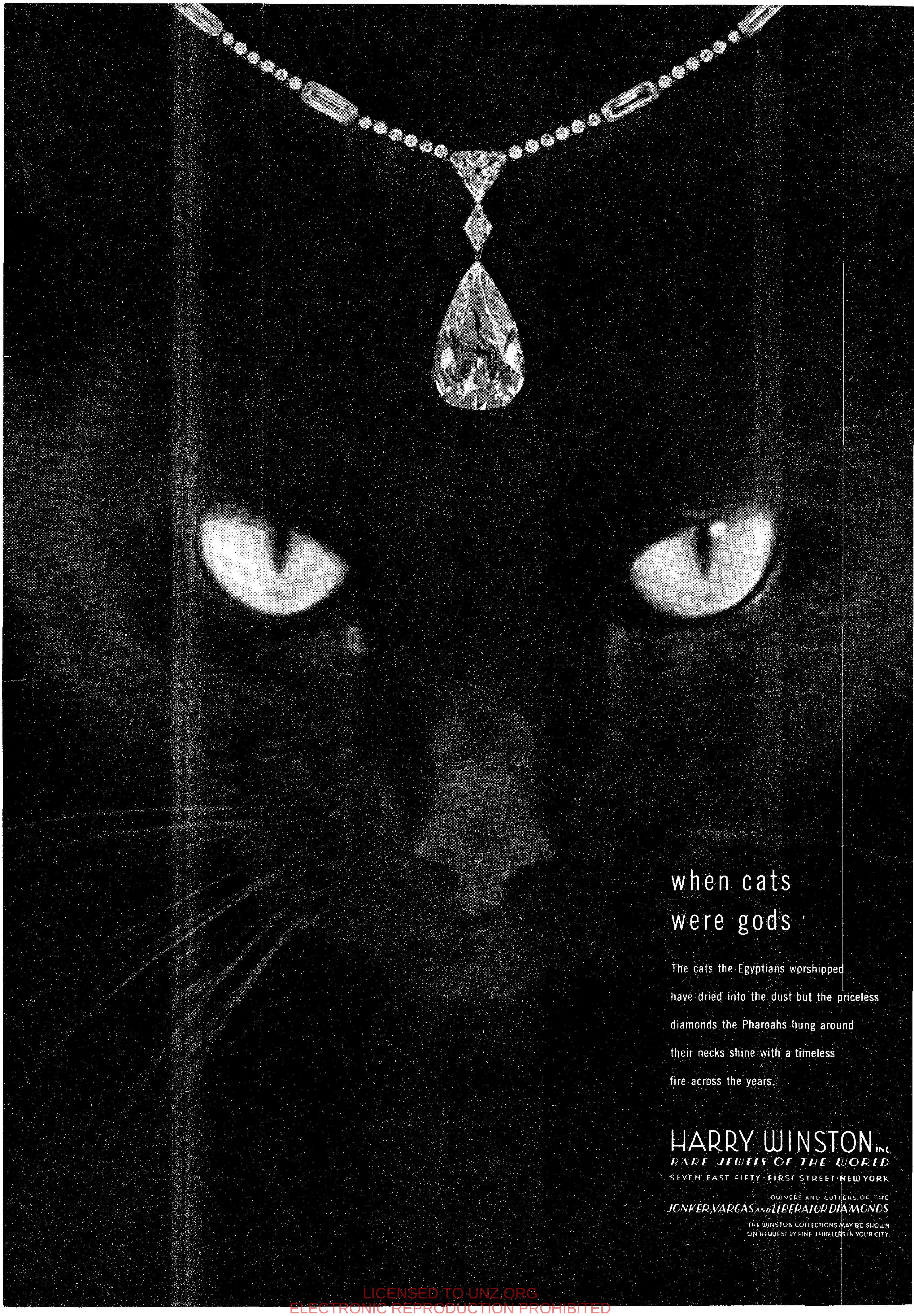

when cats were gods

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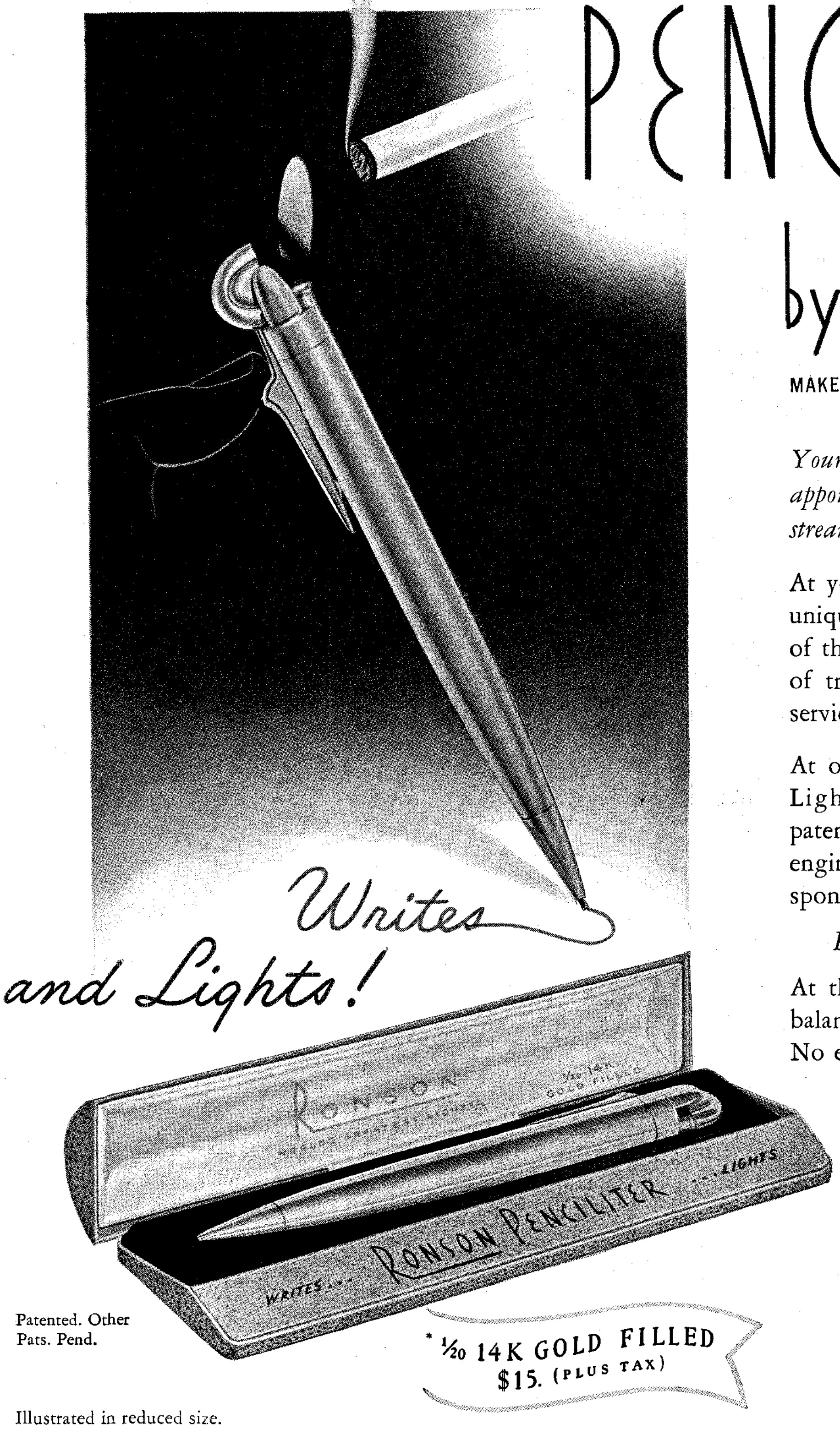

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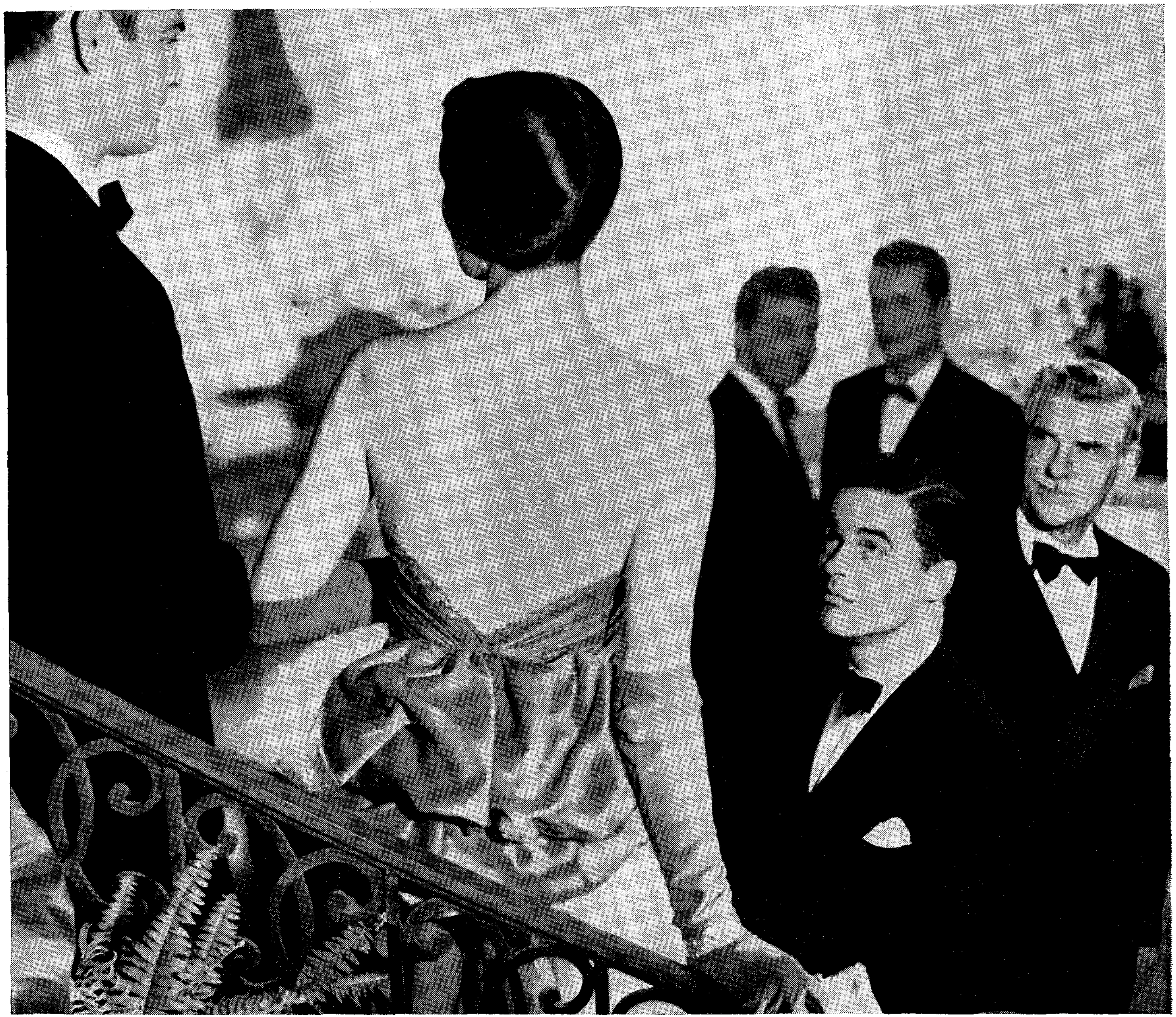

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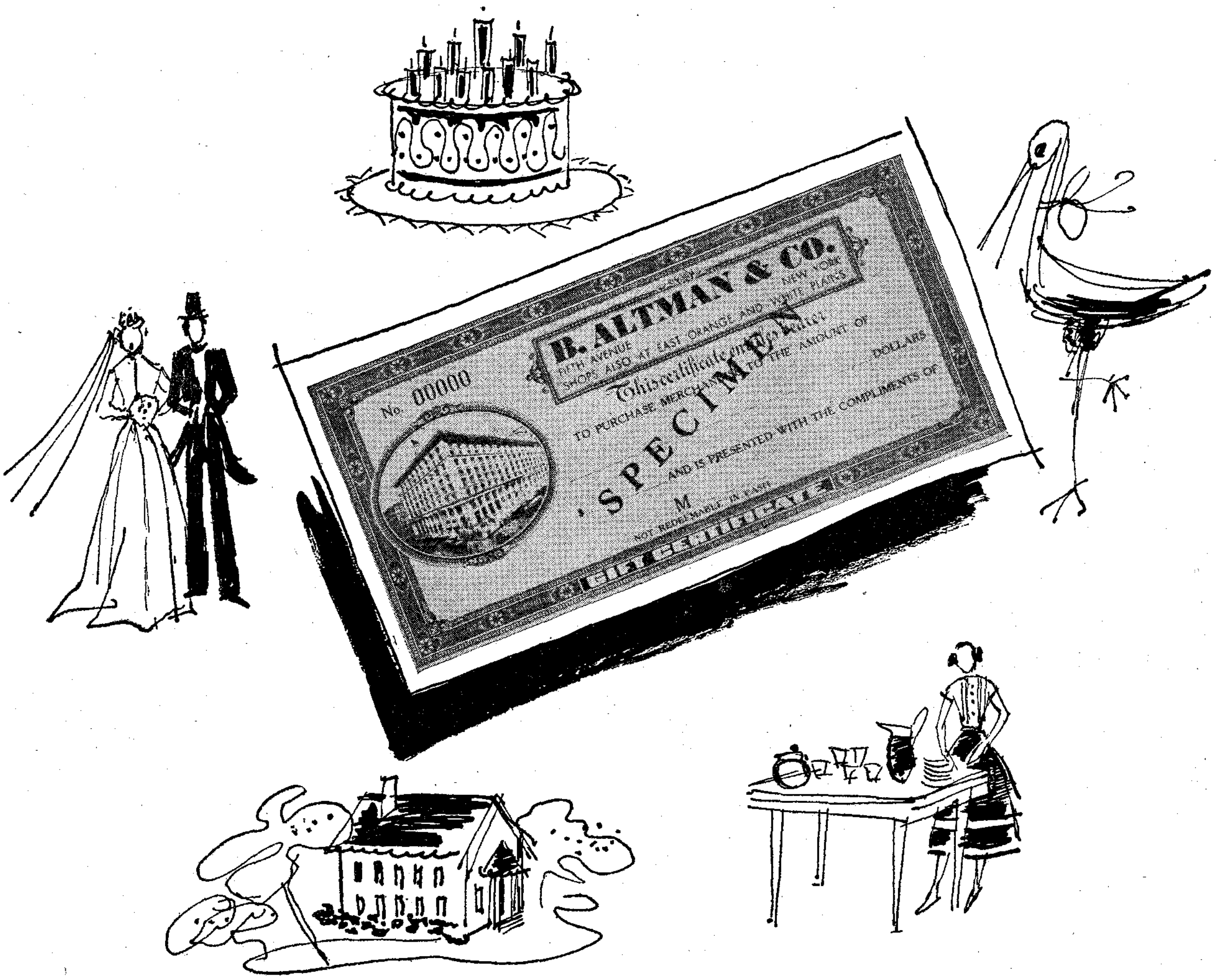
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

UP early this day, trying to decide whether or not to bequeath our brain to our alma mater, which is making a collection of such stuff. It struck us as odd that the decision will have to be made by the brain itself and that no other part of us—a foot or a gall bladder—can be in on the matter, although all are, in a way, concerned. Our head is small and we fear that our brain may suffer by comparison if arranged on a shelf with others. Spent part of the morning composing an inscription to go with our brain, but all we got was this:

Observe, quick friend, this quiet noodle,
This kit removed from its caboodle.
Here sits a brain at last unhinged,
On which too many thoughts impinged.

SPENT the rest of the morning studying the crisis in the newspapers and watching apple-fall and leaf-fall in Turtle Bay Garden, where nature is cleverly boxed and has therefore an appearance of special value, as of a jewel so precious that it must always be suitably contained. The day was clear, with a gentle wind, and the small leaves descended singly and serenely, except now and then when a breeze entered and caused a momentary rain of leaves—what one weather prophet on the radio calls "inner mitten" showers. A school of fish paraded slowly counterclockwise in the fountain, and on the wall above us hung seed pods of the polygonum vine. Our complaint about the crisis is not that it is so appalling but that it is so trivial. The consequences of the atomic cataclysm that are being relentlessly published seem mild alongside the burning loveliness of a fall morning, or the flash of a southbound bird, or the wry smell of chrysanthemums in the air. We examined everything said yesterday in the council chambers of the mighty and could find not a single idea that was not trifling, not a noble word of any calibre, not one unhurried observation or natural thought. The newspaper headline prophesying darkness is less moving than the pool of daylight that overflows upon it from the window, illuminating it. The light of day—so hard at times to see, so convincing when seen.

THE shrillness of the interchange between Mr. Austin and Mr. Vishinsky was too close to the shrillness of tomcats to go unquestioned. What special kind of mating season is this, which carries a hundred and forty million Americans and two hundred million Russians (all unwitting) to the top of the wall? Perhaps these toms will mix it, after the usual loud preliminaries, but the female that awaits the victor is the whole natural world and she will wait in vain: there could be no fertile outcome to this furious encounter.

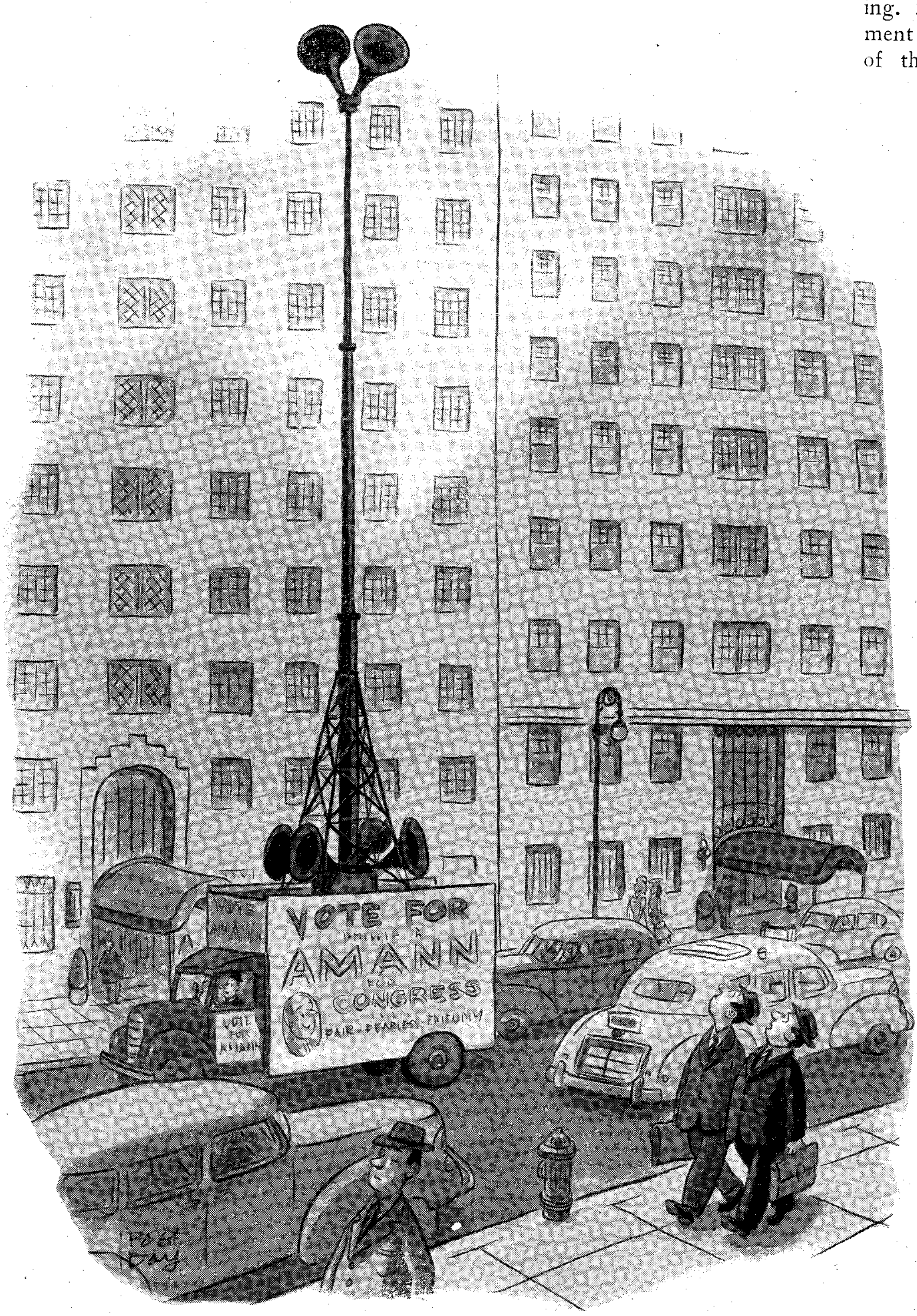
Mr. Vishinsky has complained that the Western world is instigating war. Many in the West believe that the Soviet is instigating war. Under the circumstances, war becomes virtually self-instigating, and the delegates and ministers who make the charges, make the speeches, make the decisions, contrive the strategies, are not so much instigators of war as agents of it. With the available knowledge of modern weapons, only a hopelessly insane instigator would instigate anything, and the world is not yet hopelessly insane, only partially so.

THERE is little that the individual can fall back on these days. The uneasy government escapes into the convenient bustle of rearming and laying up bombs for the winter, but the individual has no such handy exit and must stare into a television set to take his eye off the immediate difficulty, as though what is needed is to look at everything from a safe distance. In the end, the individual falls back on principles. The thing that sustains an American is his unshaken belief in freedom. He browses the headlines about jet maneuvers and better atom-control plans, and stands ready to die for principle, as usual, but he is also deeply suspicious that the dying may not this time be as effective in defense of principle as it has sometimes been, and that the scene is changed in some subtle but fundamental way. He knows that war breeds war and that the gestation period seems to have shortened, and that the breeding of war is beginning to have an almost incestuous quality, and he mistrusts the long-term beneficence of a radioactive civilization. He wants to believe in the United Nations but discovers that membership imposes three obligations on his country: the obligation to show up in meeting and beat an opponent over the head, the obligation to make separate arrangements with other members, and the obligation to go home at night from the world congress and make independent plans for survival and sleep the sleep of a sovereign. Every nation, under the Charter, leads a life of duplicity—or, rather, triplicity—because of the nature of the organization.

THE United Nations creaks under the strain of the Berlin blockade as it has creaked under the strain of each argument in which major powers got their backs up. And again the question of principle arises, as related to world organization. The question that stirs many a mind is whether it is better to subscribe to a league of nations whose function is to maintain the illusion of coöperation while prolonging the facts of sovereign independence, or whether it would be preferable (or possible) to abandon the technique of compromise in favor of the work of building a United Nations around agreed principles. The U.N. is without force because it is without principle. Designed to accommodate and propitiate both East and West, the U.N. never was given a set of principles around which it could build force and maintain order. Talk of "police force" for the U.N. is poppycock. (The word our State Department used the other day was "untimely," but the right word is "poppycock.") Force follows principle and force develops wherever there is agreement on principle. In San Francisco, in 1945, this simple fact was timidly avoided, and there was no attempt to agree on principles, no insistence on it—only a willingness to assume that nations would coöperate for peace. They are now coöperating, but not for peace.

TO a state as well as to an individual there is an advantage in being wholly uncompromising about certain matters. The United States has no intention, in the long run, of compromising with anybody in regard to free speech, freedom of conscience, democratic duties and rights. But in 1945, along with other nations, it foolishly showed itself willing to compromise with fate by "uniting" with other nations without a specific affirmation of the principles to which it holds firm, and we are now paying the price. We are "united" with a Perón government that allots newsprint to newspapers that say the right words about Perón. We are "united" with the Kremlin, which is a palace of czars in workmen's clothing. And we seem inclined at the moment to "unite" with Franco, lately of the Nazi-Fascist axis. Our Mr. Eric Johnston had a nice talk with Franco the other day and the U.P. quoted him as saying, "I told Franco it was perfect nonsense that we do not have normal diplomatic relations with Spain." Nonsense in this world is easily perfected, and has been achieved long before this. The most perfect nonsense of all is the supposition that a world order can be effective without a bill of particulars, without a bill of rights and duties, without principles, and without the sills of government.

Walk over to the East River and you will see a vast field of rubble—brick and broken stone and plaster dust—where the capital of the world is to rise. It is a sobering sight, this rubble, warning of the shape of things to come in a world that imagines it can survive by balancing its armies instead of by writing its constitution.



"Doesn't want to overlook the penthouse vote, I guess."

Land of Plenty

ONE of a trio of ladies back from a Scandinavian cruise tells us that she and her companions found a tendency among the people they met to still regard all Americans as immensely wealthy. The ladies needed some spending money in Gothenburg and approached a policeman, who, they discovered, spoke English, and asked him to direct them to a bank. He looked worried. "You are Americans," he said, "and the only bank nearby is a *small* bank." They replied that that would do, and he escorted them to it and, with a salute and a flourish, opened the door for them. They were gratified that he didn't accompany them inside, to witness the cashing of a ten-dollar traveller's check.

Rugged Times

WE had a talk the other day with Norman Mailer, whose novel "The Naked and the Dead" has been at the top of the best-seller lists for several months now. We met him at Rinehart & Co., his publishers, in a conference room that had, along with other handy editorial equipment, a well-stocked bar. We'd heard rumors that Mailer was a rough-and-ready young man with a strong antipathy to literary gatherings and neckties, but on the occasion of our encounter he was neatly turned out in gray tweeds, with a striped red-and-white necktie and shined shoes, and he assured us that he doesn't really have any deep-seated prejudices concerning dress. "Actually," he said, "I've got all the average middle-class fears." He thinks the assumption that he hasn't got them grew out of his meeting some of the literati last summer when he was wearing sneakers and an old T shirt. He'd just come from a ball game, and it was a very hot day. "I figured anybody with brains would be trying to keep cool," he said.

Mailer is a good-looking fellow of twenty-five, with blue eyes, big ears, a soft voice, and a forthright manner. Locating a bottle of Scotch in the bar, he poured a couple of drinks. "If I'm ever going to be an alcoholic," he said, "I'll be one by November 2nd, thanks to the rigors of the political campaign. I've been making speeches for Wallace. I've made eighteen so far and have another dozen ahead of me. I'm not doing this because I like it. All last year, I kept saying that the intellectuals had to immerse themselves in political movements or else they were only shooting their mouths off. Now I am in this spot as a result of shooting my mouth off." In general, Mailer told us, the success of his novel has caused him to feel uncomfortably like a movie queen. "Whenever I make an appearance," he said, "I have thirty little girls crowding around asking for my autograph. I think it's much better when people who read your book don't know anything about you, even what you look like. I have refused to let *Life* photograph me. Getting your mug in the papers is one of the shameful ways of making a living, but there aren't many ways of making a living that aren't shameful. Everyone keeps asking me if I've ever been psychoanalyzed. The answer is no, but maybe I'll have to be by the end of another five years. These are rough times for little Normie."

Mailer's royalties will net him around thirty thousand this year, after taxes, and he plans to bank most of it. He finds apartments depressing and has a suspicion of possessions, so he and his wife live in a thirty-dollar-a-month furnished room in Brooklyn Heights. He figures that his thirty thousand will last at least five years, giving him plenty of time in which to write another book. He was born in Long Branch, New Jersey, but his family moved to Brooklyn when he was one, and that has since been his home. He attended P.S. 161 and Boys High, and entered Harvard at sixteen, intending to study aeronautical engineering. He took only one course in engineering, however, and spent most of his time reading or in bull sessions. In his sophomore year, he won first prize in *Story's* college contest with a story entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World." "About a bum," he told us. "In the beginning, there's a whole *tzimes* about how he's very hungry and all he's eating is ketchup. It will probably make a wonderful movie someday." In the Army, Mailer served as a surveyor in the field artillery, an Intelligence clerk in the cavalry, a wireman in a communications platoon, a cook, and a baker, and volunteered, successfully, for action with a reconnaissance platoon on Luzon. He started writing "The Naked and the Dead" in the summer of 1946, in a cottage outside Provincetown, and took sixteen months to finish it. "I'm slowing down," he said. "When I was eighteen, I wrote a novel in two or three months. At twenty-one, I wrote another novel, in seven months. Neither of them ever got published." After turning in the manuscript of "The Naked and the Dead," he and his wife went off to Paris. "It was wonderful there," he said. "In Paris, you can just lay down your load and look out at the gray sky. Back here, the crowd is always yelling. It's like a Roman arena. You have a headache, and you scurry around like a rat, like a character in a Kafka nightmare, eating scallops with last year's grease on them."

Mailer has an uneasy feeling that Dostoevski and Tolstoy, between them, have written everything worth writing, but he nevertheless means to go on turning out novels. He thinks "The Naked and the Dead" must be a failure, because of the number of misinterpretations of it that he has read. "People say it is a novel without hope," he told us. "Actually, it offers a good deal of hope. I intended it to be a parable about the movement of man through history. I tried to explore the outrageous propositions of cause and effect, of effort and recompense, in a sick society. The book finds man corrupted, confused to the point of helplessness, but it also finds that there are limits beyond which he cannot be pushed, and it finds that even in his corruption and sickness there are yearnings for a better world."

Spite

ONE of our readers has received a rather mysterious letter from Macy's, and as it may mark a turning point in the buyer-seller relationship, we're glad to print it here in full:

DEAR MRS. M——:

The current price of the Funk and Wagnall College Dictionary is $4.50, having been price-fixed by the publisher under the N. Y. State Feld-Crawford Law. Rather than cause you any inconvenience, we advanced 51c towards the purchase price.

May we have your remittance to close our records? Your coöperation will be sincerely regretted.

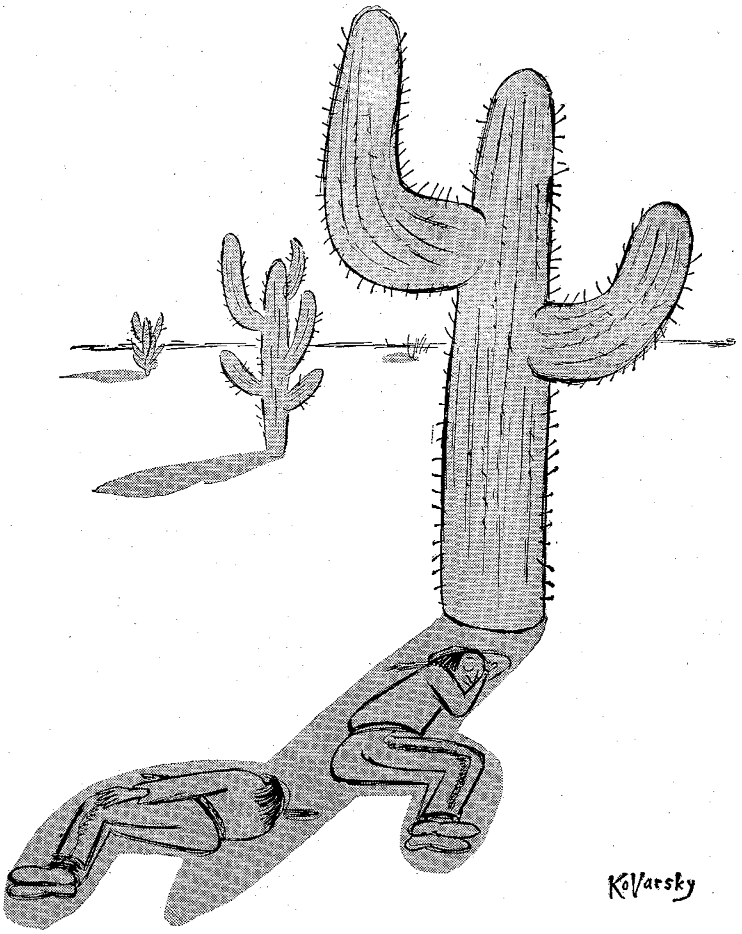
Yours very truly,
MACY'S

Listeners

IT had been some time since we had paid a call on the Voice of America, which has its headquarters on West Fifty-seventh Street, and when we dropped in there the other afternoon, we found things going like sixty. The Voice, whose official name is the International Broadcasting Division of the Department of State, was temporarily lowered last year by a cut in appropriations, which resulted in a reduction of the average daily program hours from sixty to twenty-seven and a half, but Congress is providing more liberally now, and the I.B.D. has been hiring more commentators, language experts, and technicians. It is also planning to add three languages—Finnish, Turkish, and Arabic—to its repertory, which consists of Serbo-Croat, Slovak, Slovene, Rumanian, Hungarian, Polish, Italian, Korean, Czech, German, French, Chinese, Bulgarian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Greek, and, for goodness' sake, English.

In general, less time is now being devoted to music and features, we learned, and more to straight news broadcasts and commentaries. The proportion of news to entertainment varies according to the country to which the Voice is broadcasting. Latin Americans prefer rumbas to instruction, whereas Europeans prefer a heavy diet of facts. The nature of the news in the broadcasts must also be adapted to the interests of the listeners. Broadcasts to China, naturally, don't carry much information about the Balkans. Eastern Europe is given more news than Western Europe, on the theory that countries under Russian domination don't get much news from official sources. Furthermore, the Voice takes pains to see that news of this country is not weighted in favor of axe murders and Hollywood carryings-on. Politically, it's impartial, and so detached that it has been making no bones about the fact that the election looks like Dewey, at a walk.

The Voice can't be sure how many listeners it has, especially behind the Iron Curtain, but since January, 1946, it has received nearly a quarter of a million letters from people all over the world who have heard it. It assumes that the number of steady non-writing listeners runs between fifty and a hundred million. Hundreds of people call at the United States Information Service Library in Prague every week to get program schedules, and the streets in Czechoslovakia are said to be comparatively deserted around eight in the evening, when the first daily Voice broadcast to that country is made. A farmer deep in rural China recently wrote that he got a big bang from its "Hour of Charm" program, featuring Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra. Charles W. Thayer, chief of the I.B.D., told us that the Voice has received only three letters from Russia and that two of these were from an old man who was trying to find a relative here. They had to be smuggled out. "Still, we have plenty of proof that the Russians are listening to our broadcasts," Thayer said. "The best evidence is that they're jamming us. One of their transmitters has to be kept out of action for every one of ours that they jam. They evidently think it's worth it. We can also tell that we're getting through by the attacks that are always being made on us in the Russian press."



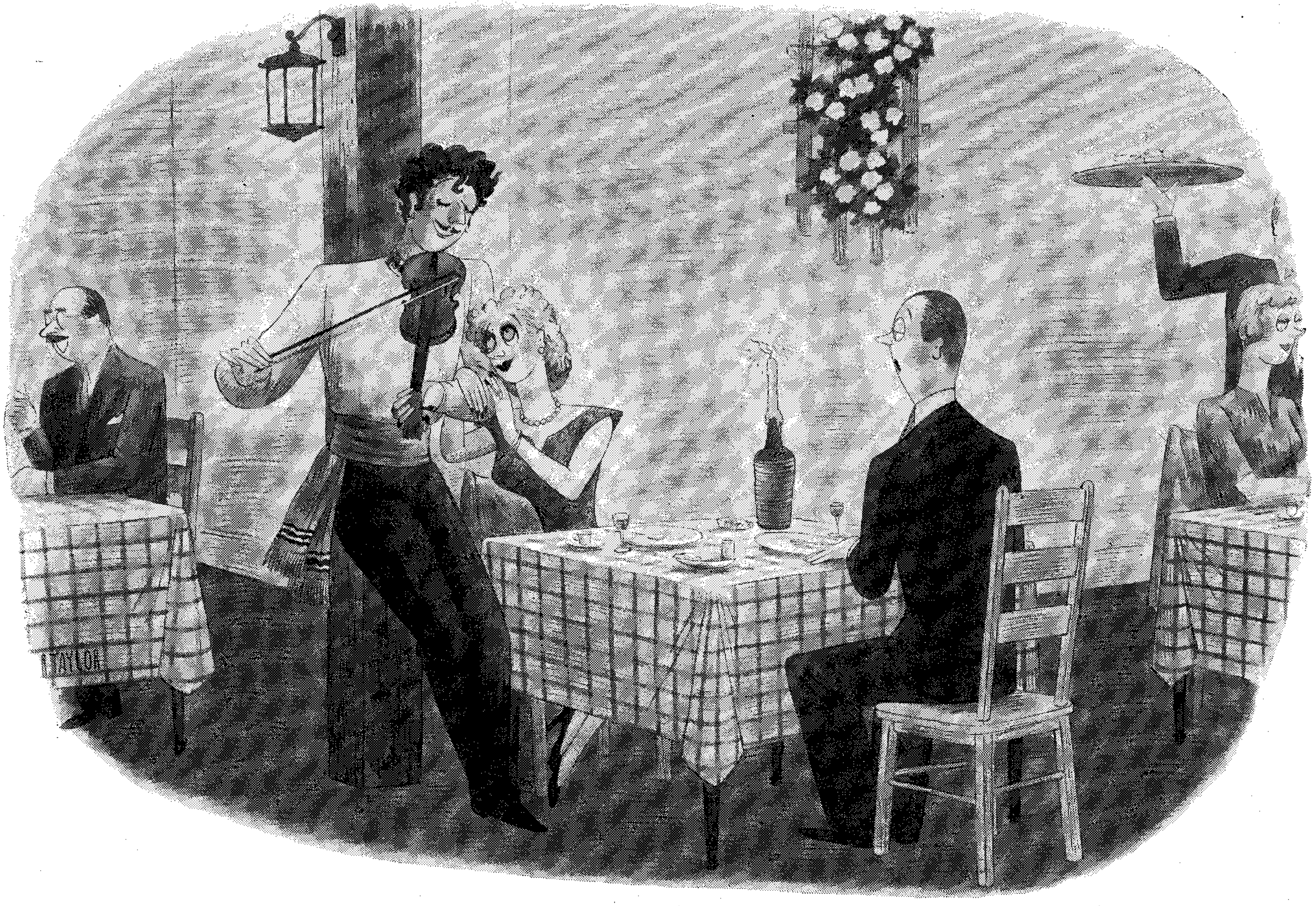
Mr. Thayer turned us over to an aide, who took us on a whirlwind tour of the premises—to the control room, which contains facilities for channelling twenty programs simultaneously (more than N.B.C. ever has to worry about); a recording room, where disc recordings are made automatically of every word the Voice utters; and, finally, a studio where a broadcast to Hungary was about to get under way. We were introduced to the producer of the program, a stocky Hungarian with an accent like Paul Lukas's. "We're using a multiple-voice technique," the producer told us. "By using two voices, we make the listener think we have something to say even when we haven't." He shook his fist belligerently at two announcers standing behind a glass panel. "That means 'Punch it,' " he said. "This is a political program, quoting Dewey and Truman. We want to try to give it some pep. One man's Dewey, the other's Truman." The broadcast began. Since it was in Hungarian, we didn't understand a word of it, but we imagine it sounded fine in Budapest, and it seemed to have punch.

Addendum

IN connection with our recent items about odd nameplates affixed to massive objects, a scientist advises us that he came upon another one not long ago, during a visit to the University of California's hundred-and-eighty-four-inch cyclotron. The cyclotron's handlers are safeguarded by, among other things, a number of radiation-proof concrete blocks, each weighing ten tons and approximately the size of a station wagon. One of these is labelled "Property of U.S. Navy. Do Not Move."

Madonnas of the Wires

WE spent part of an evening last week with thirty-five ladies who were meeting at Midston House to discuss the affairs of TOPS, or, in full, the Telephone Order of Personality and Smiles. On arrival, we were greeted by Miss Mary Ann Timmons, a fine figure of a woman, who is chief telephone operator at the *Times*. "This outfit," she said, "is strictly social, like the Harvard Club or the Yacht Club. The women in this club know more about the companies they work for than the presidents do. All operators listen in. My only problem at the *Times* is that I don't get enough time to listen in." Miss Timmons smiled expansively and handed us a mimeographed sheet of paper. "Read this in bed, half drunk," she suggested. Claiming to be an advocate of total abstinence, we glanced at her offering. It was headed "Priestess" and read, in part, "Madonna of the wires! Calm, beautiful, unhurried, ready with equal skill to transact business of life and death or casual banter." "Wouldn't that kill you?" said Miss Timmons. "It's a piece by Christopher Morley that I kicked into shape for convenient distribution." Miss Timmons was interrupted by a gray-haired lady flourishing a fur piece. "Look, baum marten!" the lady said to Miss Timmons. "Lovely, Pauline, lovely!" said Miss Timmons, then added, in an aside to us, "The Hello Girl of 1948." Pauline drifted on, and Miss Timmons proceeded to tell us that the honorary president of TOPS is Louise Hachmeister, chief of the White House switchboard. "She's been almost sixteen years in the White House," Miss Timmons



"Shall I tip him now, dear?"

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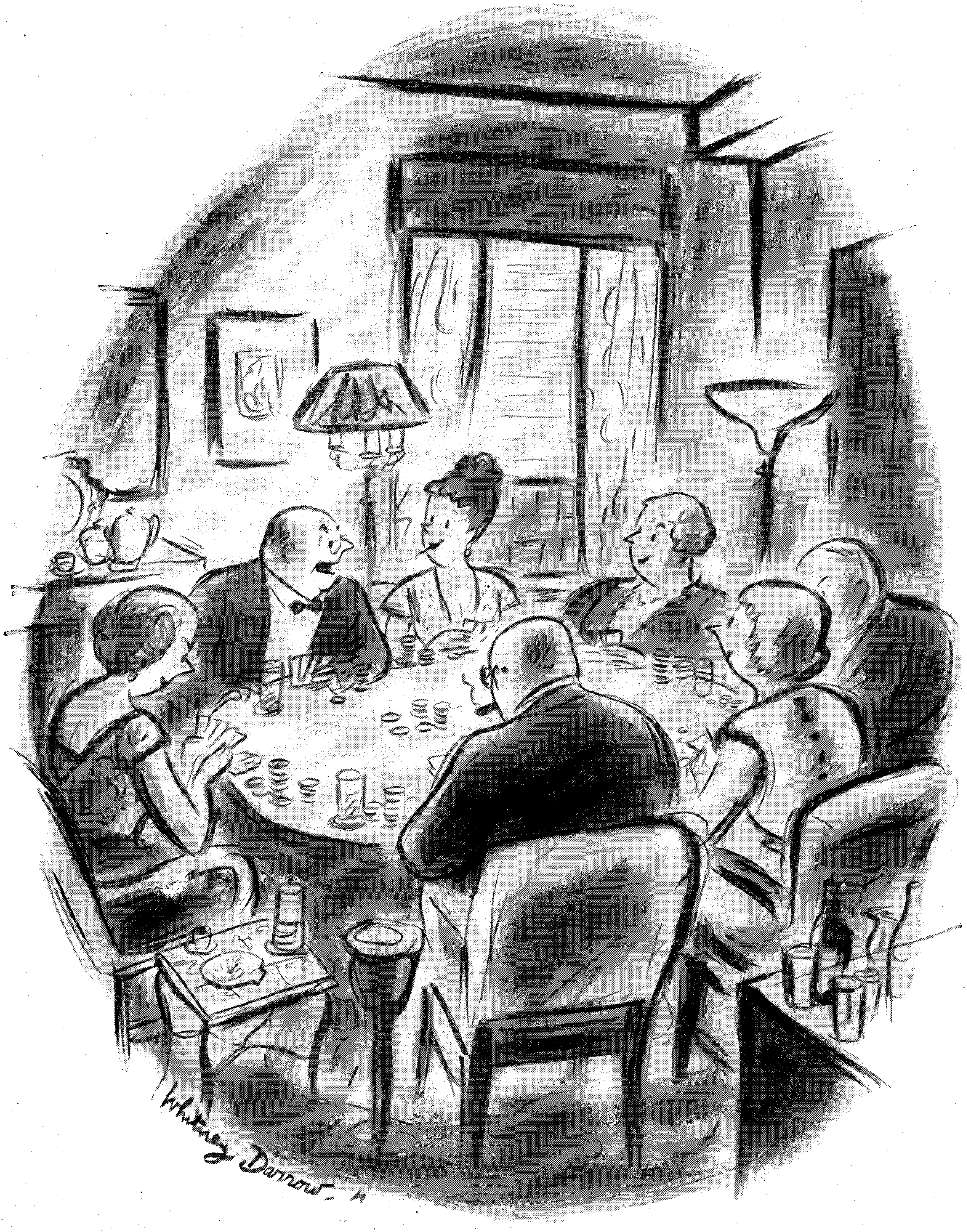
said, "and she'll be there next year, or I'll know the reason why. That Jimmy Hagerty that works with Dewey used to be a cub reporter on the *Times*." Slowly, the ladies gathered, most of them quite mature, and Miss Timmons told us the organizations they work for—the Department of Welfare, United States Rubber, Associated Hospital Service, American Cyanamid, and so on.

We learned from Miss Timmons that TOPS was founded two years ago, that it now has some sixty-five members, that only chief operators of private switchboards can belong, and that you can always tell a gentleman by the way he treats the girls at the switchboard. We were digesting this information when a stout lady appeared with a briefcase. She was introduced to us as Miss Kitty Hall, TOPS treasurer and chief operator for the Shuberts. "The treasury sure took a beating on the annual dinner," she told us. Mrs. Grace Strang, the president of TOPS, had for some time been trying to get the meeting to come to order, and at about this point succeeded. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and things went along in routine style until Mrs. Strang mentioned the Secret Pal. "What is your pleasure on the Secret Pal?" she asked the meeting. "I got arthritis, so I won't get up," said one TOP, "but I think this Secret Pal idea don't work. Every time a member has a birthday, a Secret Pal is supposed to send a gift that don't cost more than three dollars. Well, what happens? Some of the Secret Pals don't come to the meeting, don't know about the birthday, and some members get gifts and others don't. It creates bad feelings." After some discussion, the Secret Pal proposition was voted down, whereupon Miss Timmons took the floor. "Girls," she said, "this new lady senator from Maine used to be an operator. She didn't work a private switchboard; she was with the Telephone Company. Now, I suggest we make her an honorary member." "Swell," said Mrs. Strang. "Swell," the ladies echoed. "Wait a minute," said a crisp young lady. "The bylaws say that we can't take anybody from the Telephone Company. We'd have to vote an amendment to the constitution at the annual convention, and we'd need a year after that to make the change permanent." Miss Timmons withdrew her motion. Voting on new members then began, each candidate being identified by the name of her firm and the number of positions at her switchboard. Eight were proposed and eight accepted, starting off with Miss Harriet Bonk ("Chief operator of Hearns, with a six-position switchboard") and winding up with Mrs. Marie Dempsey ("Chief operator of the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, with an eight-position switchboard"). Next, chocolate cake was served, and we departed. The last thing we heard was "I could have wrapped the cord right around his neck!"

Prodigy

W. & J. SLOANE are displaying the House of Years, which contains, among other thoughtfully furnished chambers, a room for a small boy. This is fitted out with toy soldiers, a punching bag, a miniature log cabin, a derrick, a cowboy suit, an Indian headdress, and other appropriate paraphernalia, including Junior's own bookshelves, filled with such volumes as "Outline of Psychology," "Contemporary Social Problems," "The Mathematics of Investment," and "The Unity of Philosophical Experience."



"Now let's see how we stand. I opened. Mrs. Halcombe said Ellen Griswold looked particularly unattractive Friday afternoon. My wife said, 'That awful two-piece suit with the gusset!' Bolton checked. Mrs. Denton said that Ellen Griswold must have spent all of a hundred dollars on it. Halcombe raised two dollars. Mrs. Bolton said that if it cost more than thirty-nine fifty, she was robbed. . . ."

THE PRISONER

GIVEN the world in which he had grown up in Italy and the New York of the late thirties, in which he was trying to settle down and earn his living as a wine salesman, Nesti did the only logical thing: he became a count.

Americans, especially those who can afford to buy expensive wines, naturally prefer counts, or other titled persons, to ordinary people. Nesti merely gave his American friends what they wanted, and, being a Tuscan, did it with such skill that for a while no one was able to accuse him of saying, or even hinting, that he had a title. When people asked him, "Aren't you a count, Mr. Nesti?," he would dismiss the question, saying, "Good heavens, why do we have to talk about such nonsense?" Then, if they let the matter drop, he would add, speaking very fast and with a fake shyness, like someone trying for the first time in his life to tell a lie, "No, I'm just plain Giovanni Nesti," and for the rest of the conversation he would remain aloof, as if it had pained him to be reminded of what he once had been and no longer was. His whole manner implied that the question had been as tactless as addressing some royal personage travelling incognito as "Your Highness," or "Your Majesty," would have been.

If the person who had asked Nesti the tactless question persisted and said, "Then you *are* a count, aren't you?," he would sigh with a well-controlled impatience, like a loving father about to repeat a whole lengthy explanation to a stupid child, and would say that it was strange, really very strange, that one couldn't avoid discussions of that sort in America, and why should Americans *always* want to know about titles and things like that? Wasn't one individual worth just as much as any other? To think so was, in his modest opinion, the true basis of democracy, and it happened to be the very reason he had decided to live over here. Ah, if Americans only knew what a burden it was to live under the spell of an old tradition for which there was no function in our modern world! Right after saying this, Nesti's eyes would become haggard, as if they were blinded by the vision of a glorious and distant past. To this little act he would add just a spice of sadness, poorly concealed under a gentle smile, and he would nod several times at the general sorrow of passing glories.

Now, since Nesti was very careful in the execution of his lies, he always remembered to throw something else into the conversation a few moments after the unpleasant incident, to make his listeners even more certain of his noble origins. For instance, he might mention in an offhand manner the disadvantages of a too aristocratic education ("We were taught to be modest and reserved, and this makes us bad salesmen!"), or some colorful detail involving the existence, somewhere in his memory, of a large palace. Or he would display an uncommon knowledge of the validity of other people's titles. Sometimes he found it convenient to recollect how he knew that a certain princely title in Italy had died out and that the present bearer of the title was merely a member of a cadet branch of the original great family. "Wait, wait!" he might say. "Yes, I think I can assert definitely that Luigino Scimitarra-Sparalli isn't a prince, because the last rightful bearer of the title died of a stroke the day my mother was celebrating her sixteenth birthday. Not that I was present," he would add jokingly, "but somehow you do remember a silly detail like that, especially when you've heard it repeated time and again by relatives and friends."

Such remarks, of course, strengthened in Nesti's audience the belief that he must be a nobleman of some sort, and so did his bitter diatribes against the Europeans who add a title to their names as soon as they land on American soil. But if it happened that even these devices failed to bring results, he would conclude, "If I had a title, I would do anything to prevent people from discovering it, especially in my present condition, when I'm nothing but a wine salesman."

NOW, those who are blessed by Providence with an inherited fortune or with the social guarantee of a solid ancestry may think it was as simple a matter for Nesti to make up his lies as it was for his friends to accept them. Far from it. In the beginning, they had not been lies at all but only an expression of his profound homesickness. Back in Italy, he would never have dreamed of impersonating a nobleman, though he had admired nobility in those who had it. But over here, rich Americans longed so much to make him noble, too, that it was easy to slip into the habit of satisfying them, and thus, little by little, he found himself a prisoner of circumstances. He had to be constantly on the alert in the matter of his nonexistent past and soon realized that to be a good liar one must be almost a god. Lies are creation, and what continuous care, what inventiveness, what economic losses they involve! In Nesti's case, the economic losses were simply spectacular. Because of his imaginary aristocratic background, he found himself obliged to avoid many contacts useful to his business and thus missed a number of chances to exercise his otherwise exceptional ability as a salesman. He even had to run away from the only real friend he had—the very man through whom he had made all his contacts in society.

This friend, a Spaniard named Pancho Salinas, was also in the liquor business, and also a commoner, but because he had the features, the mentality, and the tastes of an eighteenth-century Spanish nobleman, Americans found it natural to call him anything from Baron to Duke. It didn't matter to him. He disliked all opinions, because they are apt to break up social gatherings. "Words must stay empty and light," he often said. He liked luxury and wealth but despised almost everyone who lived in luxury, himself included. He courted every woman he met, not out of beastly greed but merely to be polite. Thus, his heart had often been the victim of his good manners. "All women are beautiful," he would say, occasionally adding, "Of course, some are better." Because of his forthrightness, Salinas was immensely popular. Every now and then, just as the average businessman takes a vacation to plunge into nature by relaxing on the beach or playing golf, he would plunge into the eighteenth century (which was nature to him) and make a *beau geste*, usually one that involved his writing a noble letter in which he reminded somebody that wealth and business are worth nothing

in comparison to a noble style of life. The result was that he found himself damaged socially and financially, but, as he never cared, people and money always came back to him.

Salinas was the only man who did not care about Nesti's origins. He was always ready to help him; he cautioned him against the rich and advised him to develop his business among Italian restaurant owners and suburban merchants. That he himself remained within the orbit of the rich was to him evidence of his own stupidity. "Don't imitate me," he said to Nesti one day. "I will introduce you to all these rich people if you want, but I must warn you against them. I seek their company because they are lazier and more corrupt than I am and make me feel I am worth something, after all."

"You're just saying these things to me because you don't want me to meet all your rich friends," said Nesti.

This made Pancho so angry that he said, "So that's your attitude when a friend tries to help you! Very well. I shall introduce you to my friends and you'll see for yourself how much good they are to you!"

Thus, Nesti's fate was sealed, and through Salinas he made his début in American society in a twelfth-century English castle, built on the same coast where the eighteenth-century ancestors of its owner had landed in their angry flight from English castles and the people in them. The castle belonged to a rich old lady who, though she was a bore, was just the person to forward Nesti's social ambitions.

Things went quite smoothly for him until, one day, at a luncheon at the castle, he was asked *the* question in the presence of Pancho, who answered for him. "Nesti is certainly not a count," said Pancho, "and, in fairness to him, I have never heard him make such a claim. Besides, let me tell you that in Italy nobody would even dream of asking one such an impolite question."

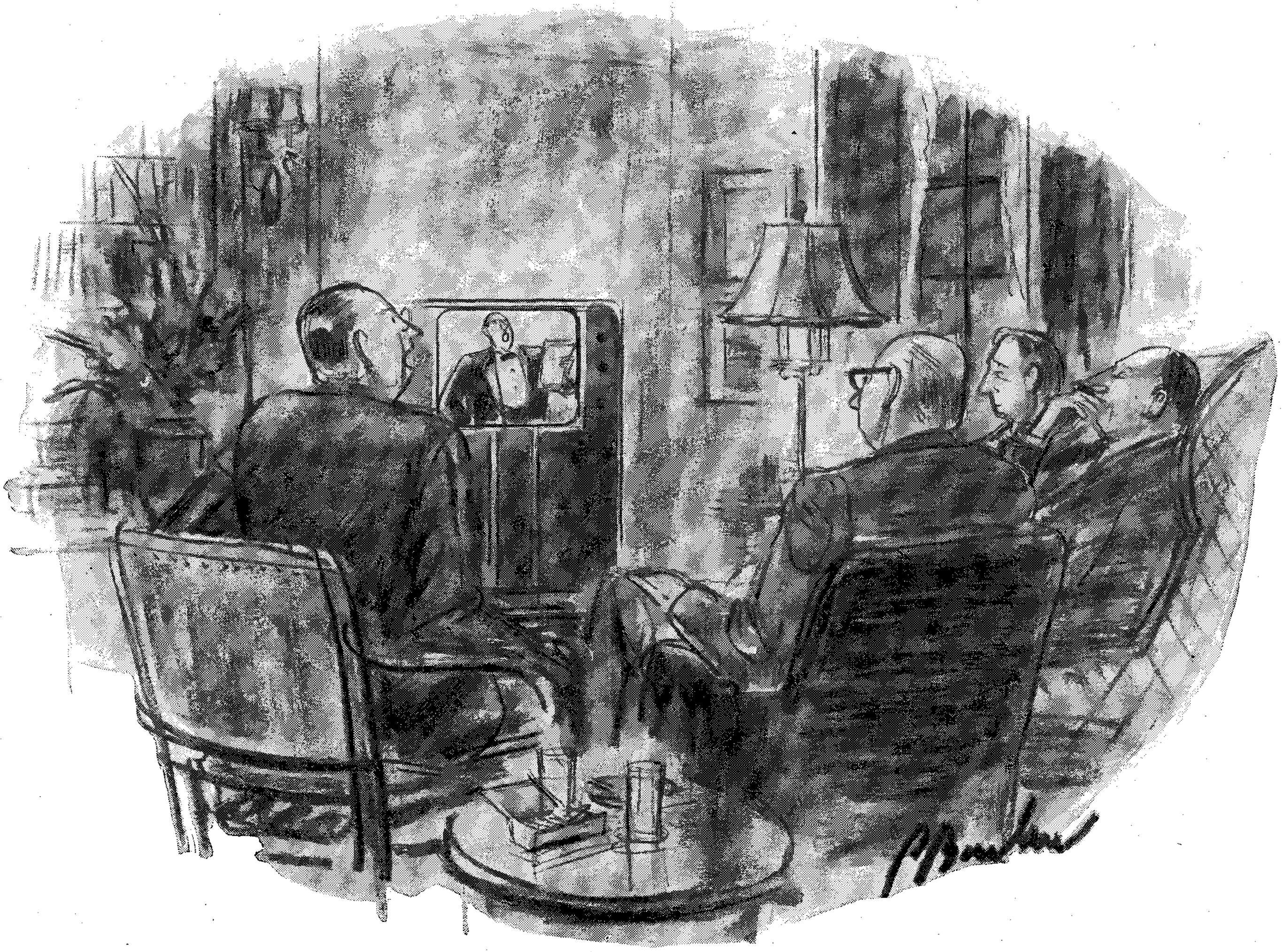
"Yes, that's true," said Nesti, and withdrew into a corner to devise some way to save his face and his title. Five minutes later, he went straight to Pancho and, speaking loud enough to be overheard, said to him, "Thank you, my friend, for coming to my help. If you knew how embarrassing it is for me to be asked these tactless questions all the time—"

"Embarrassing?" said Pancho. "Why embarrassing? It sounds as if you considered it slanderous to be called Count Nesti. If that is the case, it oughtn't to be hard to make it clear to them that you are *not* a count. And if they still persist in persecuting you with a title—why, let them do it!"

This reply of Pancho's, which had been uttered in complete innocence, amused the hostess and her guests very much, and cost Nesti several thousand dollars, most of his contacts in the wine business, and the useful advice of his best friend.

THIS is how it all happened. When Nesti went home that night, he thought for a long time about how he could offset the effect of Pancho's words, and decided that the best plan was to pretend, from then on, that he and Pancho were not on good terms. He would make it clear to his rich new friends that Pancho had insulted him but that he, Nesti, preferred to keep his injured feelings a secret, because he realized that Pancho had no idea how much his little joke had hurt him. Nesti also went to work in earnest on the elderly lady, in her castle. Knowing that she was too uninteresting a person to have many intimate friends and that she could lure guests to the castle only by giving big parties, with lots to eat and drink, he made it a point to call on her often, alone, and paid her many small attentions. He also began to cultivate her son, who was even more of a bore than his mother, and in the space of a few weeks, after hours and hours of the most patient needlework of hints and tales, it was these two who now began inventing Nesti's ancestry for him, and spreading all the other stories that were to prevent him from being a successful businessman. At first, they thought that he courted them for a large order for liquor, but he soon made it clear that all he wanted was a chance to talk freely to people he considered his equals. Then they insisted that he provide the wine for them anyway, but he urged them to order it through Pancho's concern, begging them not to let Pancho know he had made such a suggestion. This impressed both mother and son very much, and, realizing that Nesti couldn't want anything else from them—they had no rich daughters or sisters or other feminine relatives of marriageable age—they concluded that all he wanted was to talk about the things he no longer possessed.

Before long, Nesti began to wear a seal ring with a crown and a complex coat of arms cut into the stone, and his palace in Florence, which had existed until then only in discreet implications, began to take on a solid shape. Its contours became clearer, like those of a town when the sun chases away the morning mist, until he could describe all sorts of details of his ancestral home that he had never before bothered to observe. In order to keep fit for this new secret life of his, he now spent his free time resting, alone, in his small



"What makes me maddest is when he calls me his 'worthy opponent.'"

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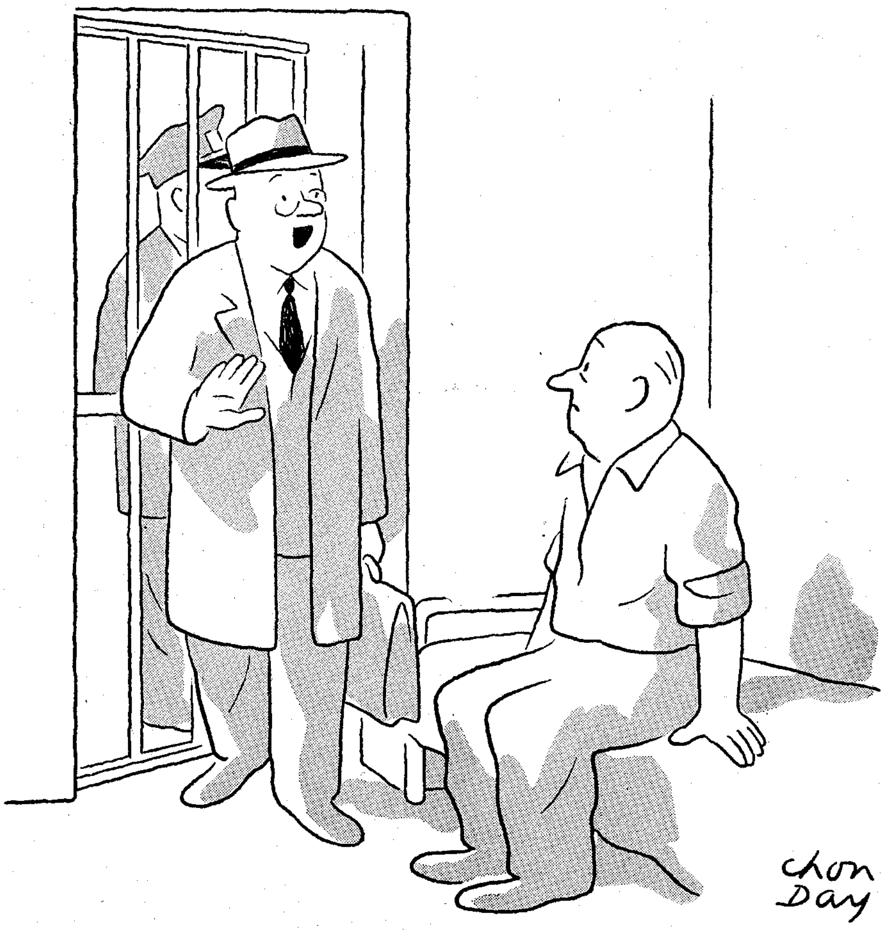
room in a New York rooming house. His hours there were his only hours of leisure, for, of course, when he visited at the castle, for weekends, holidays, and vacations, he was working, and working hard, on his new world. The old lady, her son, and many of their friends, most of them old or lonely people, soon became his champions, defending him so earnestly to anyone who claimed to know about his humble origins that he sometimes appeared to be embarrassed by their protestations. This modesty made them even more certain of his great nobility and of his fine, delicate nature.

Nesti now even began to resemble a decayed nobleman and to develop habits of grandeur; he seldom had any cash in his pocket and he borrowed money freely without the slightest sign of embarrassment or the vaguest intention of repaying it, and when speaking Italian he affected a strong French accent. Pancho and his other former friends still persecuted him from afar by speaking of him as plain Giovanni Nesti and by trying to be friendly with him, but he snubbed them and they found it impossible to break through the ramparts of what had now become almost a fortress, defended for Count Nesti by his faithful American friends.

For a few months, all went well, but then, alas, the war broke out, and Nesti found himself put on ice, together with his title and his palace, while all the attentions of the rich old lady, her son, and her many friends went to Bundles for Britain. Nineteen-forty was a hard year for him, a year of poverty, of fears, of worries. He got in touch with Pancho and was generously forgiven for his defection, earned a little money here and there, and weighed the possibility of going back to his family in Italy. His old mother, who lived in the suburb of San Frediano, almost, if not quite, in the slums, wrote him that she needed help. She said that she and her four daughters, and the husband and five children of one of them, were all living together and were now feeling the pinch of rising prices, and that although the three unmarried daughters and the son-in-law were employed, their combined efforts were far from sufficient to meet the daily needs of the big household. (One of the daughters was a schoolteacher, one a typist, and one a piano teacher. The fourth took care of her five children and helped her mother keep house.)

Nesti thought hard in those days. Returning to Italy meant being caught in the Italian Army and going to war. He decided to stay in New York. Luckily for him, he was sent to an internment camp as an enemy alien suspected of important connections, and this brought all his powerful friends back to him. The old lady and her son were indignant. They vouched for him; they pestered everyone in Washington and New York, and finally got him released. They found him a good job and were so generous, so noble, to him that he could afford less than ever to let



"Good news! The auditors have finished with your books and you're a dollar-fifty short of grand larceny."

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them know the truth. After all, Italy was farther away than ever now, with the war raging, and who knew what would be left of it after the war? This was the moment when Nesti became frankly a count. His title was even written into the United States Government files, because his friends had sworn affidavits as to his origins. His hands were tied.

IN 1944, Nesti passed the month of August as a guest of the old lady, at her castle. He was actually ill with worry about his family. He spent a good deal of his time in bed; he didn't swim, he didn't do any of the things he had always so liked to do. He lost weight and was beginning to look like an old man. His hostess tried to keep the newspapers from him, for the battle of Florence was then raging. The ancient bridges had been blown up, fighting was going on in the streets, and horrible tales were being told about the deeds of both the Nazis and the Allies. And Nesti was here, a prisoner in a large palace that did not exist. He began to have nightmares about his mother. Now, perhaps, she was starving, and wondering about him, and perhaps calling to him in her dreams. Or perhaps she was dead, and the house was destroyed.

One morning, Nesti couldn't stand it any more. He got out of bed, paced up and down the room, and then hurriedly got dressed and went downstairs.

"We were just going to send for you," said his hostess, and introduced to him a young American Navy officer, who had just arrived by plane from Europe.

"Count Nesti, Lieutenant Smith was in Florence three or four days ago," she explained.

Nesti did not give the young man time to finish his own story but began to ask him many definite questions about conditions in Florence, and his hands trembled so and his face was so pale that no one else dared speak a word. "Tell me *everything*, please," he urged.

Lieutenant Smith did not spare any details. He told about the difficulties he had had in getting permission from the British to go to Florence in the first place, spoke about the destruction in the slums across the Arno River, about the conduct of the soldiers, about rape, prostitution, poverty, and disease. Nesti went on asking and asking for more details.

"I'm going back to Italy in ten days," said the Lieutenant, "and if I may do anything for you, I can probably arrange to go to Florence again. If you have relatives there, I can inquire about them, give them food, perhaps even protect them. In the present confusion, no one's life is safe. I am ashamed to say that some of these Moroccan troops have misbehaved in a way that can hardly be exaggerated."

"Count Nesti has a palace in Florence," said the old lady.

"Oh, buildings are of little importance," said Nesti. "What matters is the people. If one could only bring them help!"

"If you'll give me the addresses of your relatives or friends in Florence," said the Lieutenant, "I'll gladly do all I can for them."

"Thank you," said Nesti. "I have no one there." And, without saying another word, he rose from his chair and went back upstairs.

A half hour later, as the young Lieutenant was about to leave, the hostess said to him, "I am afraid you have upset our guest. Poor Count! He suffers so for Italy! The maid has just told me that when she went into his room with fresh towels, she found him crying on his bed."

—Niccolò Tucci

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ALARM

Someone was here while we were gone.
All the rooms look the same.
We never lock up, nothing missing,
Nothing wrong I can give a name.

But the dust, you said, is different.
Floor remembers a weight that walked.
Doorways wonder. The wall stares.
Air, too, remembers who talked.

Someone who has been here before.
Someone who knows and doesn't care
Whether we took with us the one thing
He wants, or hid it here somewhere.

The clock face has changed.
Four when we went, now it says five
Or five past. We're home again,
It's still Thursday, we're alive.

We're home, I said; I'll build a fire.
It gets later earlier, I'm colder
Than I used to be, you said.
Time said, Late. Yes. And an hour older.

—John Holmes

L-O-V-E ON A TRAIN

INASMUCH as travelling by train is my favorite activity, I am always being surprised by my own incompetence at it, especially as I have long cherished a cozy notion that if you like very much to do a particular thing, the chances are that you will do it pretty well.

My chances of boarding and leaving the proper train at the proper time have dwindled until the margin of error has crowded the actual schedule almost off the page. Paradoxically, the more I travel, the more easily I am addled by a schedule. Time was when I went East from Chicago to boarding school, later to college, and later still to Chicago from the East, taking my children to visit their grandparents, and never knew confusion.

I did lose one of my twins once in a Pullman drawing room, when I stepped into the lavatory to warm a bottle, but I was confused in that instance only because I could not believe that a nine-months-old baby could be lost in such a small space, and I kept counting the same baby twice, until, finally, I held her under one arm and made sure there was no other visible. A few seconds later, I discovered the truant happily asleep under the berth.

In the boarding-school and college era, the journeys home were so lacking in confusion, so established in precision, that they included ceremonial observances. I would get off the train at Harrisburg, run at top speed the length of the platform and up a long, steep flight of stairs—this was indeed a number of years ago—and buy a bag of fresh, hot, thick pretzels from a dour, thin man at the top of the stairs, who dispensed them from a basket. Then I'd race back to my car, order ginger ale, and settle down to enjoy the exquisite combination of ginger ale and pretzels, a pleasure enhanced by the fact that I was one of the happy few sophisticates who knew about the man at the head of the stairs. It took me twenty years to experience that same complacent pleasure again, by learning to order, immediately after leaving Chicago on the Chief, Colorado mountain brook trout, to be served soon after it (presumably) was delivered to the train en route.

Somewhere in the years between those two achievements of sophistication, I remembered, one day, about the pretzels just as the Pennsylvania train on which I was travelling from Philadelphia to Chicago pulled into the Harrisburg station. I leaped out of the train, went quietly up the steps, and found the same dour, thin man, with his basket of hot pretzels. As he handed me a bag of them and my change, he sighed unhappily. "Aren't you through yet?" he asked.

I look back on that incident and find it not wholly dispiriting, because it assures me I was then still on my toes about a schedule. That is no longer true.

I START out on a lecture tour with a crisp, fresh typewritten schedule, and the certain knowledge that for six weeks I shall be on a train for some part of nearly every twenty-four hours, and the uneasy suspicion that several times during that six weeks I shall be on the wrong train.

Perhaps unfairly, I hold the lecture bureau partly responsible for my degeneration, because its transportation department favors single-spacing. The single-spaced schedule saves bulk, I know, but to read it I feel the need of a ruler or a piece of string, one end of which I could place beneath the name of the town, on the left side of the page, and the other end beneath the date and hour of departure, which are listed at the far right. I do not ask for larger type. Among many of my contemporaries, I have achieved a spirited unpopularity by the fact, which I take particular pains not to conceal, that I do not as yet require glasses for reading. But I find it difficult to follow straight lines in almost any department, and on a schedule I am habitually diverted to the line above or below.

This waywardness of mine extends from the schedule to almost any aspect of train travel, and I can communicate it to others in my orbit. There was the time, not so long ago, when I took care of a baby on a train while his mother had a nap. I was travelling by day coach in the South. The mother, across the aisle from me, was literally swaying with fatigue—every once in a while her head bobbed down in sudden spasms of sleep—and I offered to hold the baby for a while. She handed him over to me, explained that he was five months old, and wet, then fell into a sound sleep. I found a bag of clean diapers on the seat beside the young woman, changed the baby, and settled down to the fatuous enjoyment I always find in minding small babies.

Some while later, I was aware that the train was slowing down, and I looked out of the window. On a distant building I saw an electric sign bearing the name of the hotel at which I was to stay, and I realized that we were pulling into my station. I swung my suitcase down from the rack above me and put it in the aisle. Then, with the baby on one arm, I stepped across the aisle and shook the young mother and told her that we were getting in and that she would have to hurry. Other passengers helped move our bags to the vestibule of the car. By this time, the train had stopped, and I hustled the young mother, dazed and stumbling, off it. We were immediately surrounded by a group of ladies and a photographer. The ladies had come to meet me and had brought the photographer with them to take a photograph showing them clustered about the steps of the day coach with welcoming hands outstretched as I descended.

A baby in my arms was a surprise to them, and one that they did not wish to include in their photograph, so the baby was whisked into his bemused mother's arms. But after the photography and greetings were done with, I retrieved the baby and went ahead with the group, the baby on my arm. The mother, still half asleep, straggled some distance behind us. Some of the ladies went back for her and brought her to the taxi where I was waiting with the baby. I asked where she wanted to go, and she told me she had to wait two hours for a bus and would like to see about getting her baggage transferred. She added that it was time to feed the baby but that she didn't know where to go to warm his bottle. I suggested that I take the baby on to the hotel and give him a bath and his bottle there, and that she come on later; she could learn the number of my room from the clerk at the desk. I gave her my name.

The ladies thought all this very sensible, the mother was pleased, and the baby and I went off to a very morris dance of waving handkerchiefs and hands.

Fortunately, the baby had had his bath, and very nearly finished his bottle, when the mother came on the gallop to tell me that I had got her off the train two stations before the one at which it had been her plan to disembark.

IT is, perhaps, just as well that ordinarily when I'm on a train I hold very little communication with other passengers. I am, I think, at most times gregariously inclined, but on a train I am overtaken by a shyness that makes it difficult for me to decide what topic to broach, and during that period of indecision the traveller across from me at the table or next to me in the club car gets up and walks away. I have no difficulty in deciding what to say if anyone speaks to me, because no one ever does. I see other people speak to other people, but they don't speak to me. Except for the man on the train from New Orleans to Jacksonville.

He was in the club car, and so was I—across the aisle from him—and I was on the wrong train. It was a Sunday night, the eleventh of January. I had come into New Orleans the morning before, on the tenth, at seven-fifteen, and gone to the Hotel Roosevelt, as the schedule directed. This was the first time I had been in New Orleans, and I had longed for years to visit it. I stopped at the newsstand on my way to breakfast to buy a copy of every guidebook on sale there. At the table, I read bits from each of them, and I took out my schedule from my bag to see how long I was to stay, so that I could portion out my time for sightseeing. There I read, "Leave New Orleans (L. & N. Station), L. & N. RR #38-3—Sunday, January eleventh, 10:30 P.M." And this was Saturday morning.

By ten-thirty, I was in the French Quarter. From then on the day was perfect, partly because I was in New Orleans and partly because, for one of the few times on any lecture tour, I was in a city for two whole days—with no professional engagement. My schedule had nearly always, before this dazzling interlude, led me to a sleeper directly from my lecture, or to packing and early bed for a before-the-dining-room-opens departure in the morning; at the very most, it had allowed me a one-day stop-over.

On Sunday morning, I woke to the lovely prospect of another day in New Orleans, and I had it. At ten-fifteen that night, I was in line at the L. & N. station, submitting my railroad and Pullman tickets to the two judges who sit behind a desk in railroad stations at night, recite to each other the numbers on tickets presented, and hand down a decision to allow the passenger to proceed or not. At ten-sixteen, a decision was handed down against me. The judges held my Pullman ticket between them and showed me how it was stamped "L. & N. R.R. #38-3, 10:30 PM, January 10th." I hadn't even looked at the ticket before, because the schedule is what I read. I should have read it this time with the help of the ruler or piece of string. My eye had jumped a line of single spacing and I had read the arrival-at-Tallahassee date for the New Orleans-departure date.

The judges put me out of line but asked me to stand by their box for further pronouncement. I stood by, and watched all the other passengers present their tickets and pass. Once, when I was ten years old, I thought I was not going to get from 4-B to 4-A, and the feeling was just the same. But at ten-twenty-nine the judges, after long deliberation, passed me with a condition. The party for a certain lower berth had not turned up. I could have it—not until the Pullman conductor had made a double checkup, though, and I would wait in the club car. One of the judges was the Pullman conductor. "Let's go," he said. He scooped up his papers, jumped up, and set off at a lope. My porter and I ran, he wobbling under the big bags and I under the overflow. My overnight case whacked against the back of my knees, my fur coat slipped

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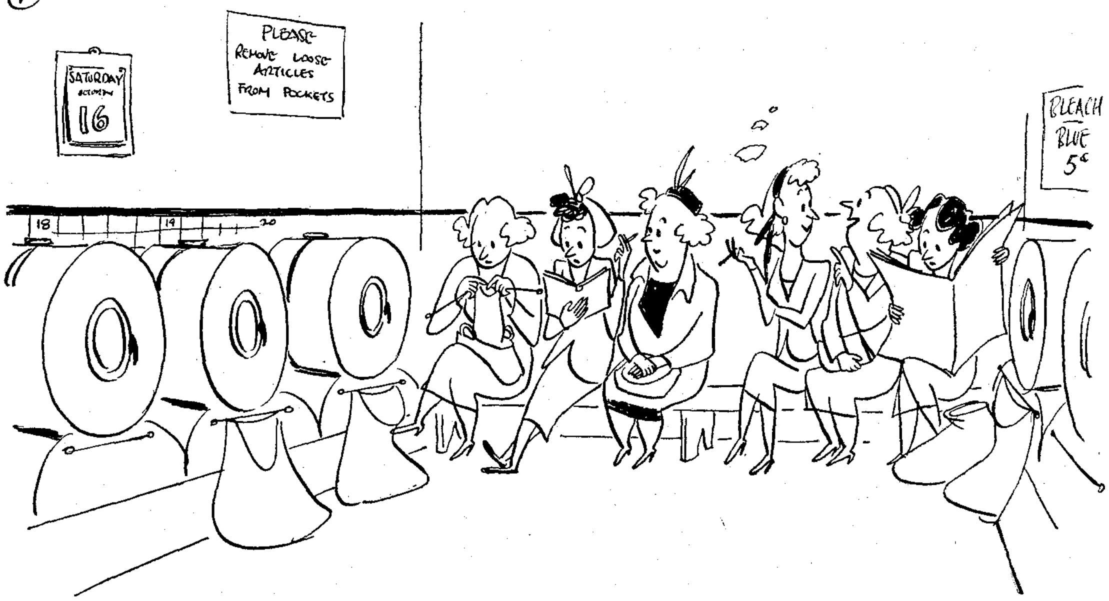

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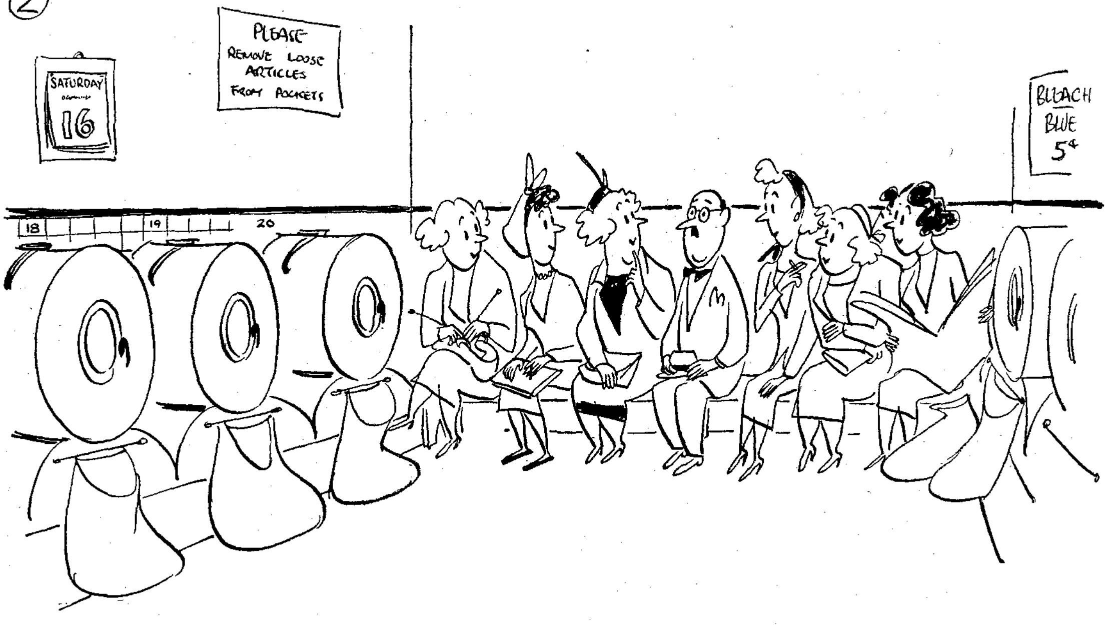


through my arm and trailed on the platform, except for the corner that I ground into my side with my elbow. The lock of my typewriter case sprang open, but I held the case together by hitching it up under my other arm. I caught the train just as it started to roll.

I was still trying to get my breath when a man sitting opposite me in the car spoke. My wheezing made it difficult for me to hear what he said, but it was something like "Nice going."

"Why, thank you," I said, between gasps. "It was a close call. Actually, I was supposed to be on another train."

"That's how I had it figured." He nodded two or three times, in very apparent approval. That pleased me, though I tried to be deprecatory and modest. I was pleased, too, at being spoken to at all, so when he asked if I would care to have a drink, I told him I believed I would have a glass of ginger ale. Not to accept food or drink from a stranger is a law of travelling I learned from my parents in the days when we all knew someone who knew friends of the family of a girl who was drugged into the White Slave traffic that way, and I have handed down the law with firmness and awful threats to my own children. But the possibility of my achieving such a fate now is remote. Nevertheless, I said to myself that I would watch this man's hands every minute, just in case. That is why I noticed almost immediately that the tip of each finger on one hand had a letter tattooed on it. It took me a while, even with the unwavering scrutiny I gave it, to put together the letters into the word "L-O-V-E." But I considered it such a disarming exposure of sentiment that I relaxed at once. The man himself was not very clean, but neither am I after a long trip, which was what he was making, I decided, though I did not ask.

As a matter of fact, we had very little conversation. I was overtaken by the old shyness and didn't know what subject to broach that would interest him, and he seemed to catch the affliction from me. Several times, he started to say something, and stopped. When the Pullman conductor arrived and said he had a berth for me, the L-O-V-E man was evidently pleased, because he nodded quickly and leaned across the aisle to whisper to me, the L-O-V-E fingers cupped around his mouth, "Never asked a thing, did he?" I surmised then that he was a European, unused to casual American travelling—without passports and permits and endless checking—and because I am cursed with an irresistible desire to be helpful, I explained how it is in this country. When I had exhausted the topic of travel in the U.S.A., I thanked him for my ginger ale, said good night, and left for my berth. He said nothing at all, not even good night.

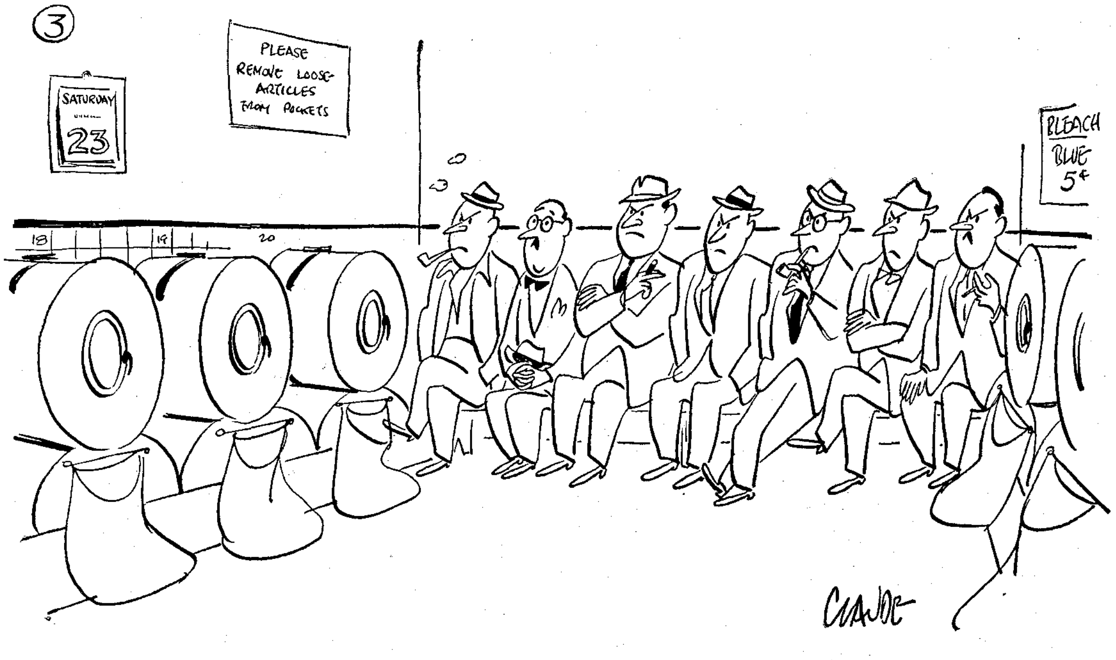
I slept late the next morning, and then went in to the diner for a sustaining double-duty brunch, because we were due at Tallahassee at one-forty-five and I did not want to eat again either before or immediately after my arrival. My host of the night before was at the far end of the dining car. He didn't acknowledge my cheery wave of the hand, so I decided not to breakfast with him. I was aware, though, that he was watching me as I ate, and I was, of course, pleased.

THE train was a few minutes late getting into Tallahassee, and I heard the conductor say to the porter who was unloading me from his car that they would have to wait now for some other train to go through and there was an awful lot of stuff to pick up, so they'd be held up plenty.

According to my original schedule, I should have arrived the preceding day, of course, with a twenty-four-hour wait here for my lecture. I wondered uneasily if the members of the Books and Authors Committee, who, it was stipulated in my contract, would meet me at the station, would come again today. I thought it would be pleasant to sit in the sun for a while on a bench on the platform, allowing a little leeway for the committee, in case it did try again.

It was pleasant. I watched the men unloading baggage from the train I had just left, and other men waiting with truckloads to be put on. When this grew boring, I thought of the memoranda from the lecture bureau that had accumulated during the trip. This would be a good time to sort them and clip some of them together, throwing out the ones already taken care of. At almost every hotel at which I stop on a tour there is mail waiting from the lecture bureau. This almost invariably consists of a note to the effect that my lecture will take place in the high school, and not the Presbyterian church, as originally planned, or that the club has decided to choose another topic in place of the one first selected. Since someone is always kind enough to act as host or hostess and deliver me to the appointed place, it is of no importance to me whether that place is the high school or the church, and since the chairman may decide just before she and I step out on the platform that she would like to announce a topic on my list other than the one first selected, I do not regard the lecture-bureau memoranda as irrevocably important, and so I pay very little attention to them. But, sitting comfortably on the bench, with a hot sun against my shoulders, I read them attentively and came upon the one that said, "The Tallahassee lecture has been cancelled. Will you therefore remain on the train from New Orleans, not getting off until Jacksonville."

I was off the train, however, on a bench, with my luggage piled around me. I looked up


③
SATURDAY
23
PLEASE REMOVE LOOSE ARTICLES FROM POCKETS
BLEACH BLUE 5¢
18
19
20

at the train, my train, on which I was to remain until it reached Jacksonville—and it was easing out at that instant, on its way.

I leaped to my feet, the memoranda fluttering around me. I yelled, "Get me back on that train! I can't stay here!" Fortunately, the conductor and the porter heard me. Nearly everyone heard me—perhaps even the engineer. At any rate, he stopped the train so vigorously that it squealed back on its haunches. The conductor and the porter ran to my bench, grabbed up my bags, and ran back to the train. I gathered up the odds and ends—even the memoranda—and pounded after them. There was no time to put the stool down again, so they dropped the bags, boosted me up, heaved the bags after me, and swung themselves aboard.

The berth I had occupied from New Orleans to Tallahassee was taken from Tallahassee to Jacksonville, so the conductor suggested that I wait in the observation car again until he could find space for me. We were both out of breath, and he sat down beside me in the car to rest a minute. He wanted to know what in the world had made me change my mind so suddenly, if I would excuse his asking. I said I did not mind in the least, but when I was about to explain about the lecture tour, and expecting to be met because the contract had said I would be, and the memoranda, it all seemed so complicated that I decided I couldn't make it clear, especially when I was out of breath. I said, therefore, that Jacksonville had seemed to me, suddenly, to be a pleasanter place than Tallahassee in which to be. Just an impulse—everybody had one sometimes, didn't he think? He guessed that everybody was entitled to, certainly, and went away to find a space for me.

That was when I saw that there was one other passenger in the car, sitting in the chair next to the one the conductor had just left. The passenger was the L-O-V-E man, and the letters twinkled when he put down his newspaper and picked up a glass. A hand moving about with "L-O-V-E" spelled on the fingers gives off a kind of air wave of sympathetic understanding, to which I was drawn, and I smiled at the man. I could explain everything to *him*, I was sure.

"I wasn't supposed to be at that station," I began.

He picked up his newspaper again, and L-O-V-E sparkled toward me. "You can get to be too smart," he said.

This remark confused me. I couldn't think of an understanding answer, nor did it show me the way to fresh topics. Consequently, I sank under the old wave of mute shyness.

After a few minutes, the porter came in and told me that the conductor had a berth for me. As I followed him out of the car, I looked over my shoulder, hoping for a nod or smile of farewell from my friend, but he seemed to be engrossed in his newspaper.

I did not see the L-O-V-E man again, but I thought about him, intermittently, during the rest of my tour. I was sure that he had been interested in me in New Orleans and put off by something in Tallahassee. It could not have been the lack of efficiency and the all-over incompetence in my character only too apparent at Tallahassee, because he had said I could be "too smart."

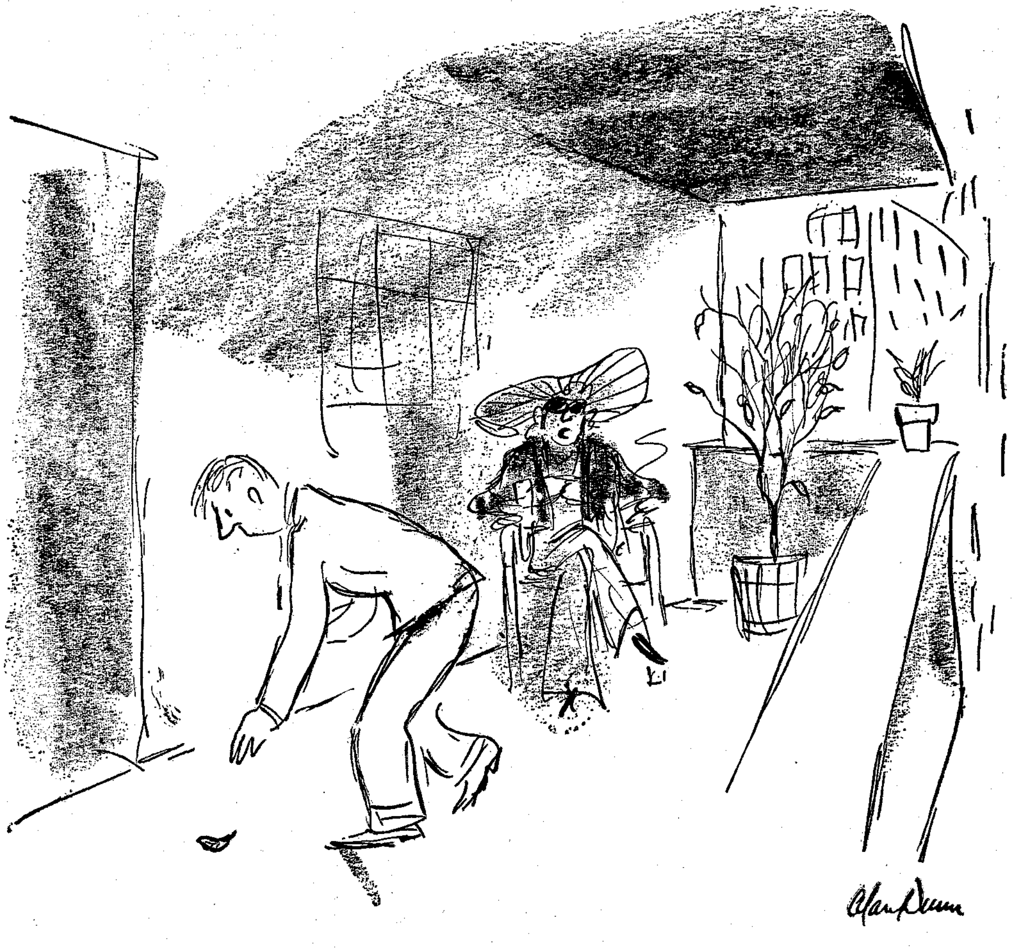
A FEW months later, I came across the following story in the Los Angeles *Times:*

> Portland, Or.—A Missouri kidnap suspect is in jail here today.
>
> The FBI said the suspect is John Harvey Bugg, 31, object of a two and one-half year nation-wide hunt as "the man with love on his fingers." His left fingers were tattooed with the word "L-O-V-E."
>
> FBI Agent Howard I. Bobbitt said Bugg is accused of disarming Dade County (Mo.) Sheriff Hugh P. Wilkerson as the Sheriff was taking him to jail on a forgery charge Nov. 29, 1945. He forced the Sheriff to drive to Oklahoma, robbed him and left him tied to a Kellyville (Okla.) utility pole, Bobbitt said.

That seemed to me to explain everything about my experience with the L-O-V-E man. Obviously, I decided, he had admired the way I skipped out of New Orleans, and had even considered me as a possible partner, perhaps as a moll. Then the Tallahassee performance had made him decide that I was too risky. When he'd said, "You can get to be too smart," he had made up his mind to go it alone.

Whenever I think that somebody once considered me too risky and that I might get to be too smart, I have a feeling of considerable exhilaration. And I think about it frequently.

—Emily Kimbrough



"Save it, darling. It makes good mulch."

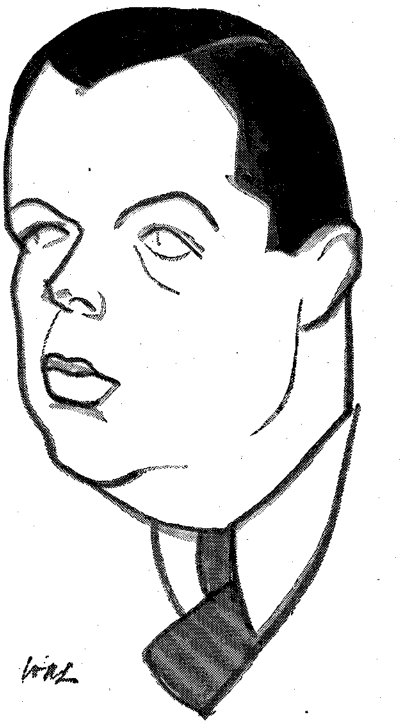
◆

Mrs. Louis Dutton, a past president, will lead a sextette—in costume—composed of Mmes. M. G. Whitlock, T. H. Bivin, Walter Grosselfinger, Bertil Anderson, C. W. Kohli, C. E. Weigold, Victor Herbert, Jerome Kern, and Friml. Mrs. Robert Adams will be at the piano.—*Manhasset Club Life.*

Who's going to be at the telephone, flashing the A.P.?

PROFILES

AIDER AND ABETTOR—I



Jo Mielziner

BEFORE the dress rehearsal of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," in 1931, Miss Katharine Cornell held a housewarming for the scenery and props. The stage was rich in authentic furniture of the Barrett era, all recruited from second-hand shops in New York. Miss Cornell sat down at a genuine period desk. Reaching into a pigeonhole, she found genuine period letters instead of the usual stage dummies. With an exclamation of surprise, she called her fellow-actors around to admire this small extra helping of authenticity. Jo Mielziner, who designed the set for the show, had scoured the autograph market to stuff the pigeonholes with the hundred-year-old correspondence. Autograph dealers are sometimes compelled to buy masses of papers in order to acquire a few valuable autograph items, and they keep unimportant letters in the forlorn hope that they will be purchased by a period researcher or by a handwriting expert rounding out a library of penmanship samples. Mielziner shopped around unsuccessfully for a while, but finally he got what he wanted, for three dollars. His investment was not made for the purpose of impressing the audience. Even spectators with high-power binoculars couldn't tell the difference between period letters and dummies. Mielziner was not suffering from a morbid artistic conscience, either. He is not troubled by the kind of perfectionism that caused the star of the Crummles company to black himself up from head to foot every time he played Othello, or the kind that caused the Kanin-Gordon Othello to strangle people off the stage as well as on it. He bought the letters for practical reasons of the theatre. The mission of the stage designer, as he states it, is "to aid and abet the actors." He thought the letters would help to keep the actors feeling historic and thus contribute a little to the 1840 mood.

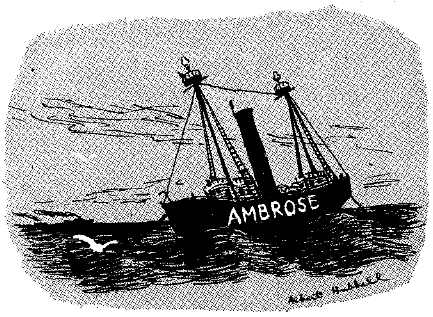
It takes some self-control for a scene designer to regard himself as an aider and abettor rather than as the mastermind. His natural tendency is to look on a Broadway drama as a one-man art exhibition, in which the actors are a tolerated nuisance in the foreground, like Navajo blanket peddlers at the Grand Canyon. Mielziner's early training encouraged the view that the theatre is a salon for landscapes, sunsets, nocturnes, genre pieces, and still-lifes. He was drawing and painting at the age of four. He lived for years on art scholarships. He thought of the stage as a branch of painting up to the time his older brother, Leo, Jr., became an actor. Leo arrived home one day with the news that the theatre is not a picture gallery. "The job of the designer is to help the actors," said the actor brother. Leo had further inside information, to the effect that art is only one part of the scene designer's equipment; that he has to know everything from electricity, mechanics, and engineering to magic, toymaking, and fireworks; and that the purpose of all this is not to win the acclaim of art critics but to add something to the rapidity and clarity of the performance. Jo was listening to the voice of experience. He found that the bad news was all too true. It took him years to reëducate himself to see the stage with the eye of an actor and director rather than with that of a painter. He finally discovered that the essence of his profession is collaboration, that he is an interpreter between the playwright and the technical wizards, that his business is to grasp all the dramatic possibilities and to aid and abet them with the help of all the arts, trades, sciences, and professions that enter into modern stagecraft.

The theatre was changing swiftly when Mielziner arrived on Broadway, in 1924, and he would have been left at the post if his only asset had been the ability to paint. New lighting techniques and fast stage mechanics were becoming increasingly important, because the movies were influencing Broadway. Many playwrights refused to be satisfied with one or two scenes when Hollywood had them by the score. Hollywood had quite an advantage, since the motion-picture camera has weeks or months in which to wander around studios and locations. Broadway audiences lack the portability and leisure of the camera; nevertheless, there were playwrights who wanted them to see as much as the camera sees. The aim was to telescope an entire Hollywood shooting schedule into a Broadway evening, to take the audience on a Cook's tour in a little nutshell of a theatre. Scenes had to spring up all over the stage and to succeed one another without long intervals of darkness. Theatregoers had formerly sat contentedly through two- and three-minute blackouts while settings were being rearranged, but the movies had taught them to expect uninterrupted entertainment. Any pause was an awful thing to bear. The eclipses between scenes had to be cut to a few seconds, and it was well to fill those few seconds with dramatic sound and fury. An elaborate technology had to be developed to achieve speed and abolish the deadly pauses. Scenes darted in on skates, shot up on elevators, flew in on cables, or swung in on turntables. At the touch of a switch, brick walls became brilliantly lighted peepshows. Steel hulls of ships became transparent, revealing what was going on inside. A change from visible light to ultraviolet turned shining landscapes into grottoes and tombs. Anything that looked massive was likely to fade into nothingness, and any empty space was likely to solidify. In order to compete with the wanderings of the motion-picture camera, theatregoers were endowed with practically supernatural powers—X-ray vision, telescopic vision, and periscopic vision. Audiences passed through masonry like ghosts, swarmed through keyholes, looked around corners, and moved from the New World to the Old in a nervous twitch. Mielziner had to use two revolving stages to keep up with the globe-trotting of the cast of "Dodsworth," and a conveyor belt to deliver the quickly shifting background of "I Married an Angel." Mielziner scenes climbed a tree in "Finian's Rainbow" and ducked under a table in "Happy Birthday." In the course of designing settings for a hundred and seventy-three shows, Mielziner has become known as a problemsolver, which is more important in the present-day theatre than being known as a painter of infinite genius.

Mielziner's profession is a kind of heirloom. His father was an artist. His mother is a collateral descendant of Charlotte Cushman, often acclaimed as the greatest American actress, and of Dan McGuiness, a leading nineteenth-century comedian. Jo was born and raised in art and has been a theatre addict since infancy. The name Mielziner came from a great-grandfather of Jo's, one of a long line of Jewish scholars. A rabbi in Mielzyn, in what was then Prussian Poland, he was called "the Mielziner," and he formally adopted the name early in the nineteenth century, when the Jews of that region began to use surnames. Jo's grandfather, Dr. Moses Mielziner, who was also a rabbi and a noted Talmudic scholar, fled from Germany after the Revolution of 1848 and settled in America, where, after a long career as a writer and teacher, he became president of the Hebrew Union College, in Cincinnati.

The family intention was to make Jo's father, Leo, another rabbi and Talmudic scholar, but he insisted on studying art and eventually set up a studio in Paris. One of his works, a portrait of Louis Loeb, the famous American illustrator, is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art; another, a painting of Mrs. Mielziner and the two sons, is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Leo Mielziner had an uncanny gift for likenesses but no inclination to please his clients. He never imparted extra beauty or distinction to his sitters. The searching quality of his brush was indicated on one occasion when an eye specialist visited the studio as Mielziner was finishing a portrait. "That man has eye trouble, hasn't he?" asked the specialist. "Not that I know of," said the painter. "Well, it's strange," said the specialist, "but I would say that he has a cataract forming on one eye." When the portrait was delivered, a few days later, Mielziner learned that since the final sitting the man had developed trouble with his vision and had been found to be suffering from a cataract.

Jo's maternal grandmother was Margaret Alice McKenna Friend, a journalist of the late nineteenth century and the author of a widely syndicated fashion page. Her daughter Ella inherited the fashion page and later became the Paris correspondent for *Vogue*. For thirteen years, she wrote for that publication, under the pen name of Aube de Siècle, covering fashions, the fine arts, and the theatre. She met Leo Mielziner in Paris. They were married in Boston, then returned to Paris, where, in 1901, Jo was born. Jo and Leo, Jr., were practically incubated in their father's Paris studio. Jo learned English and French simultaneously, and at the age of four or five was having his say on art trends at his mother's intellectual teas. His nurse took him regularly to the Louvre and other galleries. He became slightly top-heavy with the sublime and beautiful, and was likely to make scenes at the sight of anything that offended his taste. It was a rule that he had to give part of his spending money to the poor. His nurse complained that he refused to subsidize ugliness. She would point out needy cases by the dozen, but he would disqualify them all as too inaesthetic for his centimes. It sometimes took all day to find a prepossessing beggar. Jo's mother tells of a harrowing moment when an important lady in an enormous picture hat came to one of her tea parties. Jo burst into tears and shielded his eyes. "He's afraid of my hat," said the visitor. "It's not the hat, it's the face," said the aesthetic infant.



In 1908, the elder Mielziners began to notice that Jo and Leo, Jr., were talking English like a couple of little musical-comedy Frenchmen. To get rid of their rattling "r's" and Gallic vowels, they were sent to an English boarding school, where they wore Eton suits and collars. Their teachers drilled the Oxford speech into them, and the boys were soon baaing and bleating in the most aristocratic manner. In 1909, when Leo was ten and Jo was eight, the Mielziners came to New York, and the boys were sent, still in Eton suits and collars, to a public school on West Seventy-seventh Street. The first day, they came home with bloody noses and completely stripped of their British-schoolboy outfits. They were sent back in plain clothes, but that didn't appease their fellow-students. Their accent was as offensive as their lampshade collars and monkey jackets had been. They were mimicked every time they opened their mouths. The other boys neighed like horses and bayed like hounds in an effort to do justice to the Oxford dialect. Half the boys in the school talked broken English, but they talked well-known American varieties of broken English and they wouldn't stand for elegant, imported broken English. The boarding school had forgotten to teach the Mielziner boys to spell and add, so they were

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE INSTINCT, FORTUNATELY

I suppose that plumbers' children know more about plumbing than plumbers do,
and welders' children more about welding than welders,
Because the only fact in an implausible world is that all young know better than
their elders.
A young person is a person with nothing to learn,
One who already knows that ice does not chill and fire does not burn.
It knows that it can read indefinitely in the dark and do its eyes no harm,
It knows it can climb on the back of a thin chair to look for a sweater it left on
the bus without falling and breaking an arm.
It knows it can spend six hours in the sun on its first day at the beach without
ending up a skinless beet,
And it knows it can walk barefoot through the barn without running a nail
in its feet.
It knows it doesn't need a raincoat if it's raining or galoshes if it's snowing,
And knows how to manage a boat without ever having done any sailing or
rowing.
It knows after every sporting contest that it had really picked the winner,
And that its appetite is not affected by eating three chocolate bars covered with
peanut butter and guava jelly fifteen minutes before dinner.
Most of all, it knows
That only other people catch colds through sitting around in drafts in wet
clothes.
Meanwhile psychologists grow rich
Writing that the young are ones parents should not undermine the self-con-
fidence of which.

—Ogden Nash

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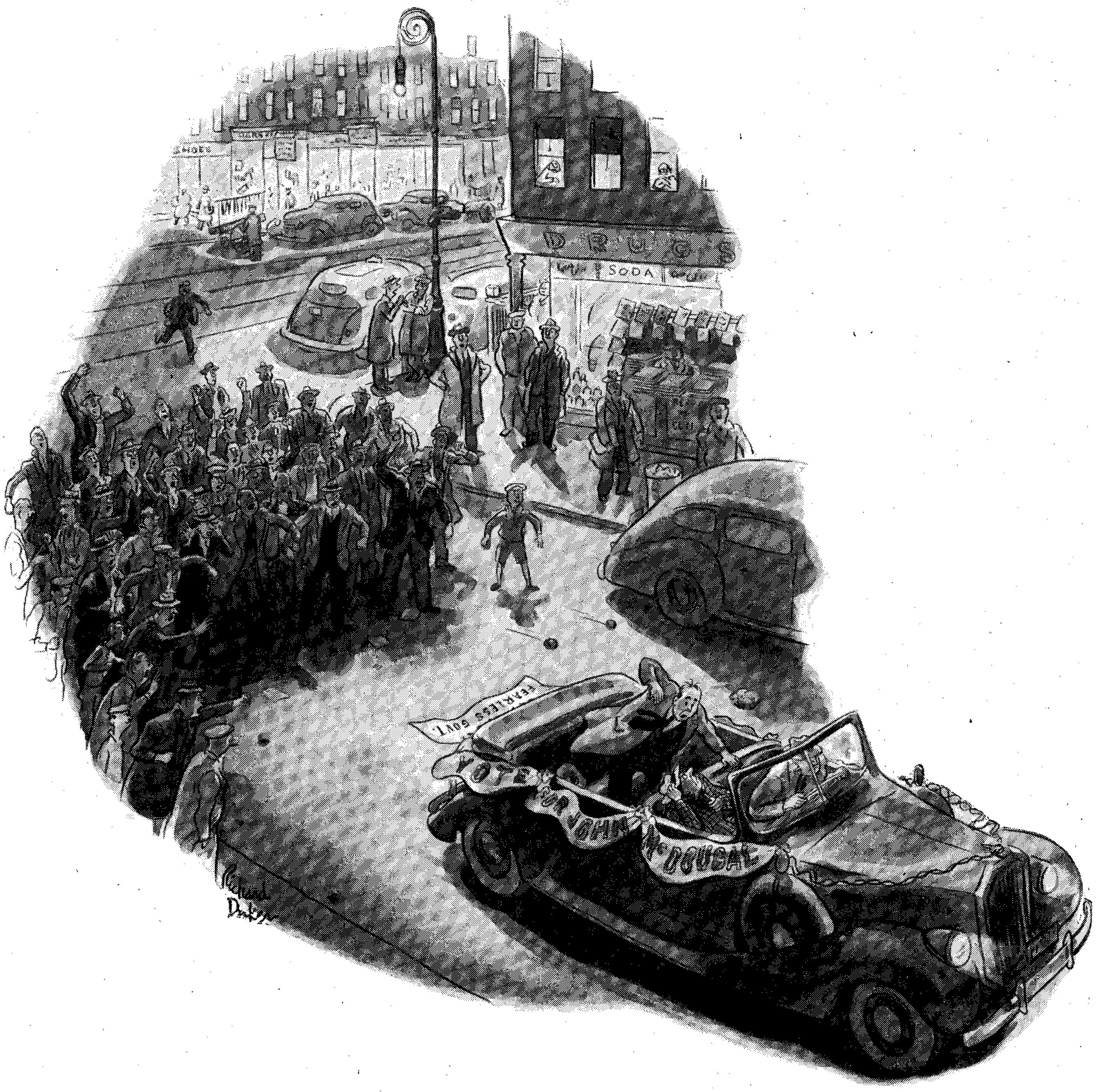


"I suppose we'll have to set this down as a doubtful district."

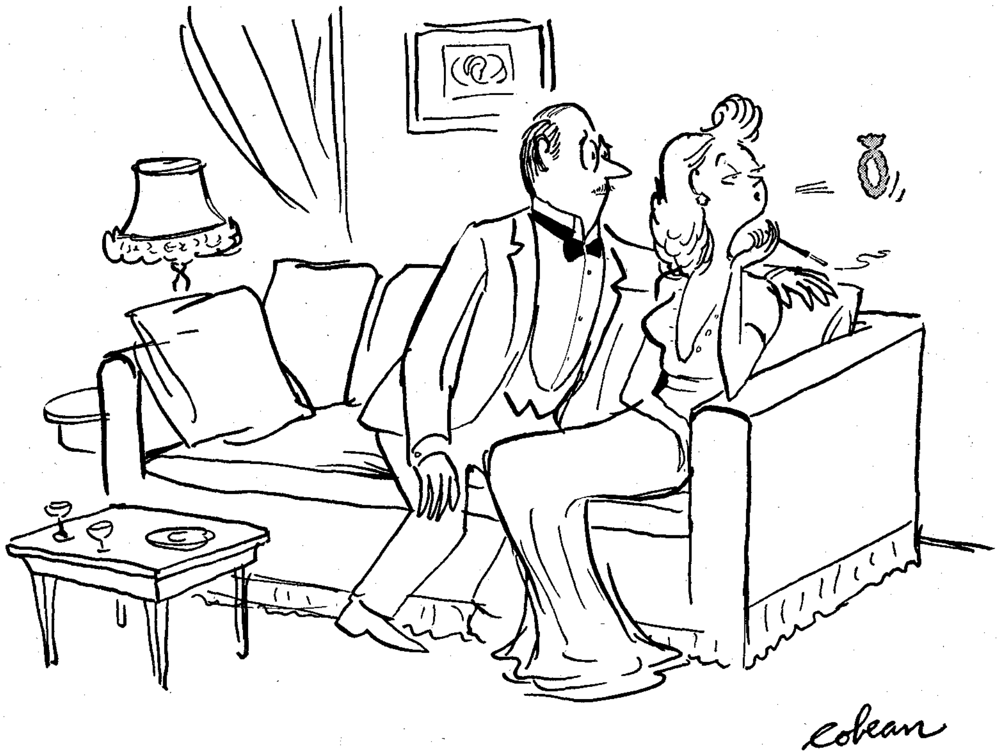
• •

as badly handicapped in the classroom as out of it. Jo and Leo had played a little rugger in England, but they hadn't even seen a baseball before arriving in America. It was found that when baseballs were thrown at them, they bobbed and weaved like Coney Island egg-dodgers. It became a school recreation to throw fast ones at them in order to enjoy their frantic efforts to avoid being beaned. Jo was beaned into unconsciousness one day and taken home with concussion of the brain. His parents began to look around for another school.

The Ethical Culture School happened just then to be starting a department for children who were good at art and poor at other subjects. Jo's precocity with the paintbrush and his imbecility in spelling and arithmetic made him such an ideal mixture of forwardness and backwardness that a scholarship was conferred on him. He not only was not bothered with spelling and adding but was actively protected against those subjects, as against dangerous childhood diseases. The standard course in chemistry didn't agree with his temperament, either, so he took a special course in the chemistry of colors and shot to the top of his class. He thrived under this system of education and looks back on the Ethical Culture School as a great institution. He spent his spare time painting in his father's studio. Some of his sketches won him a scholarship from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, and when he was fifteen he went there to study.

The elder Mielziners were theatre lovers, and they made theatre lovers of their children. Even when the boys were going to school in England, they saw most of the London hits during vacations. In New York, they were regulars at the theatre. Jo got his ambition to become a stage designer through his enthusiasm for the Robert Edmond Jones scenery and costumes for "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," which was produced in New York in

1915. As the economic outlook for pure art was not too encouraging, Jo's parents favored the idea of his becoming a scenic designer, and he began to specialize in the study of theatre design in Philadelphia. He got temporary employment during vacations by answering want ads. Under the impression that sign painting and scene designing were sister arts, he took a portfolio of water colors to the O. J. Gude Company, which was hiring outdoor artists at thirty-six dollars a week. "Do you understand rigging?" he was asked. "Yes," said Jo, who thought it was something like putting a canvas on a frame. He was then told to go to a building in Columbus Circle and ask for Sullivan. Jo found Sullivan standing on the sidewalk outside the building. "Do you understand rigging?" inquired Sullivan. "Yes," said Jo. "Go on up and tie off," said Sullivan, pointing to a scaffolding before a blank signboard at the eleventh floor of the building. Up to that moment, Jo had been thinking of sign painters only as men who painted advertising signs at street level. He now sensed that "rigging" was some mysterious operation that he had to perform on a platform dangling about a hundred and fifty feet in the air. His physical courage leaked out of him, but his moral courage leaked out faster. He was ready to face any danger rather than admit that he was a despicable ignoramus who didn't understand "rigging." He went to the roof, climbed over the parapet, and slid down a rope to the platform. As he stood there clinging to the rope, impatient shouts of "Tie 'er off" came from below. He saw a loose rope, tied it to something at one end of the platform, and waited. "What the hell's the matter with you? Tie off the other end" came from below. The fear of disapprobation was greater than the fear of death, and Jo, clinging to the rail on the swaying platform, shuffled over to the other end, where he found another loose rope and tied it up. Then he inched his way back to his original position. A man on the street had been holding the platform in position by means of two long ropes. It was now supposed to be secure, since Jo had rigged it, and the man let go. Jo's second knot came loose, and one end of the platform dropped. His first knot held, so the platform hung by one end and swung like a pendulum. Jo clung to the rope and braced his feet against the uppermost end of the platform. He was cussed from the street level, and a few minutes later he was cussed from the roof. The man on the street manipulated the ropes until the dangling end of the platform was raised part way into place. Another man slid down the second rope and rigged the platform properly. When the platform stopped swinging under him, Jo, gripping his rope with his hands and knees, climbed up ten or eleven feet, until he was able to grasp the huge iron hook at its end and swing up over the parapet. Here he was cussed again and fired. He answered another ad and got a job as office boy for Bottome & Smart, court stenographers.



When we entered the war, in 1917, Jo applied for work at the Hog Island shipyard. He was sixteen, but, with his round face and baby complexion, he seemed about twelve. His appearance and speech baffled the foreman. Having lived most of his life in an artistic environment, nurtured on the royal jelly of scholarships, sheltered from ordinary contacts with the world, the boy didn't look or talk like an American or like any other of the forty-eight races that the foreman was familiar with. The prize-and-award people are as distinct a nation as the Sac or the Fox Indians. The foreman studied the boy's hands, which were soft and helpless-looking. "What can you do?" he asked. "Paint," said Jo. The foreman's face lighted up. He gave the boy a brush and a bucket of red lead, and put him to work painting numbers on the sides of ships. Hog Island was just so much art to Jo. He spent a large part of the day memorizing shipbuilding scenes and several hours in the evening painting them. One of his sketches was of men scrambling out of the water in which they had been working waist-deep, and rushing for shelter from a few drops of rain. In September of 1918, Jo, after some difficulties connected with his age, enlisted in the Marines. He was in training at Parris Island, South Carolina, for two months before the armistice. For the first time in his life, he was too busy for art. At Parris Island, he discovered a new world, not chiefly inhabited by artists and intellectuals, and he acquired some experience in getting along with people as they are outside studios and academies.

After being mustered out, Jo returned to the academy in Philadelphia. In 1920, he won the Cresson Travelling Scholarship, which provided funds for European study, but before he went abroad, he had a summer of stage experience with the Jessie Bonstelle stock company, in Detroit. The leading man was Jo's brother, Kenneth MacKenna, formerly Leo Mielziner, Jr. While working as a bank clerk with Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the brother had gone in for amateur theatricals. He had turned professional and come rapidly to the front. William A. Brady had offered him the lead in "At 9:45." Subsequently, Brady offered him a five-year contract, on condition that he change his name. The producer said that "Leo Mielziner, Jr.," wouldn't look well in lights. The young actor borrowed "McKenna" from his mother's branch of the family, edited it to "MacKenna," and translated "Leo"

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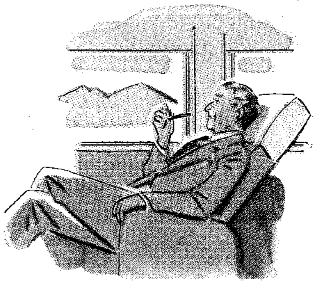

DAILY *Streamliners*

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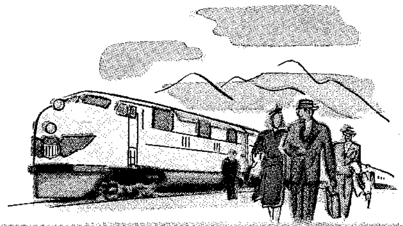
(Chicago—Salt Lake City
—Los Angeles)

"CITY OF PORTLAND"
(Chicago—Portland—
Tacoma—Seattle)

"CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO"
(Chicago—Ogden, Utah
—San Francisco)

"CITY OF ST. LOUIS"
(St. Louis—Kansas City—Denver—with
through cars to West Coast)



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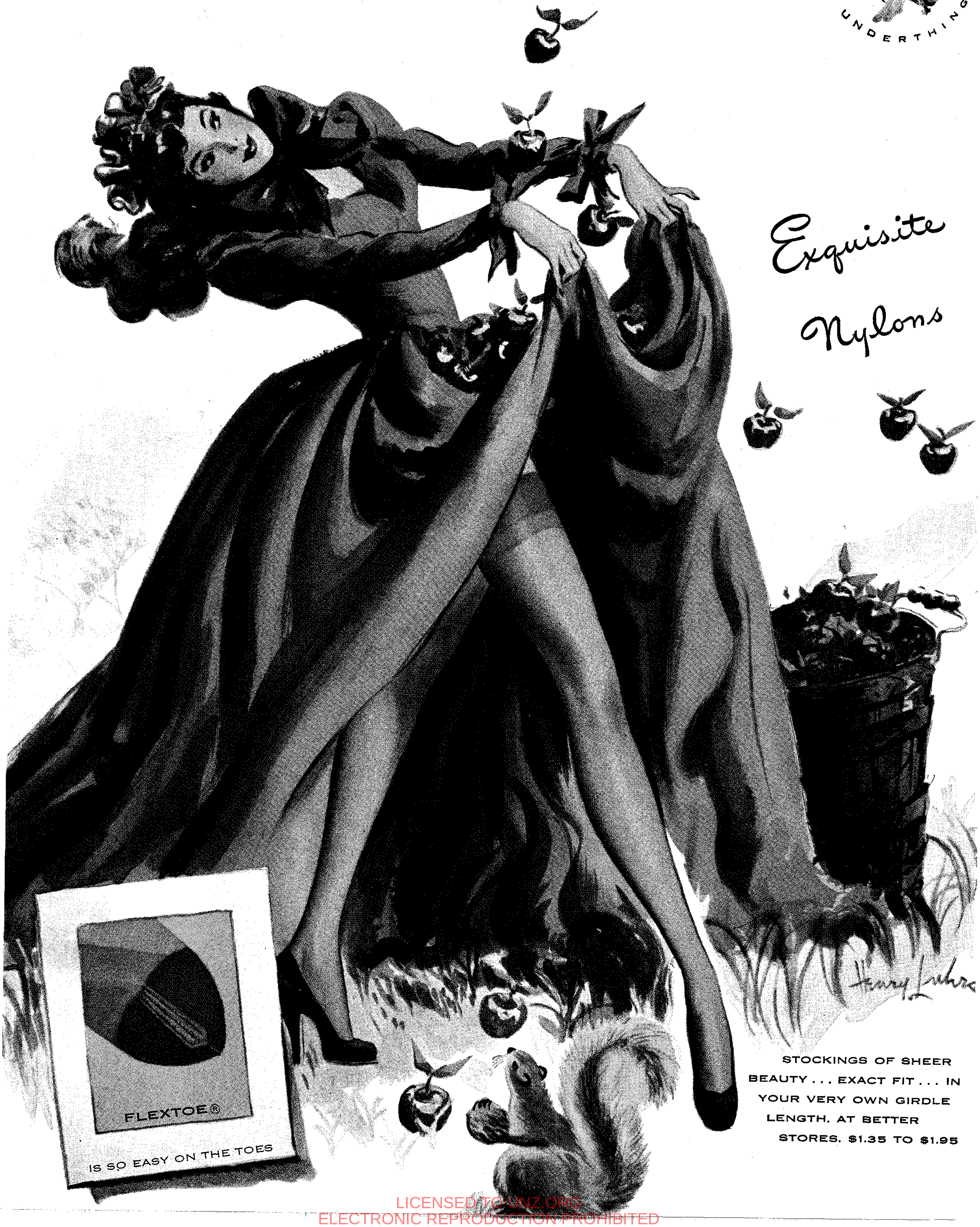
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into "Kenneth." The new-hatched Highlander got Jo a place in the Bonstelle company as scene designer and assistant stage manager. The theatre captivated the boy. He fell desperately in love with the lighting apparatus, the backstage machinery, and the ingénue. His brother had by this time indoctrinated him with the theory of aiding and abetting the actors, but Jo forgot theory at his first chance to shine. He was called on for only one design, that of an Oriental screen intended to give an atmosphere of wealth and taste to a stock-company drawing room with dingy gray walls. He produced a gigantic thing with a bright and terrible Chinese dragon in vermilion, gold, and black. He was shocked when he first saw it from out front. Its huge scale and delirious coloring reduced the actors to pygmies in a pipe dream. Jo felt that he had committed a capital crime against the theatre, but the local critics went out of their way to praise the screen, as it was the first time in years that they had seen fresh paint on the stock-company scenery.

After the summer in stock, Jo went abroad on the Cresson Scholarship money—seven hundred and fifty dollars. By crossing in the steerage, always travelling third- or fourth-class in Europe, and restricting his luggage to a knapsack and one handbag to avoid tipping, he made the scholarship last nine months and take him into thirteen countries. He wound up by going to a place near Rapallo, in Italy, to see his idol—Gordon Craig, the famous English designer and writer on the theatre. He had a letter of introduction to Craig, but he had been told that Craig had a phobia about bearers of letters of introduction, so he presented himself without one. Even so, he was savagely bullyragged by members of Craig's entourage and then by Craig himself. The designer had secluded himself in Italy to escape from writers, hero-worshippers, and idea-pirates. When it appeared, after a long cross-examination, that Mielziner was a bona-fide student who had been investigating the latest tricks of the European theatre, Craig suddenly became openhearted and friendly, showed Mielziner many of his newest drawings, and talked theatre with him for three days. It was an inspiring experience for the young designer and proved a benefit to his career.

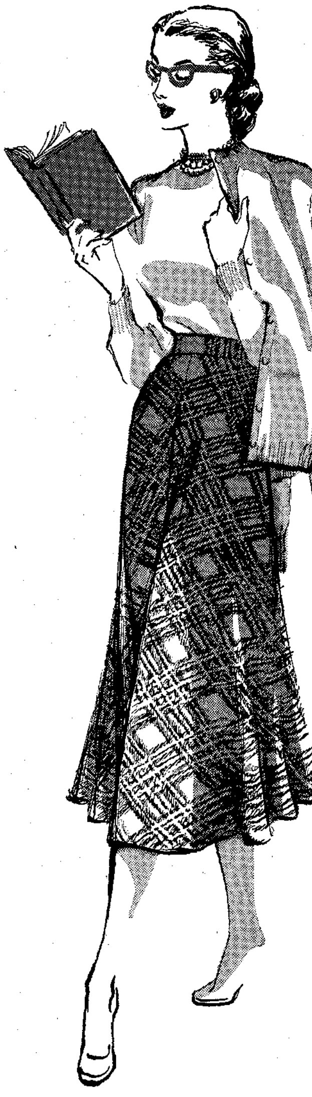
The following year, Jo went abroad on another scholarship. This time, he settled in Vienna, where the theatre was flourishing wildly in the midst of economic chaos. The Viennese stage was a laboratory of new ideas, and letters of introduction from the stage designer Joseph Urban and other theatrical people placed Jo in the center of things. Inflation ran riot, American money multiplied in value, and the small scholarship gushed with purchasing power. Jo lived high, gave hundreds of thousands of kronen to deserving fellow-students, and for months kept growing richer and richer. He finally succeeded in squandering his millions and came home in the steerage.

Back in New York in 1923, Mielziner went to see Lee Simonson, designer for the Theatre Guild, who advised more stage experience and helped him get a job with the Guild as assistant stage manager and bit player. In 1924, the Guild gave Mielziner his first commission, that of designing the scenery for Molnar's hit "The Guardsman." In his review of the play, Alexander Woollcott praised the scenery and mentioned that it was the work of a newcomer named Jo Mielziner. Mielziner's second assignment was to design settings for a play called "Nerves," which was a terrific flop. He was now in the regular Broadway rhythm.

In spite of his long and intense preparation, Mielziner lacked certain essentials for dealing with the New York theatre of the twenties. He had never taken a course in "How to Collect." Not one of his masters had ever told him that there was such a thing as a rubber check. Nobody had ever informed him that some producers, including rich and eminent ones, had a particular dislike of paying designers. Mielziner was so ignorant that when he got his first bad check he thought it was a mistake. He called up the theatre manager. "Don't worry," the man said. Mielziner felt that this was encouraging. Nobody had ever told him that "Don't worry" was about as encouraging on Broadway as "May God have mercy on your soul!" in General Sessions. It was months before he grasped the fact that "Don't worry" is an underworld phrase and that it is considered bad form to rob a man without repeating it several times.

In his Broadway ignorance, Mielziner kept on making inquiries about his rubber check. He learned that it was "a clerical error" and then that it was "an unrectifiable clerical error." Mielziner consulted a friend, who was no more experienced than he was. "Go to the producer," said the friend. "Talk nice to him at first. If that doesn't work, tell him you'll sue."

Mielziner spent hours rehearsing his



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speech to the producer, but the interview didn't turn out according to plan. The producer did the talking. He called the young designer "Jo" and remarked upon the interest he took in him. He told Jo, in confidence, of the series of smash hits he was about to produce. "I'm including you in my plans," he added, with a congratulatory smile. Every one of the coming knockouts was to have Mielziner scenery. Jo's future was painted as a golden cloudburst of fees, bonuses, and percentages of the gross. While he was being ushered out in a daze of wealth and glory, he managed to mutter some sentences from his set speech. "Yes, my boy," said the producer. "The stage is a great gamble. We all have to be good gamblers. That play was my baby. It broke my heart when it flopped. But you don't see me crying now, do you?" Jo continued to mutter sentences from his set speech until he came to the part about suing. Then he was blasted out of the office as a hyena, a bloodsucker, a robber of widows and orphans, and a Benedict Arnold of the theatre.

Some time after this awful scene, Mielziner's phone rang and a voice yodelling with camaraderie said, "Hello, Jo, my boy," inquired anxiously about his health, and continued, "I've got a swell job for you, Jo, my boy." It was the mortal enemy talking, and Mielziner was confused. He hadn't been around long enough to learn that the Hatfields and McCoys of Times Square thirst for one another's blood only until they see some business reason for getting together. Mielziner took the second job, and later took others from the same producer, sometimes being paid in good checks and sometimes in bad.

While he was still a green hand at business transactions, Mielziner was puzzled when, after doing a long and hard job for a very wealthy theatrical magnate, he was paid in "No Funds" paper. "Did he sign the contract personally?" asked a lawyer consulted by Mielziner. "Yes," said Mielziner. "Bring me the contract and we'll have it out of his hide," said the lawyer. After one look at the contract, however, the lawyer threw it down in disgust. "He didn't sign it himself," he said. "We can't do a thing. He's got millions, but his corporation hasn't got a nickel." Mielziner couldn't understand why rich men would let themselves get mixed up with poverty-stricken business concerns. The lawyer laughed at his client's primitiveness and explained the merits of the prince-and-pauper corporation to him. The corporation was a pauper, but it had financial princes sitting in its swivel chairs. It gave the impression of unlimited money. When it produced a show, people like Mielziner worked for it in the confident expectation of being paid. If it happened to produce a hit, they were paid, but if it produced a flop, they were out of luck. The excellence of the prince-and-pauper corporation, from the legal standpoint, was that it had a self-sealing treasury. No matter how much it was shot up, it wouldn't bleed money. It was the favorite device of many Broadway magnates, since it enabled them to take their profits and shake their losses. It left people like Mielziner with nobody to sue. You can't sue a penniless legal fiction. You can't sue a wealthy man for merely sitting around and creating a moneyed atmosphere. By and large, it was, the lawyer pointed out, one of the greatest contrivances of human wisdom. Nevertheless, by the time Mielziner arrived on Broadway, the prince-and-pauper corporation had lost a good deal of its effectiveness. In its early days, it had clipped actors, stagehands, musicians, electricians, playwrights, press agents, designers, scene builders, costumers, office help, and angels, but by the twenties stage unions and Equity had almost ruined the beautiful old setup. They had refused to accept "Don't worry" as legal currency and had gone on the pound-of-flesh standard. They somehow forced naked and starving corporations to indulge in things like cash, good checks, bonds, and money in escrow.

Mielziner found that some producers never paid in dollars. Any outgoing money was a pound of flesh. Cash and good checks were hewn from the brisket. He became a pet of some of the old-fashioned producers because, after the legal principle had been explained to him, he never complained about rubber checks. Theatre-crazy, he was having a great time and hardly noticed the difference between good checks and bad. His best clients gave him the most bad checks, but he felt that he was doing fine. He usually started off with a small retainer that didn't bounce. If the show had a long run, he got the rest of his fee, because, with a box office that could be attached, the corporation could no longer pose as a church mouse. Mielziner made three thousand dollars in sound money in his first year on Broadway. He thought that this was all right, but the stagehands he knew did not. They were indignant whenever they learned that he had been paid in caoutchouc. One morning, after a disastrous opening night, Mielziner wandered sadly to the theatre. The producer had hypnotized himself, Mielziner, and others into believing that he had a failure-proof novelty in his show. The scientific sensation of the time was the phonograph that reproduced sound electrically. The producer had paid eleven hundred dollars for one of the first of the miracles to reach the market. Every time the show sagged, he plied the audience with needle hisses and overamplified musical confusion. The audience resented paying Broadway prices for an unsuccessful talking-machine recital, and during the intermissions there were angry denunciations of science. It was obvious that there would be no second night for the show. "How much do they owe you?" asked one stagehand. "A little over a thousand dollars," said Mielziner. "Come back in ten minutes with a taxicab," said the stagehand. Mielziner asked no questions and did as he had been told. As he drove up in the taxi, the stagehand and an assistant staggered out with the eleven-hundred-dollar electric talking machine. "This squares things up for you," said the stagehand. The theatre manager happened along and threatened to get the police to arrest Mielziner, who offered to surrender the loot upon payment of his fee. "Oh, well," sighed the manager. He made out a paid-in-full receipt. Mielziner signed. The phonograph performed pretty well for him in a small apartment he then occupied, and it was infinitely preferable to a bad check. The stagehands kept telling Mielziner that what he needed was a union. One day he was peremptorily told to join the Scenic Artists Local 829, Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators, and Paperhangers, which had decided to take in designers, and he did. It blacklisted producers who failed to pay in full, and Mielziner has had no further rubber-check trouble.

Mielziner has had other troubles, but of a minor sort. A producer of a certain type, when he was sure that his forthcoming play would be a hit, could not stand the thought of having to pay off in pounds of flesh. He could feel vivisection setting in and thick sirloins being removed from his quivering exchequer. As all checks now had to be good, he wanted them to be small. He would plead with Mielziner to settle for eight ounces on the pound. He would appeal to Mielziner's trouper spirit, and Mielziner would settle. Although the young designer would often cut his prices, occasionally he would not. One great man on Broadway was getting ready to stage a sensation. All the insiders were certain

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that it would be an enormous success. "I'm going to lose my shirt on it," the producer told Mielziner. "It's ahead of its time. It can't go over. But I love it. It's my baby. I'll produce it if it puts me in the poorhouse." He then asked Mielziner to slash his usual fee in half for the good of the theatre. Having inside information on the box-office prospects of the show, Mielziner said, "I'll do it without any fee at all. I'll do it for one-half of one per cent of the gross." "Get out of here," shouted the producer, "and never come back!" With that, he threw a Manhattan telephone book at Mielziner. A few days later, the designer's phone rang. There was a cordial "Hello, Jo" from the other end of the line, and the producer hired Mielziner at the original figure. The show was one of the money-makers of that season. According to Mielziner, for genuine bleeding-heart acting, no emotional star of stage or screen can compare with a producer haggling away over a fee. —ALVA JOHNSTON

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Mielziner.*)

•

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•

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At one or the other of these churches he attended every Sunday, when the weather and the roads permitted . . . Mrs. Washington knelt during the prayers; he [Washington] always stood, as was the custom at that time.—*"Life of Washington," by Washington Irving, Vol. I, page 237.*

It has been remarked that Washington was especially devout on this occasion—kneeling, while others stood up. In this, however, each, no doubt, observed the attitude in prayer to which he was accustomed. Washington knelt, being an Episcopalian.—*Ibid., Vol. I, page 302.*

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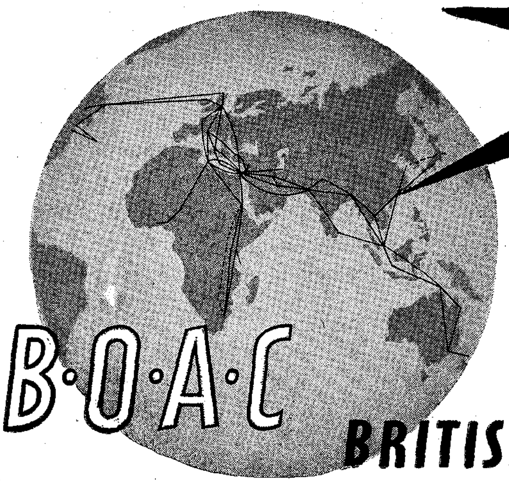

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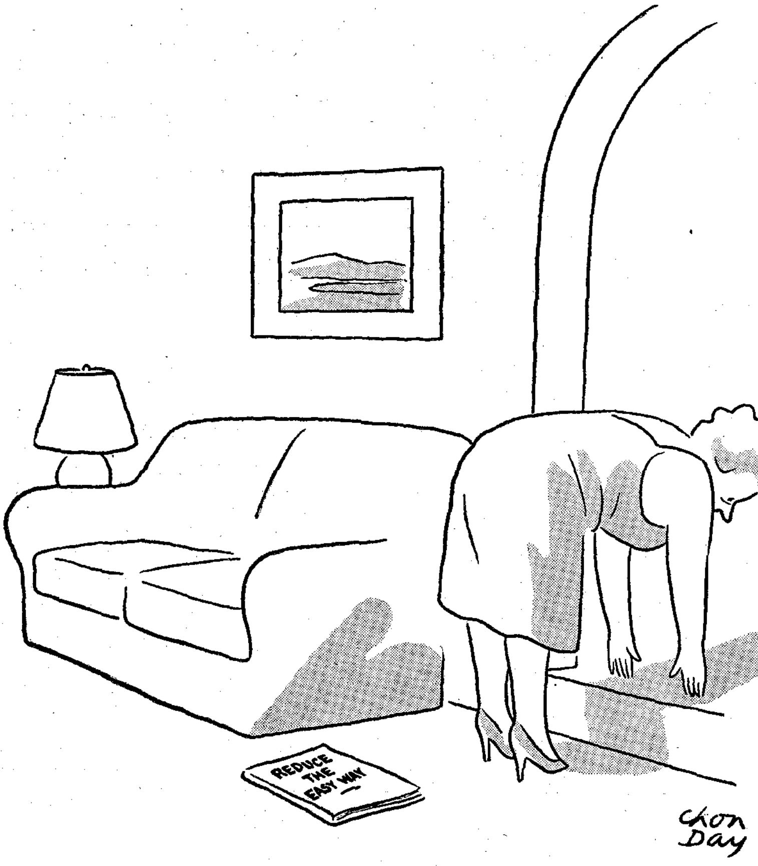
THE THEATRE

AUNTIE RAY

VERY early in his career, when his prodigious destiny was visible to no one but himself, Noel Coward appeared briefly as Charley in Brandon Thomas's "Charley's Aunt." In spite of his obsession with the theatre, he was oppressed by this dual-purpose role and referred to it sourly in his autobiography as the dullest part in the dullest of all comedies. While this was probably an emotional judgment, having something to do with Mr. Coward's reluctance to disfigure himself with crêpe hair and a bustle, there can be little question but that "Charley's Aunt" has long since passed into that secondary stage of humor in which the only real joke is that anybody ever thought it was funny. Even on this level, it had begun to strike me as a pretty lugubrious form of entertainment, and I went to "Where's Charley?," a musical variation at the St. James, with the deepest misgivings. I'm happy to say now that they were largely unfounded. The original plot is still there, but, thanks to the fact that most of the more painful exposition has either been edited out by George Abbott or incorporated into songs by Frank Loesser, it is only a minor nuisance, mercifully almost impossible to follow.

While Mr. Abbott and Mr. Loesser both deserve great credit for their work on the script, I doubt whether much would have come of their revival without the assistance of Ray Bolger, who not only dances incomparably but also manages to impersonate a woman without recalling the clinical femininity of the late Julian Eltinge or the jocose virility of a member of the Princeton Triangle Club. The extraordinary grace and precision of Mr. Bolger's dancing obviously need no further praise from me, but I was surprised to find him such an extremely satisfactory comedian as well. The opportunities for humor that he is allowed are fairly limited and elementary—an extravagant double take when he first comes on his image in a mirror, a couple of gymnastic love scenes, an interlude in the ladies' dressing room—but there is something in his physique and personality, some resemblance to a tall, exasperated bird, that makes everything he does seem remarkably funny, and I found myself laughing practically every time he came on the stage. This, of course, might just as easily be a symptom of my own second childhood as of Mr. Bolger's genius, but that's a point we won't go into here.

The other members of the cast haven't much chance to distinguish themselves as comics, since their conversation is mostly devoted to a hopeless effort to explain what's going on, but they do very nicely with Mr. Loesser's songs, of which I liked best "My Darling, My Darling," "Make a Miracle," and something that seems to be called "The New Ashmolean Marching Society and Students' Conservatory Band." The principal singers are Byron Palmer, a dangerously handsome man, at least in comparison with Mr. Bolger; Doretta Morrow, a neat blond job; and Allyn McLerie, a brunette ditto and clearly a girl to keep your eye on. Paul England, Horace Cooper, and Jane Lawrence are employed to handle some odds and ends of plot and do their exhausting work very competently. David Ffolkes is responsible for the pretty nineteenth-century sets and costumes, and George Balanchine arranged the dances, which, except for a Brazilian interlude that probably belongs in another show, are quite suitable, and engaging too. —WOLCOTT GIBBS



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POESY DEPARTMENT

[*Poem on display in the Blue Moon Café, Oceanside, Calif.*]

YOUR WAITRESS

She waits upon you with a smile
And never complains all the while
You talk to her with words so vile
And rub it in about her style.

She listens not to your berating,
Or she's not interested about dating.
Yes, her respects you're underrating
She fights to keep from retaliating.

Her pleasant little smiling face
Should make you always keep your place
And not let words be your disgrace
Or drag you down to corruption's base.

If she dated all those who came
She'd be in the house of ill fame,
Then she could be everybody's dame
And not a waitress with a good name.

Now when at the counter you sit
Don't think she's there just to neck
And treat her with all good respect,
Then when you're gone there'll be no
regret.

GIDEON GEO. SPINK,
Author.

When you're in the spotlight...
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Sir John Schenley
Sir John Schenley

When you're in the spotlight
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OF ALL THINGS

FOUR weeks of bickering between Russia and the Western powers have reduced the United Nations delegates, and probably their Parisian hosts, to a low state of mind. Altogether, it doesn't make much of a travel ad for Gay Paree.

•

On several occasions, rowdy boys have thrown tomatoes at Tom Dewey, but the Governor is undisturbed. He knows that it is a good thing for our future voters to take a lively interest in public affairs.

•

The President says his hopes for peace are still high. It seems likely, nevertheless, that some of the younger set will be invited to spend the season in Beautiful Bizonia.

•

The sympathy and good wishes of all Americans go out to the distressed citizens of Miami. The resort town, having already been hit by a couple of hurricanes, is now recovering from a severe American Legion convention.

•

The Democratic victory in the Alaska election may have the effect of postponing the Territory's admission to the Union. A Republican Congress might well doubt that the people up there are quite ready for statehood.

•

Dwight Eisenhower is now safely installed at Columbia, where he will not have to run an army or a government. New York heartily welcomes its new citizen, Ike, the Happy ex-Warrior.

•

Because of a truck drivers' wildcat strike, New York is threatened with a dangerous shortage of beer. There is the comforting thought, however, that the Armed Forces can always start running an airlift.

•

Senator Taft tells Dixie dwellers that a basic accord exists between the Southern Democrats and the G.O.P. Apparently, the Republican civil-rights plank was just an old board that was used by mistake.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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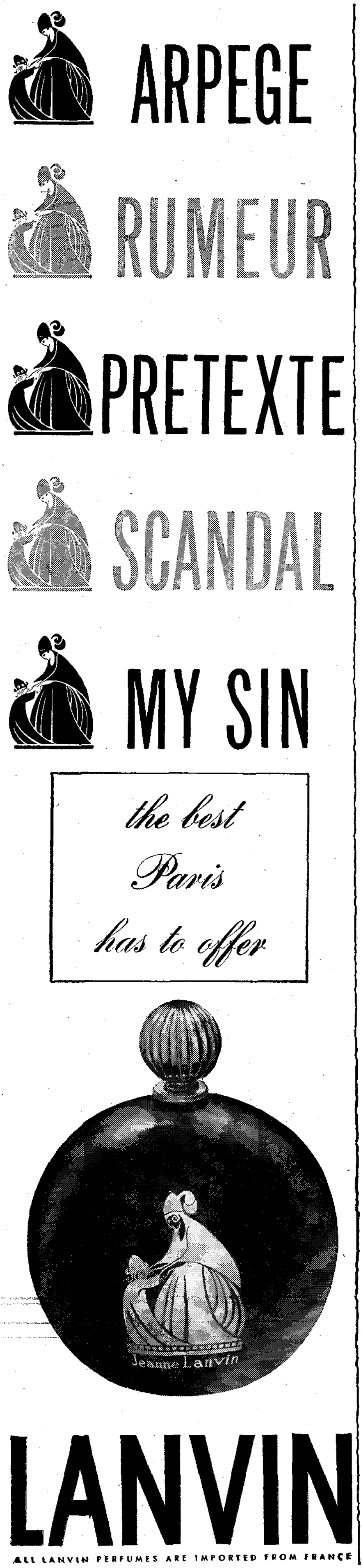
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POSTSCRIPTS TO THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

HELL AND ITS OUTSKIRTS

It doesn't matter what they preach,
  Of high or low degree:
The old Hell of the Bible
  Is Hell enough for me.

'Twas preached by Paul and Peter;
  They spread it wide and free;
'Twas Hell for old John Bunyan
  And it's Hell enough for me.

THE author of these elegiac strophes, Frank Lebby Stanton, has been moldering in the red clay of Georgia for a long, long while, but what he wrote went straight to the hearts of the American people, and there it still glows warmly. Hell remains the very essence not only of their dogmatic theology but also of their everyday invective. They employ it casually more than any other *Kulturvolk*, and perhaps more than all others put together. They have enriched it with a vast store of combinations, variations, licks, breaks, and riffs. They have made it roar and howl, and they have made it coo and twitter. It helps to lift them when supersonic waves of ecstasy rush through their lymphatic systems, and it soothes them when they roll in the barbed wire of despair. To find its match, you must go to the Buddhist *Om mani padma Hum*, meaning anything you please, or the Moslem *al-hamdu lil'lah*, meaning the same, or the ancient Mesopotamian Word from the Abyss, *Muazaga-guabzu*. Even so, *hell* is far ahead, for, compared to it, all these ejaculations have a pale and pansy cast, as does *hell* itself in nearly every other language; e.g., *enfer* in French, *infierno* in Spanish, *helvede* in Danish, *jigoku* in Japanese, and *Hölle* in German. So long ago as 1880, in the appendix on "The Awful German Language" to "A Tramp Abroad," Mark Twain derided *Hölle* as "chipper, frivolous and unimpressive" and marvelled that anyone invited to go there could "rise to the dignity of feeling insulted." He had never heard, apparently, of the even more flaccid Finnish *manala*, which in These States would be the name of an infant food or perhaps of a female infant among the Bible-searchers of the Dust Bowl.

Hell is one of the most ancient and honorable terms in English, and etymologists in their dusty cells have traced it to the first half of the ninth century. It is thus appreciably older than either *home* or *mother* and nearly five centuries older than its great rival, *damn.* But it was not until Shakespeare's time that it began to appear in the numerous blistering phrases that now glorify it—e.g., *go to hell*, *to hell with*, *hell to pay*, *hell is loose*, *hellcat*, and so on—and even then it rose only to be knocked down, for Shakespeare's time also saw the beginnings of the Puritan murrain, and once the bluenoses were in power they put down all strong language with a brutal hand. At the Restoration, of course, it was reliberated, but only in a spavined state. The Cavaliers, male and female, were great swearers, but their oaths were nearly all cautious and cushioned. Such examples as *gadzooks*, *zounds*, *'sdeath*, *'sblood*, *by'r Lady*, *a plague on't*, *rat me*, *split my windpipe*, *marry*, and *burn me* are heard in America today, when they are heard at all, only among candidates in theology and Boy Scouts. The English, indeed, have never recovered from the blight of Puritanism, and their swearing strikes all other civilized peoples as puny. They are constantly working up a pother over such forms as *bloody*, which to the rest of the world are quite innocuous. *Good gracious*, which appeared in Oliver Goldsmith's "Good Natur'd Man" in 1768, seems to have been regarded in that day as pretty pungent, and *mercy*, which preceded it by some years, was frowned upon as blasphemous. "Our armies," says Uncle Toby in "Tristram Shandy," "swore terribly in Flanders," but at home such virtuosity was rare, even among the military. In the wars of our own time, the swearing of the English has provoked the contempt of both their allies and their enemies. In both World War I and World War II, they depended mainly upon a couple of four-letter words that are obscene but not profane, and what they made of them showed little ingenuity or imagination. The American military borrowed these terms in a spirit probably more derisory than admiring, and dropped them the instant they were restored to Mom.

But as the brethren of the Motherland lost their Elizabethan talent for wicked words it was transferred to these shores. Even the Puritans of New England, once they settled down, took to

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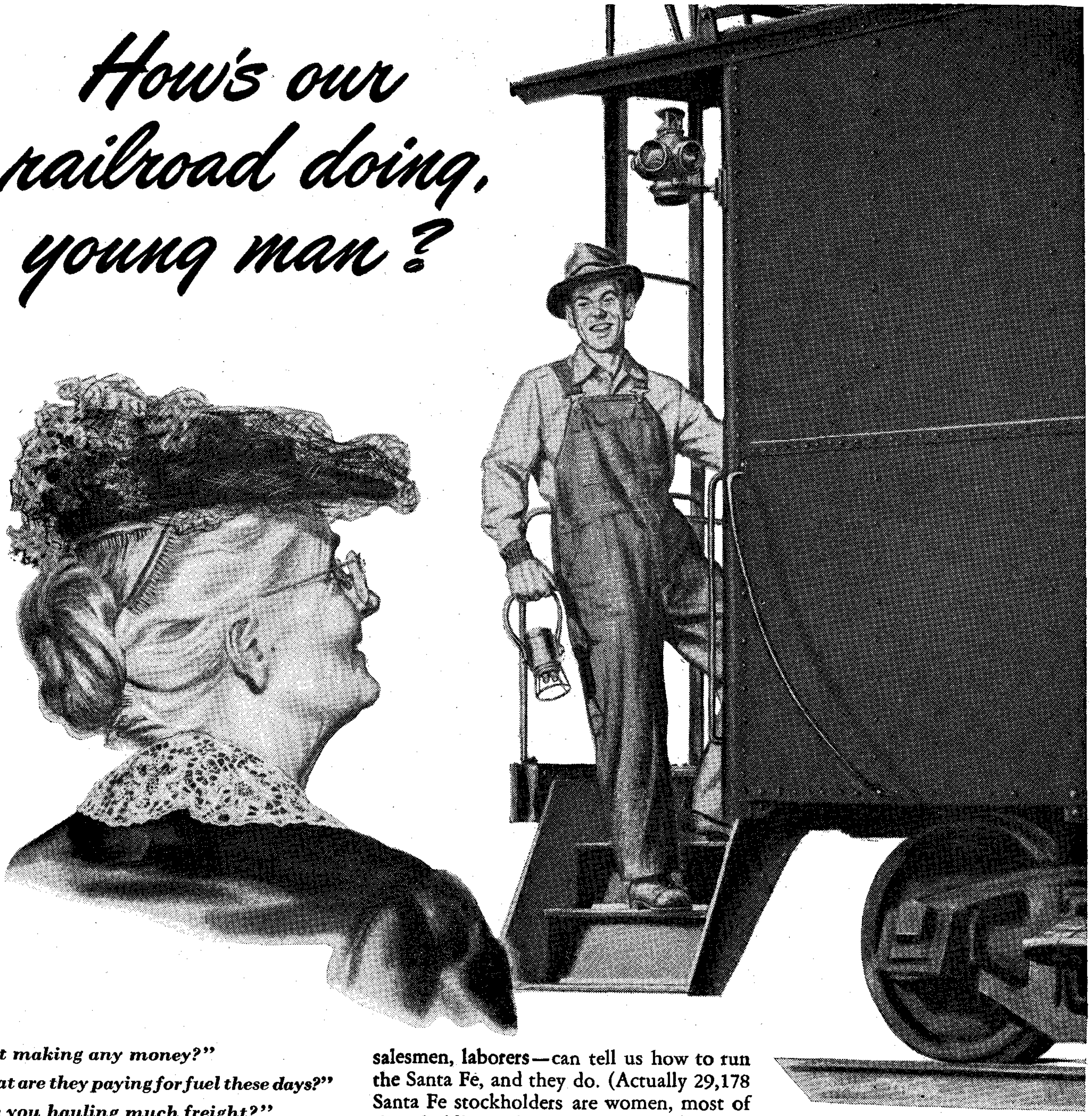

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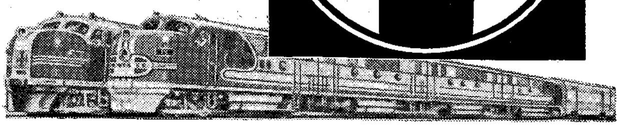

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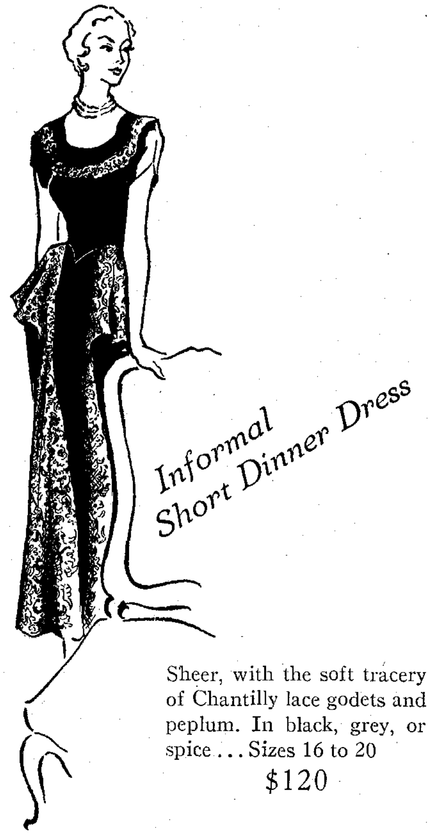

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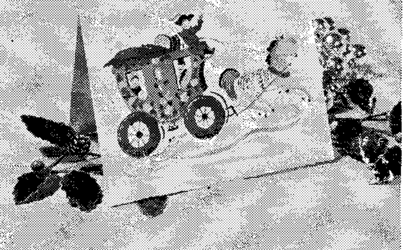

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cussing out one another in a violent manner, and thousands of them were sent to the stocks or whipping post for it by their baffled magistrates. The heroes of the Revolution not only swore in all the orthodox forms but also invented a new expletive, *tarnation,* which survived until the Mexican War. As Dr. Louise Pound has demonstrated with great learning, both *tarnation* and *darn* were derived from *eternal* and the former preceded the latter in refined use. George Washington himself cut loose with *hell* and *damn* whenever the imbecilities of his brass went too far. But it was the great movement into the West following the War of 1812 that really laid the foundations of American profanity and got *hell* firmly on its legs. Such striking forms as *to raise hell, to hell around, hell-bent for election, to be hell on, to play hell with, what the hell, heller, merry hell, hellish, hellcat, hell on wheels, hell and high water, from hell to breakfast, a hoot in hell, the hell of it, hell's a-poppin', the hell you say, hell with the lid off,* and *the hinges of hell* were then invented by the gallant fellows, many of them fugitives from Eastern sheriffs, who legged it across the great plains to die for humanity at the hands of Indians, buffalo, catamounts, rattlesnakes, bucking broncos, and vigilance committees. For nearly two generations nine-tenths of the new terms in America, whether profane or not, came from the region beyond Wheeling, West Virginia, and were commonly called Westernisms. It was not until after the Civil War that the newspaper wits of the East began to contribute to the store, and not until after World War I that concocting such things became the monopoly of Hollywood press agents, radio mountebanks, and Broadway columnists.

THE great upsurge of *hell* that rose to a climax in the Mexican War era naturally upset the contemporary wowsers, and they busied themselves launching euphemistic surrogates. Some of these seem to have been imported from the British Isles, along with Dundreary whiskers, soda water, and bathing; for example, *by heck,* which originated there as a substitute for *by Hector,* itself a substitute for *by God,* but was already obsolete at home by the time it appeared in America. Here it not only flourished among the prissy in its prototypical form but also moved over into the domain of *hell* and gave birth to *a heck of a, to raise heck, to run like heck, colder than heck, to play heck with, to beat heck, what the heck,* and *go to heck.* Other deputies for *hell* were invented on American soil, notably *thunder* and *blazes. Go to thunder* in the sense of *go to hell* is traced by the "Dictionary of American English" to 1848 and marked an Americanism, and at about the same time *thunderation* began to be used for *damnation.* But soon *thunderation* was used in place of *hell,* as in *what the thunderation.* It is possible that German immigration helped to spread it in its various forms, for a favorite German expletive in those days was *Donnerwetter;* i.e., thundery weather. But this is only a guess, and, like all other learned men, I am suspicious of guessing.

After the Civil War there was another great upsurge of wowserism, culminating in the organization of the Comstock Society in 1873[1] and of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union the year following. Neither organization devoted itself specifically to profanity, but the moral indignation that radiated from both of them soon began to afflict it, and by 1880 it was being denounced violently in thousands of far-flung evangelical pulpits. In this work, the leader was the Reverend Sam Jones, who had been converted and ordained a Methodist clergyman in 1872. Sam roared against cussing as he roared against boozing, but the Devil fetched him by seducing him into using stronger and stronger language himself, and toward the end of his life I more than once heard him let go with objurgations that would have cheered a bouncer clearing out a Sailor's Bethel. Even the Catholics, who ordinarily never mistake the word for the deed, joined the crusade, and in 1882 they were reviving the Holy Name Society, which had been organized back in 1274 and then forgotten. This combined assault had some effect; indeed, it probably had much more effect than it has been given credit for. At all events, the lush profanity of the Civil War era began to shrink and pale, and such unearthly oaths as *Jesus Christ and John Jacob Astor, by the high heels of St. Patrick,* and *by the double-barrelled jumping Jiminetty* began to vanish from the American repertory. *God damn* kept going downhill throughout my youth in the eighties and nineties, and by the time I came of age I seldom used it. Many new euphemisms took the places of the forthright oaths of an earlier day, and one of them, *hully gee,* quickly became so innocuous that when Edward W. Townsend introduced it into "Chimmie Fadden," in 1895, it fell almost as flat as the four-letter words with which the lady novelists now pepper their pages.

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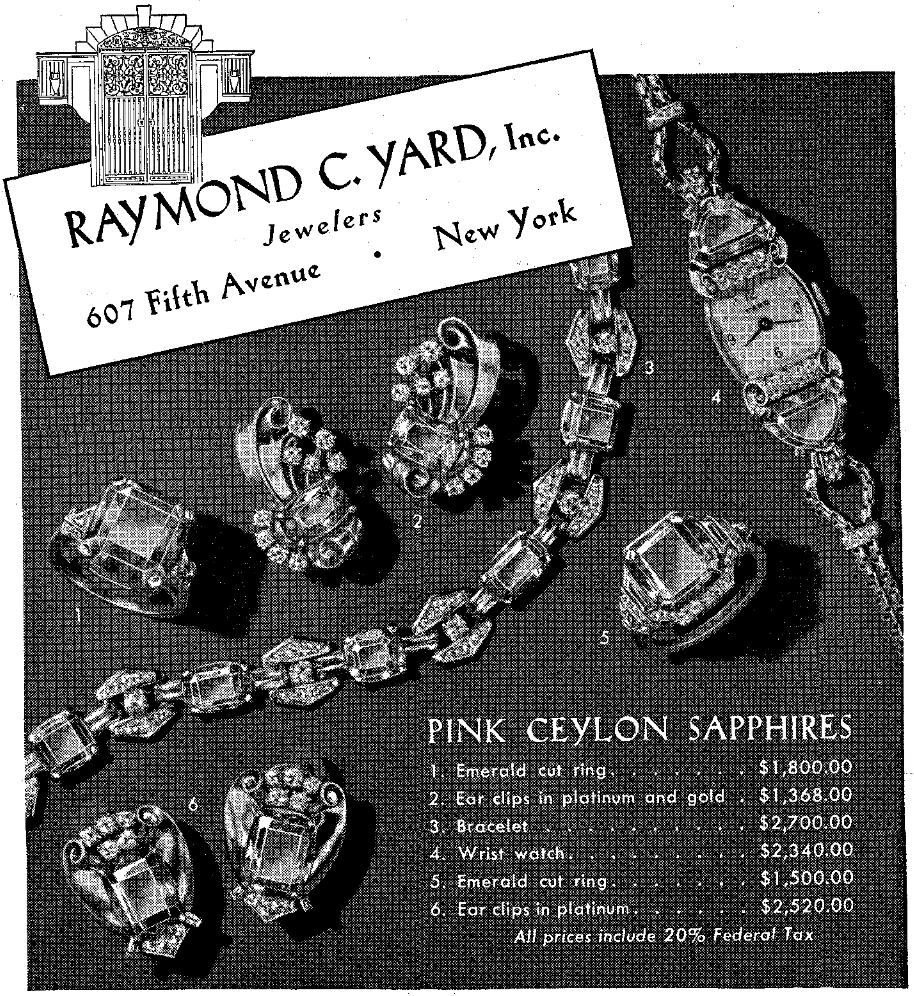
[1] Its legal name was The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. In 1947 that name was changed to the Society to Maintain Public Decency. Old Anthony Comstock was snatched up to Heaven in 1915 and succeeded by John S. Sumner.

But *hell* and *damn* somehow survived this massacre—maybe because the new euphemisms left a man choking and gasping when the steam really rose in his gauges, or maybe because some amateur canon lawyer discovered that in their naked state, uncoupled to sacred names, they are not officially blasphemous. Whatever the reason, American profanity was saved, and to this day it revolves around them and recruits itself from their substance. *Damn* is plainly the feebler of the two, despite its crashing effect when used by a master. *Hell* is enormously more effective, if only because it is more protean. For one phrase embodying the former there are at least forty embodying the latter, and many of them are susceptible to elegant and ingenious permutations. It is impossible for *damn* to bust loose, or to freeze over; it is impossible to knock it out of anyone, or to give it to anyone, or to beat it, or to raise it, or to think of a snowball or a bat in it, or to link it to high water, or to be *damn*-bent for election, or to plunge from *damn*-to-breakfast, or to *damn* around, or to get the *damn* out of any place, or to pull its lid off, or to think of it as having hubs or hinges. There is no such thing as a *damn*-hound, a *damn*cat, a *damn*hole, or a *damnion.* Nothing is as black as *damn,* as busy as *damn,* as hot (or cold) as *damn,* or as deep, crazy, dumb, clever, cockeyed, crooked, touchy, dead, drunk, nervous, dull, expensive, scared, funny, hungry, lonely, mad, mean, poor, real, rotten, rough, serious, sick, smart, or sore as *damn. Damn* is a simple verb and its only child is a simple adjective, but *hell* ranges over all the keys of the grammatical scale and enters into combinations as avidly as oxygen.

THERE was a time when men learned in the tongues turned trembling backs upon such terms, but in recent years they have shown a libido for studying them, and the result is a rising literature. One of the earliest of the new monographs upon the subject—and still one of the best—was published in *American Speech* in August, 1931, by Dr. L. W. Merryweather. Probing scientifically, he discovered a great deal about *hell* that no one had ever noticed before. It can be slung about, he found,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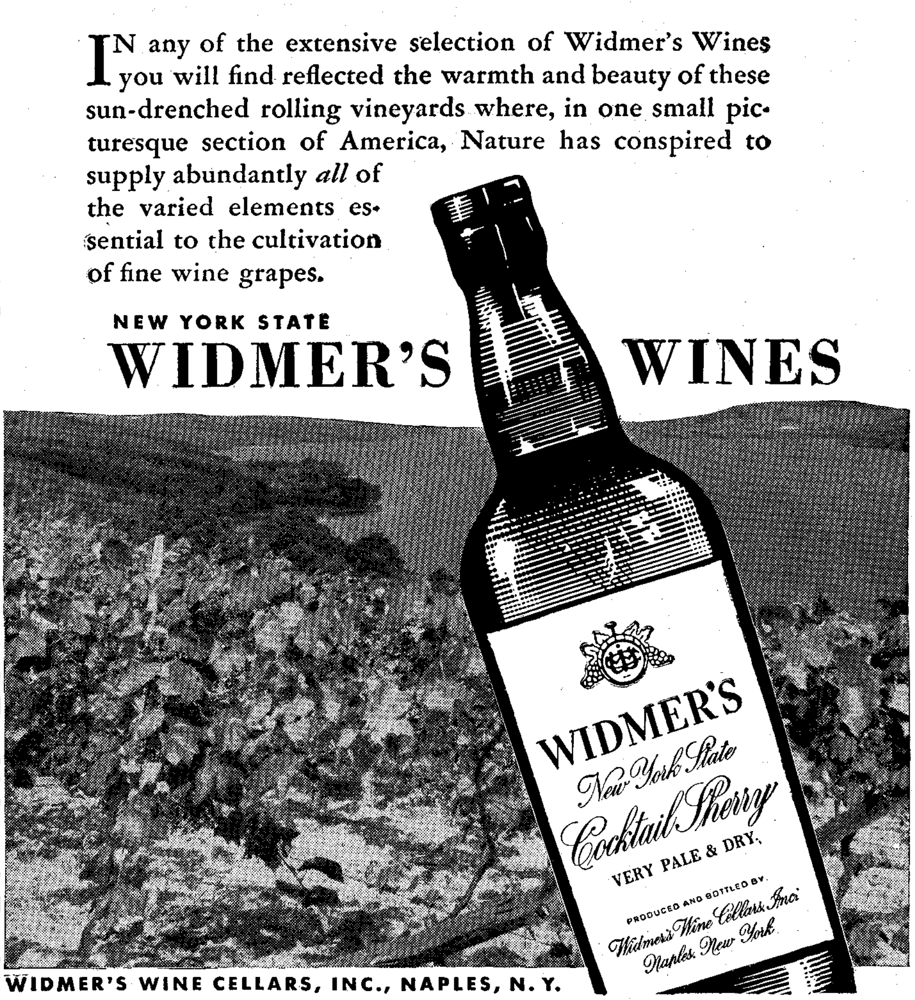
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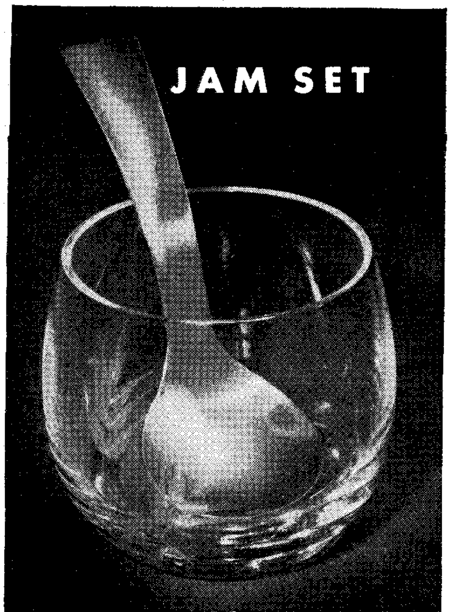
through nearly all the parts of speech. It can be used to represent almost every shade of meaning from yes to no, so that *hell of a time* may mean both the seraphic felicity of a police sergeant in a brewery and the extreme discomfort of a felon in the electric chair. A thing may be either *hotter than hell* or *colder than hell*. A *hellcat* may be either a woman so violent that her husband jumps overboard or nothing worse than a college cheerleader. *What in hell* is a mere expression of friendly interest, but *who the hell says so* is a challenge to fight. Merryweather threw out the suggestion that the upsurge and proliferation of *hell* in the Old West may have been due to Mormon influence. The Saints, he said, were very pious fellows and avoided the vain use of sacred names, but they were also logicians and hence concluded that the use of terms of precisely opposite connotation might be allowable, and even praiseworthy. At all events, they began to swear *by hell* and to call ordinary Christians *hellions* and *sons of hell*, and these terms were quickly borrowed by the miners, trappers, highwaymen, and others who invaded their Zion, and out of them flowed some of the most esteemed terms in *hell* of today. Whether Merryweather was right here I do not presume to say, but in another of his conclusions he undoubtedly slipped, as even savants sometimes do. "Today," he said, "*hell* fills so large a place in the American vulgate that it will probably be worn out in a few years more, and will become obsolescent." We all know now that nothing of the sort has happened. *Hell*, in fact, is flourishing as never before. I have many hundreds of examples of its use in my archives, and new ones are being added almost every day.

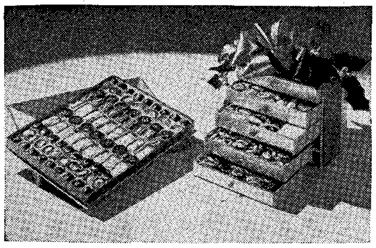
A large number of swell ones were assembled into a monograph by another scholar, Dr. Bartlett Jere Whiting, published in *Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature*, Vol. XX, 1938. Whiting, a sequestered philologian interested chiefly in Old and Middle English, sought his material not in the market place but in books—mostly novels of the 1920-37 period. But even within this narrow and somewhat dephlogisticated field he found enough phrases based on *hell* to fill twenty-four pages of the austere journal in which he wrote. I have space for only a few examples: *holy hell, fifteen kinds of hell, to batter hell into, assorted hell, the seven hinges of hell, thicker than fiddlers in hell, four naked bats out of hell, like a shot out of hell, the chance of a cellu-*



JAM SET

sterling silver spoon with etched glass bowl $5 Inc. Fed. Tax
at leading stores

Allan Adler
8626 SUNSET BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, 46



CANDIES
Can Be Different

Five-Drawer Gold Chest gaily decorated and filled with Alice Marks' exclusive Candies and Nuts.
$12.50
●
Large box of Special Candies.
$6.50
Parcel post not included

Alice H. Marks
9 West 57th Street New York 19
Plaza 3-7282

LOVE YOUR SUEDES?
We Clean and Restore Your Suede Coats and Jackets
Leathercraft Process
MAIL ORDERS DEPT. S
1052 FIRST AVE., NEW YORK

loid collar in hell, three hurrahs in hell, hell's own luck, hell up Sixth Street, hell on toast, from hell to Harvard, hell gone from nowhere, like a hangman from hell, hell's half acre, hell-for-leather, and *what the red* (or *bloody*) *hell.* Whiting duly noted *hell of a business, hurry, jam, job, life, mess, place, note, row, time,* and *way* but overlooked George Ade's *hell of a Baptist.* He added some euphemisms for *hell*—for example, *billy-be-damned, billy-ho,* and *blazes*—but he had to admit that these "makeshifts and conscience-easers," as he called them, were all pretty feeble.

Robert Southey, more than a century ago, investigated the names of the principal devils of Hell, and not only printed a list of them in one of his books but also suggested that some might be useful as cuss words; e.g., *Lacahabarrutu, Buzache, Knockadawe, Baa,* and *Ju.* There were, however, no takers for his suggestion and he got no further with the subject. In Harlem, according to Zora Neale Hurston, the dark geographers have discovered that there is a hotter Hell lying somewhat south of the familiar Christian resort, and have given it the name of *Beluthahatchie.* So far, not much has been learned about its amperage, sociology, or public improvements, but its temperature has been fixed tentatively somewhere between that of a blast furnace and that of the sun. These Afro-American explorers also believe that their spectroscopes have found three suburbs of Hell proper, by name *Diddy-wah-diddy, Ginny Gall,* and *West Hell.* Unhappily, not much is known about them, though several ghosts returned to earth report that *Diddy-wah-diddy* is a sort of Long Island, given over mainly to eating houses and night clubs, and that *West Hell* lies beyond the railroad tracks and is somewhat tacky.

—H. L. Mencken

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Services for Rosh Hashonah (the Jewish New Year) will be held in the Marietta Synagogue, 416 4th St., and the Parkersburg Temple, 316 Fourth St., Sunday, Monday and Tuesday evenings, Oct. 4, 5, and 6. Services for Tom Kippur will be held Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 12 and 13.—*The Marcolian, Marietta College.*

Poor Tom!

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Denver Post*]

Stanley Clements is an expert harmonica player, a skill which he acquired as a kid when he picked up dimes singing on New York subway trains.

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI.

HARVEY'S

IMPORTED

Sherries & Ports

—for over 150 years the
World's Assurance of Quality

To generation after generation, the name Harvey has been synonymous with the finest in Sherries and Ports. There is a Harvey Sherry or Port for every taste and occasion. May we suggest that *your* wine cellar should contain your personal assortment of the world-famous Harvey wines that are listed below.

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
VERY SUPERIOR
BRISTOL DRY
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
FOUNDED 1796
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
PRODUCE OF SPAIN
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
FOUNDED 1796
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
PRODUCE OF SPAIN

Imported Harvey Wines

SHERRIES

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM. The world's greatest Sherry. Choicest full pale Oloroso, rich and mellow. Definitely a luxury sherry.

HARVEY'S BRISTOL DRY. (Yellow Label.) A very superior pale, light Fino sherry. The finest-tasting premium dry Sherry in America.

HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK. Another member of the illustrious "Bristol" family. A deep, golden Oloroso. Mellow. Medium richness.

HARVEY'S SHOOTING. A medium-priced Oloroso sherry. Of the select golden type, full-bodied and medium rich.

HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO. A pale, Amontillado dry sherry. Moderate cost. High quality. Ideal for daily enjoyment.

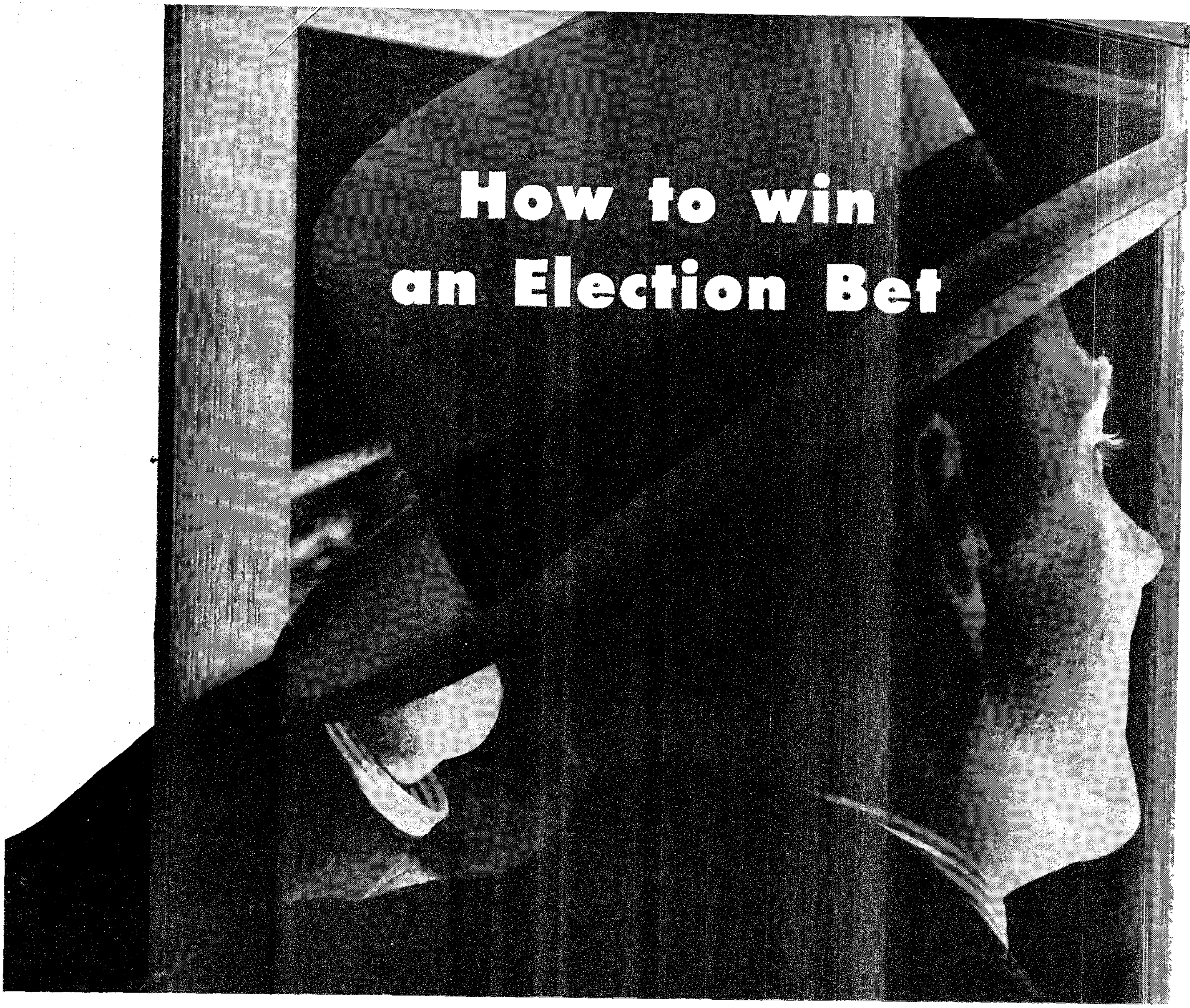
HARVEY'S GOLD CAP. For general use at a moderate price. It is a golden Oloroso sherry of medium richness.

PORTS

HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT. A soft, fine, tawny wine that can be trusted to enhance anyone's reputation as a host.

HARVEY'S GOLD CAP PORT. A fine, ruby Port whose quality has earned for it a high position among Port drinkers.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK



An object lesson for Republicans, Democrats, advertising men and prophets of all kinds

Come the day-after-election and you'll be sporting a new headdress instead of eating your old one if you'll take this tip.

Just remember the word "response." Put your money on the man who can get the biggest response.

Remember that it's the same with men as with magazines. It's responsiveness that pays off in politics or periodicals, electioneering or advertising.

For instance, one manufacturer we know of ran his advertising in three publications. He reports that "the Holiday response was 4.7 times greater than the first, 1.6 times greater than the second and, in fact, exceeded the *combined* response of the other two."

This sort of thing not only pleases the guardians of advertising budgets. It tickles dealers where it does the most good. An advertiser writes that "dealer after dealer reported sales increased. Many sell-out reports." Holiday's files are crammed with letters like that.

And you can measure this response in length as well as depth. "The most amazing fact," says a maker of sportswear, "is that letters are still coming in eight and ten weeks after Holiday is out."

For Holiday readers don't flirt with their magazine. They love it. They read it and clip it. They save it and refer to it. It opens new windows on their lives, and they give it long life in return.

So get those bets down. If your senses are keen and your horizons broad, Holiday is edited for you. And if you want maximum responsiveness to your advertising, Holiday tops the list. Over 800,000 families and 800 advertisers have proved you can't lose!

Holiday's more than 800,000 families are America's most responsive new market. Read this list of seven contributing factors:

1. Holiday families are alert, intelligent . . . eager for new experiences.
2. Holiday families are community leaders.
3. Holiday is read by *all* the family . . . equally interesting to men and women.
4. Readers prize their copies, read and reread them for pleasure and reference.
5. People read Holiday in a relaxed, responsive holiday mood.
6. Readers look to Holiday's advertising pages for ideas . . . find there a wide variety of products and services.
7. Holiday is "America's Most Beautiful Magazine." A Curtis Publication.

The most responsive new market today is exclusive with

HOLIDAY

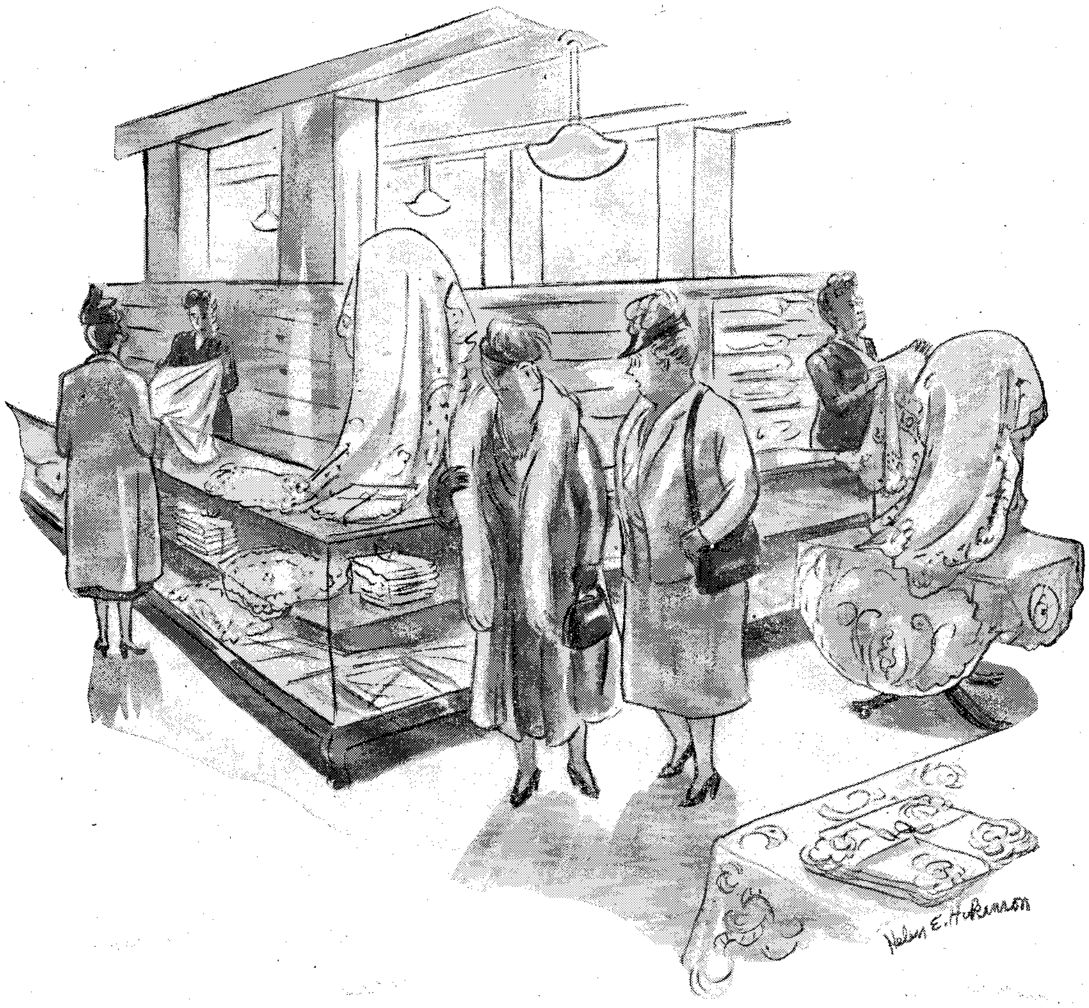
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

FOR those of you who lie awake mornings wondering where (never mind the almost insuperable problem of how) to get a winter mink or broadtail coat, herewith is a whirlwind survey of the situation around town. The custom furriers I have been inspecting with this in mind are those who have the assurance to treat fur as calmly as couturiers treat cloth and can contrive beautiful and artful designs with an ageless quality that won't become dated until wear and tear have made remodelling necessary anyway. Mink, in a variety of mutations, seems still to be the pet animal, though gray squirrel, beloved by men who like women to look frail, is doing very well, and sealskin, particularly in brown, is coming along fast. This fall, it is being handled in such a way that it doesn't seem heavy. In general, lines are soft and easy, and there is a minimum of bulk, even when the fur used is fluffy. Shoulders are mostly molded. Some designers put modified pads in them, but others disdain such artifices. Collars are usually small and made to be worn flat or standing up around the ears, as you choose. There are lots of yokes, with fullness below them, and lots of capes. And, because of the bustles and drapery and poufs that abound, the stole is in full flower. To end my preamble on an earthy note, I will point out that whatever prices are mentioned in what ensues include the inevitable federal tax.

PRACTICALLY every coat at Maximilian has great elegance, simple as the cut may seem. A fitted coat of Royal pastel mink (a wonderful warm tan) has a small, rolled collar, small set-in sleeves, and a belt as narrow as a dog leash around the nipped-in waistline. The skirt is flat over the hips and, though it measures a hundred and seventy-three inches around the hem, falls in graceful, slender folds. This is $16,800, but at least you're buying a work of art. Another fitted job, of black Russian broadtail, with an unexpected shirtwaist-dress look, has a turnover collar, little braid buttons down the bodice, and a slim fur belt. Not all Maximilian's coats are fitted; he is also fond of what he calls the "rotunda" silhouette, exemplified in a black broadtail coat, three-quarter length, with sloping shoulders (even though they don't like padding in this shop, the shoulders don't droop) and sleeves that end in wide flounces. A tuck encircles it well below the waistline. In a coat of black Alaska seal, the illusion of a similar tuck is achieved by two overlapping layers of fur around the hips. This one has a narrow, flat collar of Persian lamb, and how they manage to make this combination of furs look worldly instead of elderly is a top-level secret. It's $1,775. Then, in a merrier mood, they take ranch mink and construct a hip-length business with a four-inch band of fur zooming down the front and forming a cuff around the hem. This can be worn over either very full or very narrow skirts, and so can a white ermine coat of Renoir antecedents, with casual push-up sleeves and the skins worked into a circular effect. This number is narrow at the shoulders and gradually widens as it descends. Ocelot is the basis of a walking jacket with long, slender sleeves. A hip-length cape, lined with green wool, is attached not at the shoulders but to the sleeves, yet you somehow still can swing your arms. I can't explain why. But then everything here has, as you may have figured out by now, been done with enormous skill.

JAECKEL is in favor of moderate, molded pads in the shoulders of its coats, to give softness yet keep the coats from sagging; the backs are flat, and there is fullness at the sides. A long, full coat of gray Persian lamb with a small, folded collar has tucks descending from minute chest pockets to the hem, and a giddy striped wool jersey

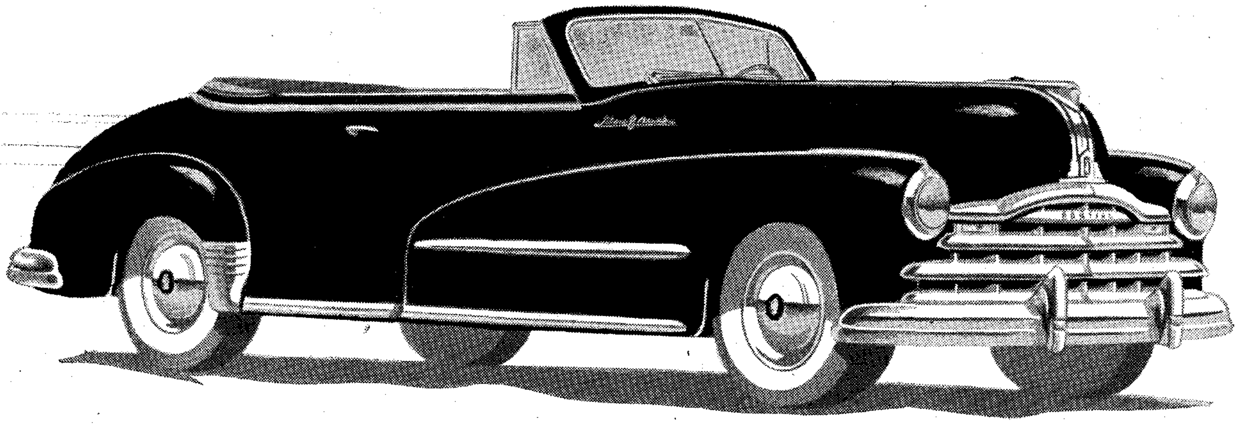


"If this were only Venice, we could have haggled over the price."

PONTIAC

A fine car made even finer!

Pontiac's unique combination of beauty, performance and dependability meets every demand of those whose first thought is quality.



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

for town and country
The Winter Wonder Coat
The "Yukon Lady" about $50. Others from $45 to $100.
B W H MFG. CO.
ZERO KING SPORTSWEAR
Weather-proof and smart. In covert, serge, gabardine or whipcord . . . deep pile linings. Mouton or Laskin Lamb collars. Water repellent. Tan, other colors.
The "Cavalier" about $65. Others from $45 to $100.
At better stores or write:
B. W. HARRIS MFG. CO., Park Square, St. Paul, Minn.
Write Dept. Y for Free Fashion Folder.

lining; $2,880. The pointed back yoke and the high, straight, across-the-chest yoke of a swashbuckling ankle-length cape of ranch mink is edged with mink tails. There are also French designs, among them Worth's three-quarter fitted job of ermine, which has a nipped-in waist and pannier sides, ideal to wear with hippy dresses, and Raphaël's gray Indian-lamb jacket, cut like a painter's smock, with a pleated fish-tail back, to be worn loose or pulled in with a fur sash; $1,260. Jaeckel's favorite mink coat is a full-length Patou invention. The skins are worked horizontally below the dropped shoulders and on the barrel sleeves and vertically through the skirt. There is fullness in back, starting at the shoulder blades and increasing on the way down. A double standing collar hooks at the throat. Another Patou, in black caracul, has Directoire lines, emphasized by a high, wide turnover Directoire collar. Buckram stiffening and slanting pockets give roundness, not too exaggerated, at the hips. Paquin contributes a long, fitted coat of black broadtail, with a Puritan cape collar that can lie flat or be draped in ripples; this Old Master has also devised a long, double-breasted coat of black Persian lamb with a Robespierre collar. Fath, who by comparison is just a young upstart, has thought up a long flyaway coat of nutria with very narrow shoulders and vast fullness at the sides; a molded attached hood, campus style, goes with it.

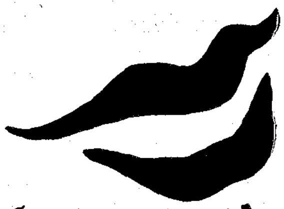
ALL of Revillon's furs are beautiful, but what the firm's designers have done this season with brown Alaska seal makes it look the most beautiful of all. One coat, graceful as can be, of this fur has a round yoke across the bosom and shoulders, slender, cuffed sleeves, and a small standing collar. The back is loose. A detachable brown suède belt in front can rope the fullness in if you wish. This is $2,970. A double-breasted coat in the same fur, belted across the back, has the typical wide lapels of the coachman's coat, which seems never to go out of style. Another coat of this fur is fitted and so slender that it could be made of cloth. It has flat leather buttons down the front from the neckline to the hem, a waistline that is decidedly nipped-in, and a slight flare from the hips down. A double-tiered removable cape, whose top tier will obligingly rise up to shelter the ears, accompanies it. And there are plenty of others, but I shall mention only two: a suave black Persian-lamb coat with a flat collar, small, pointed lapels, a pinched-in waist, and a narrow fur belt across the back; and a hip-length jacket of natural brown winter ermine, with a wide, horizontally worked self border stiffened with horsehair.

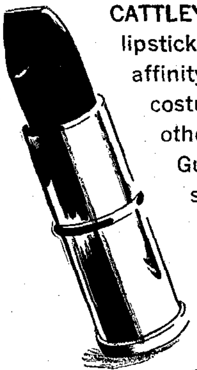
GUNTHER likes backs with modified fullness and straight fronts. Here, as elsewhere, come to think of it, there is enthusiasm for Starlight mink. Silver-blue and ranch mink are its antecedents, and the color is almost the same as dark wild mink, at considerably less cost. A full-length coat of it has a shawl collar worked into revers in the front. Rounded sleeves end in deep cuffs. A full-length wild mink has a standing collar, notched in back in a tulip effect, which is enhanced by the way the skins are worked upward. The sleeves are loose at the top and narrow at the cuffs. Gunther has always had a neat way of combining Hudson Bay sable cuffs and Persian-broadtail coats. The best example this time is Empire in style, with high revers, frogs far up on the chest, and two slender folds descending into a panel in back. It's $4,434. Gray squirrel gets not only respectful but artful treatment, as in a hip-length cape whose skins are assembled in a circular pattern. An attached vest makes this one practical when there is day or evening chilliness. The expense: $420. A wonderful cape stole has a cowl arrangement at the center back. You may have it in the finest mink, but it looks very well, too, in sable-dyed squirrel, at $540, which may make it much more of a possibility for you.

ESTHER DOROTHY can be casual with furs, which she treats like next-door neighbors. For example, she is apt to use a drawstring at the waistline of a loose coat, so that it can be worn fitted style, too. This device appears, for instance, on a full-length coat of brown Cape seal (lighter in weight than the Alaskan variety) with dolman push-up sleeves. White unplucked nutria, which looks for all the world like white mink, except that it is long-haired, has the knack of being appropriate for sports and for full evening regalia. One model, three-quarter length, has a wide turnover collar and push-up sleeves; this is $2,700. The Jeune Couture custom collection, which is in the moderate price bracket, provides, despite its name, for more than the young. Silver-dyed muskrat makes a fingertip jacket in what is called the "tea-caddy" silhouette, with loose sleeves and a gray velveteen collar; $474. The same fur is used in a housecoat type of thing, buttoned from the small collar to the hem; $515. The blazer is the derivation of a jacket of Hudson seal dyed Mediterranean blue and piped in grosgrain, at $714. This fur likewise is employed in another country jacket, of the box type, at $390. There are also some real lunacies, such as a mink umbrella cover that can double as a neckpiece, if you first remove the umbrella.

THERE is perhaps no need to remind you that Alfred Rainer, at 17 East 55th Street, has always admired river otter, which is sleek and brown. This year, he shows it in a fitted, full-length coat with modified raglan sleeves. A black Persian-lamb shawl collar tapers toward its waistline, and more Persian trims the flap pockets. A black leather belt, nicely shaped, goes with this. The works is $1,350. A long, fitted coat of black Alaska seal, lined with dull-gold taffeta, has black braid buttons and piping. Black Hudson seal appears in a below-hip box coat whose turnover collar Rainer has faced with his pet black felt. This is $875. Rainer takes one silver-fox skin and, by splitting it lengthwise, makes it do the work of two around your throat. It is tapered in the middle so it will look graceful across the back of the neck, and you are supposed to drape it this way and that around the shoulders. He has ideas about this, if you haven't. It's $180. A matching muff, large and flat, is backed with black velvet; $150. He has also done a copy of Piguet's pet stole, with a cape back and long ends; this he offers in navy-blue wool on one side and black Hudson seal on the other. Russian broadtail makes a surprising jacket that starts like a bolero but extends below the waistline. Russian sable edges the below-elbow sleeves. And for *grand luxe*, Rainer shows one of the best wild-mink coats I've seen, a loose, full-back thing with a sunburst working of the skins across the back and shoulders; $6,000.

AT Hermè, 37 West 57th Street, there is no particular affection for fitted mink coats, but a beautiful greatcoat of the stuff is a happy substitute. It's done in Starlight mink with a wide turnover collar, dolman sleeves cuffed at the wrist, inverted pleats at the sides and center back, and a removable belt high astern. Women who are short can easily look dumpy in mink coats; for some reason, Hermè's get around this problem. A full-length coat of ranch mink, with a turnover collar that can be





Beautiful Lips Are Wearing Guerlain's CATTLEYA lipstick

CATTLEYA, the deep-brilliance lipstick with high fashion affinity for this season's costume colors. Eight other fashion shades in Guerlain's smooth, silken new-formula texture. $1.50 plus tax. Sold World-Wide at Fine Shops.

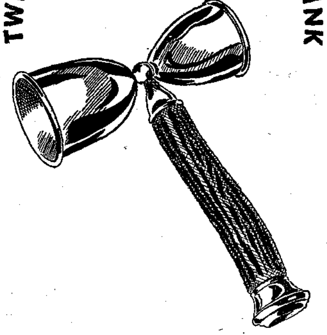
Guerlain
parfumeur
maison fondée en 1828

GOLD LEAF SET

Ivy leaf ingeniously designed in 18k gold, with stem of diamonds. Skilled blending of two shades of gold fashions a natural leafy appearance.
Clip brooch..$470. Earrings..$375.
Available in 18k gold with gold stem.
Brooch..$160. Earrings..$130.
Federal Tax Included

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
Established 1810
WHITE PLAINS *Fifth Avenue At 48th Street, New York 19, N. Y.* EAST ORANGE

TWIST the WRIST, DOUBLE the DRINK



This handsome Sterling silver double jigger, ¾ and 1½ oz., with staghorn handle is a must item on the well-stocked bar. $18.50*

MARK CROSS
Fifth Avenue at 55th

**plus 20% tax*

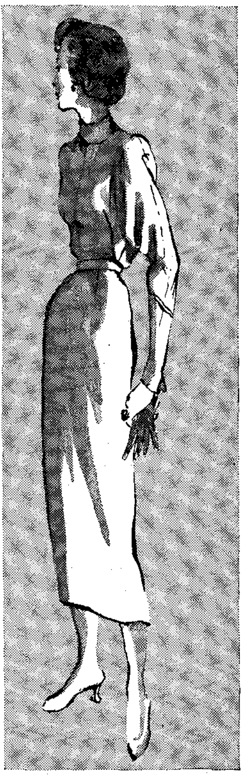
DOUBLE ENTRY

...Here is Peg Newton's newest edition of the beloved blouse and skirt team—figure-planned and tailor-marked for the tall gal.

The wool jersey blouse buttons down the back and boasts long slim sleeves and smart turtle neck that ask for the season's smartest jewelry. 13.95. The slim fashion-favored skirt in pure wool answers your demand for smooth hip flattery. 14.95. Available in matching colors: grey, brown, black, green. Both in sizes 12 to 20 T. G.*

MAIL ORDERS INVITED

*In Tall Gal Proportions



TALL GALS

PEG NEWTON
Tall Gals' Haven
3 East 48th St., New York 17, N. Y.

worn up around the ears, has slender sleeves and notched cuffs. Black braid and fringe trim the half-moon pockets on a three-quarter dress coat of gray broadtail (this is for women of almost any height and displacement); a narrow black braid belt pulls in the waistline, and the skirt is gathered and dips in back. There are full-length gray squirrel coats for young girls and gray Persian-lamb waist-length boleros for all ages. Their backs hang straight and squarish, and their hemlines are banded with gray grosgrain; $550. Norwegian blue fox makes a collarless waist-length jacket that has either a dipping cape back or a stole fifteen inches wide and ninety inches long, slightly shaped at the shoulders to hold it in place. This is $750 either way.

AT Ackerman-Blatt, 60 East 56th Street, the cape is the major event. Wild mink produces a collarless three-quarter one, dipping noticeably in back, with a square, high yoke and skins worked so that they look like fan pleating as they swirl outward below. A nutria cape, long and as full as a monk's robe, can be worn back to front, and it has an attached, rippled shoulder cape; $2,640. Black American broadtail is the substance of a shawl, waist-length in back, that has a wide, closely wrapped hipband all around to anchor it. This also appears in white Indian broadtail. Black Alaska seal makes a seven-eighths cape over a hip-length jacket of black wool with a Somali-leopard front, for those who like to be colorful; for more urbane types, there has been dreamed up a five-tiered black Persian-lamb cape, waist-length in front and considerably longer in back, at $450. —L. L.

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Reading involves two things: the printed language and the reader. There is no direct relationship between the designs of words, sentences, and paragraphs and the things they symbolize. The word "kangeroo" doesn't look like a kangeroo. It doesn't have the odor, the shape, the size, or the feel of a kangeroo.—*"Remedial and Corrective Reading: Content Area Approach," by Emmet A. Betts, in the June, 1948, issue of Education.*

Or the spelling, if you want to push the matter.

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NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT
[*From the Journal-American*]

Laugh as you learn atomic theory! Start the new comic series explaining atomic energy in tomorrow's Journal-American.

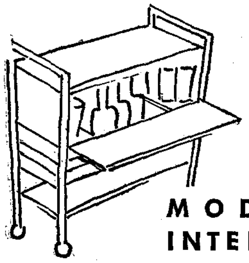
THE BURBERRY
distinguished the world over

BURBERRYS
of London

You'll see Burberrys in Bombay and Boston — Rio and Rome. In fact Burberry wearers comprise an international fraternity which appreciates the painstaking effort that goes into the manufacture of the finest coat a gentleman can own. Special cloths, faultless tailoring and long, economical wear give the Burberry coat its world-famed reputation.

See the Burberrys at the dealer nearest you. We'll gladly send you his name

BURBERRYS, LTD.
14 East 38th St., New York 16, N. Y.



MODERN INTERIORS

designed expressly to fit your needs
• accessories, too •

RENA ROSENTHAL, INC.
71 East 57th Street, New York

One of the greatest cafe attractions of modern time.

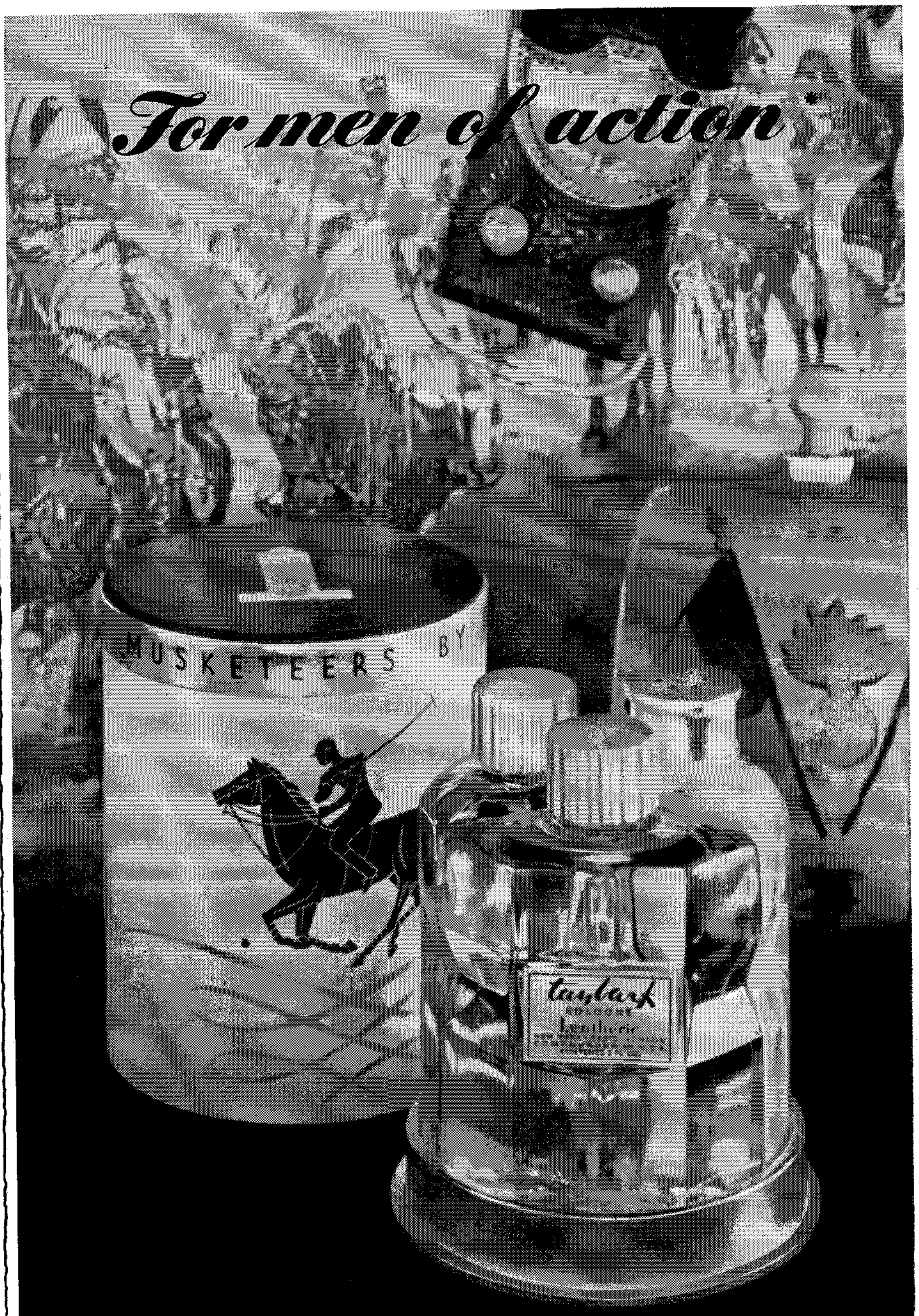
LENA HORNE
with **COPSEY & AYRES**
NIGHTLY - 8, 12, 2
Monte Proser's
COPACABANA
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0949
DINNER $2.50

THE ART GALLERIES

The Primitive Approach

FOR the last dozen years, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, an establishment that was formed, over a century ago, to inculcate the Christian virtues into seafaring men ashore and has developed into a large, easygoing, and pleasantly old-fashioned recreation center and hostelry, on South Street, has held an annual exhibition of paintings by merchant seamen. Perhaps because of the demands of their calling, sailors always have been notably adept with their hands. A good many of their knots are as decorative as they are functional, and the often elaborate small carvings, called scrimshaw work, that were done in the days of the whalers, are still things to be marvelled at. Drawing, too, has its charms for the sailor. To be able to make a sketch of a pretty girl or a portrait of a shipmate has always been an impressive forecastle accomplishment, and what with the leisure and the tedium of life at sea, it is small wonder that some of the men should go on from there to take up water colors or oils. The Institute, in its own quiet way, does its best to encourage them.

The show I have just seen—some sixty pieces displayed on the walls of the Institute's reading room—is predominantly naïve in style. Very few of the artists have had any formal training, and a good share of the paintings are only accidentally effective, their charm being the product of quaint touches that the artists could hardly have intended, while a number of the others fall into the category of the painstakingly literal and too often must have had only calendar art or some such debasing influence as their guide. Even among these, though, there are interesting pieces. David Nisbet's small "Lighthouse," with its freehand fervor, is extremely likable, while his "Storm," with its quite unheroic helmsman grimacing in mixed fright and discomfort amidst the spray, shows a certain ironic humor. "Sailing Ship," by Edward Hayes, stiffly and minutely particularized as it is, has a touch of Currier & Ives about it that is engaging. There are others who reveal a more immediately obvious talent. Bernard Bovasso, who won the first prize in oils, went to Music & Arts High School, in New York,



QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS" . . . pinch-bottle trio of "Tanbark" Cologne, After Shave Lotion and After Shave Powder or Scalp Stimulant. $2.25
Plus tax.

Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1948, Lenthéric, Inc.

DRY
HEUBLEIN'S
The VATTED VERMOUTH
FOR Martini Cocktails
VERMOUTH

Read

One secret of making *better* Dry Martinis and Manhattans

between

is to use the Vermouth made *especially* for cocktail use

the lines!

by cocktail specialists—the world's largest producers of cocktails.

Heublein's

This Vermouth is made from our own wines and *natural* herbs exclusively.

Vatted

Carefully planned *from vine to vat.* Always crystal clear in the bottle.

Vermouth

Sweet for Manhattans
Dry for Dry Martinis

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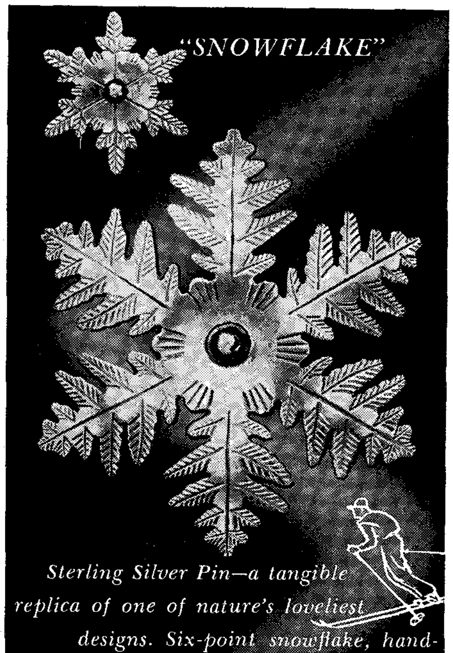
for three years before going to sea, in 1944, and his work shows a considerable degree of assurance in consequence. His "Brooklyn Bridge," the prize-winner, is a solidly designed and well-executed canvas, as is his water color "Tug Boats." Joseph Michaels, by contrast, though he clearly has had no schooling, has a bit more imaginative verve and daring, and his "Bo's'n with Guitar," "Smokestack," and lively "Café" indicate that he is an unusually original and promising artist.

Michaels is a radio operator, and the occupations of the others range from messman to able-bodied seaman, so their painting, when it has to do with the sea and with ships, has the authority of first-hand knowledge. A great part of the work was done at sea. The Institute offers no art classes, since it hardly could expect regular attendance from such elusive people as sailors, and the practice seems to be for the men to leave their finished pieces at the Institute between voyages, to be held till the annual showing. By that time, of course, many of the artists are at sea again. Thomas Musser, for instance, whose crisply drawn "Boat Crew's Return" won the first prize for water colors, is third mate on a freighter bound for South America. He will not know of his good fortune until his ship docks here again. Tom Tsuda, a ship's baker, whose "Morning Glories" won second prize in water colors, and a number of the other contestants are similarly scattered.

I wouldn't recommend a special trip to see the show, but if you happen to be in the neighborhood it is worth a visit.

THE question of the naïve in art, and particularly of the relation between the unschooled vision and the schooled one, is one that has never been fully resolved. It raises, of course, the further question of how much of what we think we see we really see, and how much of it is conditioned by outside factors. As it happens, we have two shows—one of works by a group of Haitian primitives, through this Saturday, at the Carlebach, and another, at the Modern Museum, of child art from New York public schools—to contribute to the problem.

Most of the Haitians have been shown here before, including Philomé Obin, Rigaud Bénoit, Wilson Bigaud, and the late Hector Hyppolite, and it would seem that the primitive movement down there has begun to acquire certain cultist aspects. The artists have been "taken up," in a sense. There is an art school in Haiti now, and it has official sponsor-



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ship, and, all in all, there is a possibility that the group's inspiration may ultimately be exhausted under hothouse treatment. At the moment, though, these artists continue to flourish, and the amount of true inventiveness and direct emotional expression that such men as Bigaud (see "In the Graveyard" and "Death in the Forest"), Bénoit ("Country Wedding"), and Castera Bazile ("Adoration of the Virgin" and "Hyppolite's Wake") can get into their paintings is amazing. One main characteristic of the merchant sailors' art at the Institute is its bold simplicity; they rarely overelaborate the essentials. But the Haitians, almost unanimously, are unconsciously baroque in approach. They see not so much the object as its movement and color, and the result is an intricacy of design that, if sometimes a little fatiguing, is always exuberant and vivid, and, I think, somehow related to their surroundings.

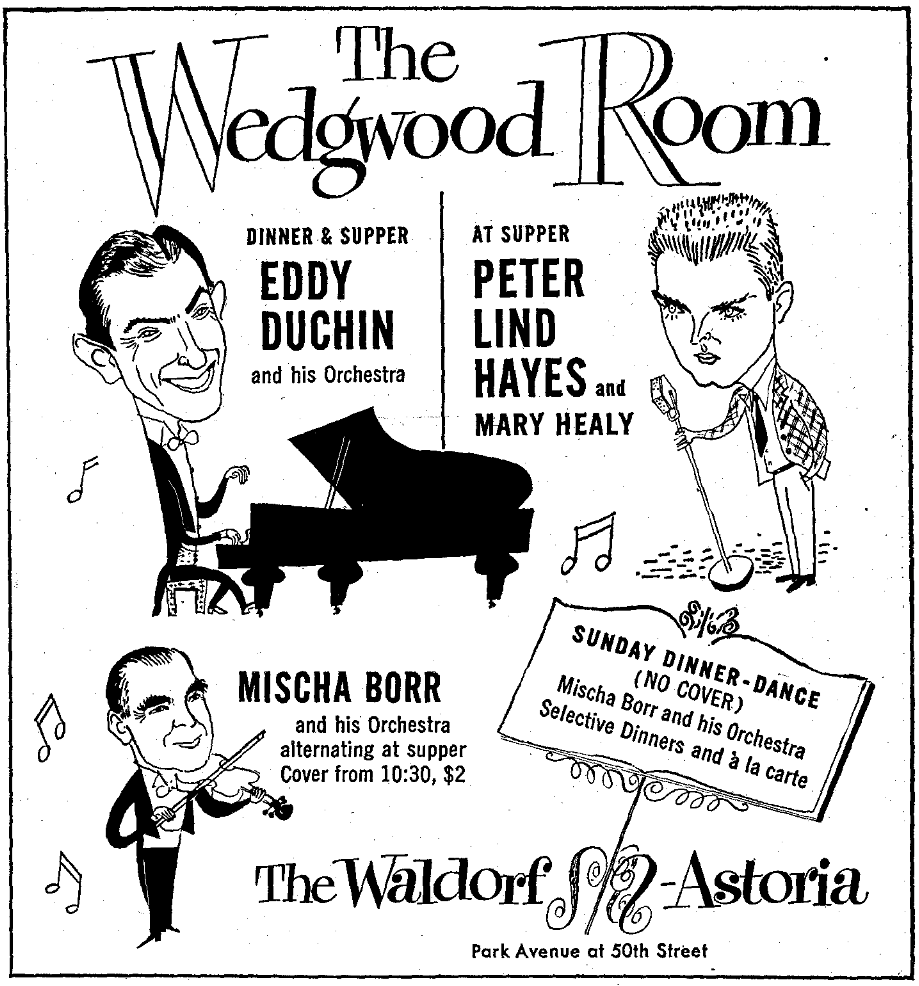
Children's paintings should represent the artistic vision at its purest, uncluttered by any of the technical devices and tricks of representation that we elders unwittingly pick up. They are hampered in their expression, however, by their lack of muscular control and, when allowed free expression, by an innocent capriciousness, which leads them to use color and shape arbitrarily, without regard for relation to reality. I think, for instance, that the big black cat in the picture by Franklin, in the show at the Modern Museum (no last names are given), is big because it just got big before he knew it, and that the blue-outlined figures in Priscilla's picture of a mother and child came out blue because that color happened to be handy. Yet the hugeness of the cat and the startling blue of the figures are remarkably effective. As far as that goes, it may be argued that to all artists the selections of form and color are in large part subconscious and therefore superficially capricious. Without going further into that, I'll simply say that the show, though fairly small, is a most interesting one, and that as an example of what can be done with the minute amounts of money and time this city allots to art instruction in its elementary schools, it's a triumph.

—Robert M. Coates

◆

Party headquarters in Atlanta said the workers were forced out of their hotel at Gunpoint and driven 30 miles to Haminton.—*The Star.*

That's funny, we thought Haminton was farther than thirty miles.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THE WAYWARD PRESS

RE-DE-SECRETIZATION

WRITING, a couple of months ago, about the newspapers' treatment of witnesses at the public hearings of the House of Representatives Committee on Un-American Activities, I remarked, "The charges having been made with a great splash and the answers held down to simple denials and soft-pedalled, the Committee has called off its public hearings until September 7th." As it has turned out, the September 7th date was cancelled and there haven't been any public hearings since. Representative J. Parnell Thomas, the Committee's chairman, has now announced that there will be none until after the elections, but his announcement didn't indicate how *soon* after the elections the hearings may be expected to resume. It was Congressman Thomas who told the press on October 30, 1947, in the course of adjourning public hearings on the issue of Communist control of the motion-picture industry, "I want to emphasize that the committee is not adjourning *sine die* but will resume hearings as soon as possible." Almost a year has passed, and Congressman Thomas has not found it possible to hold further hearings on the matter.

By calling off its 1948 series of open hearings, the Committee let down at least one important Washington group, as I discovered when I happened upon the headline:

SPY HEARINGS BREAK
DREARY SOCIAL LAPSE

This appeared over a society column called "Capital Capers," in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* one Sunday early last month, at a time when a revival of Mr. Thomas's production still seemed imminent and likely to enjoy a long run. The column, signed by Elise Morrow, a Washington correspondent, began:

> Washington is drearier than a cemetery as the summer draws to a dismal close, and no one has anything to talk about except what a comparatively dull season lies ahead, with the election drawing off a lot of attention and energy. Some matrons, unfortunately marooned here, have whiled away the time at the spy hearings of the Un-American Activities Committee—and the scene evoked a ghoulish page of the post-French Revolution period, when the ladies of the court got themselves up lavishly to watch the rabble being attended to and carted off.

BY mid-September, the Committee had switched to secret executive sessions, prior to each of which various spokesmen (the Committee apparently has at least as many spokesmen as members) told the press what machinations were about to be secretly uncovered. The *World-Telegram* of September 17th carried a good example of the kind of reportorial anticipation this technique inspired, under the three-column first-page headline:

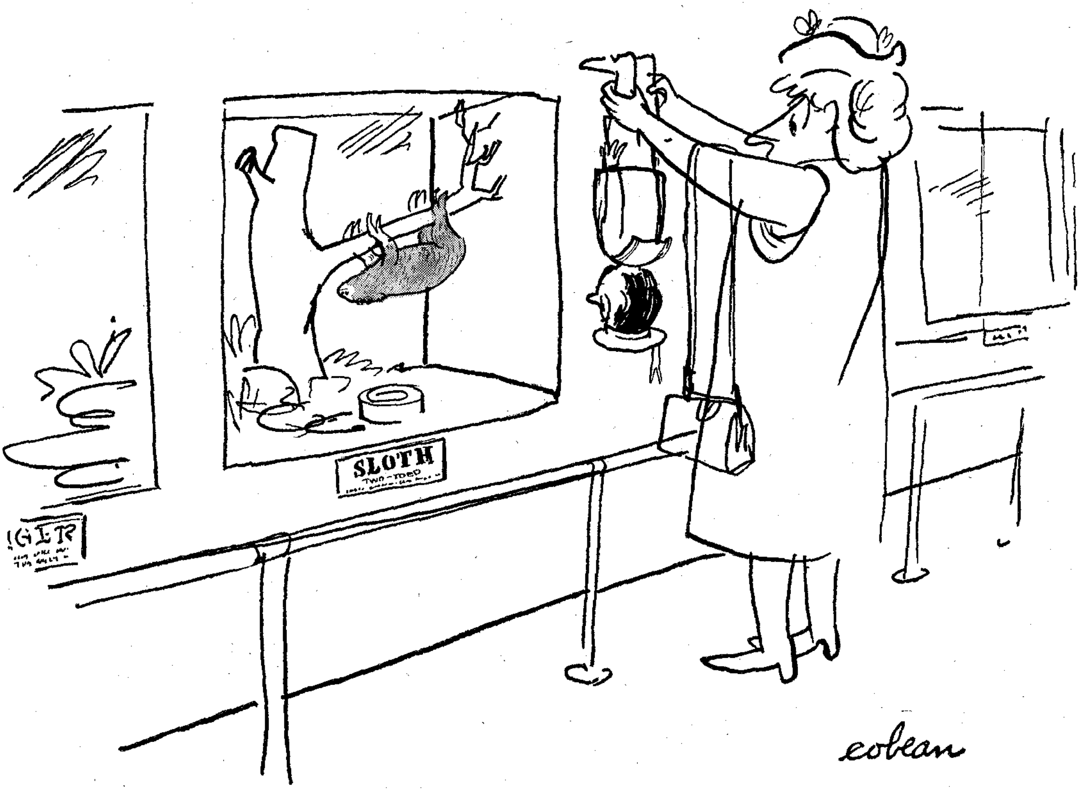
LABEL HEIRESS HOSTESS
IN SOCIAL A-SPY SCHOOL

The headline referred not, as one might suppose, to the heiress of a fortune gained by manufacturing labels but to an heiress whom an investigator for the Committee was labelling (*Anglice* calling) a hostess. The story, which carried the byline of Tony Smith, a Scripps-Howard staff writer, began:

> A blond American heiress, accused of financing Soviet agents and providing them a social contact with U.S. atomic scientists, is to be questioned in the near future in the House atom spy investigation. The story of tall, green-eyed Louise Bransten, of New York, Hollywood, and Berkeley, Calif., who contributed $1900 to the Wallace-for-President campaign Aug. 15, was secretly read into the official record of the Un-American Activities Committee. It tells of swank dinner parties on the West Coast where American Reds tried to educate scientists working on the Manhattan A-bomb project along Soviet lines.

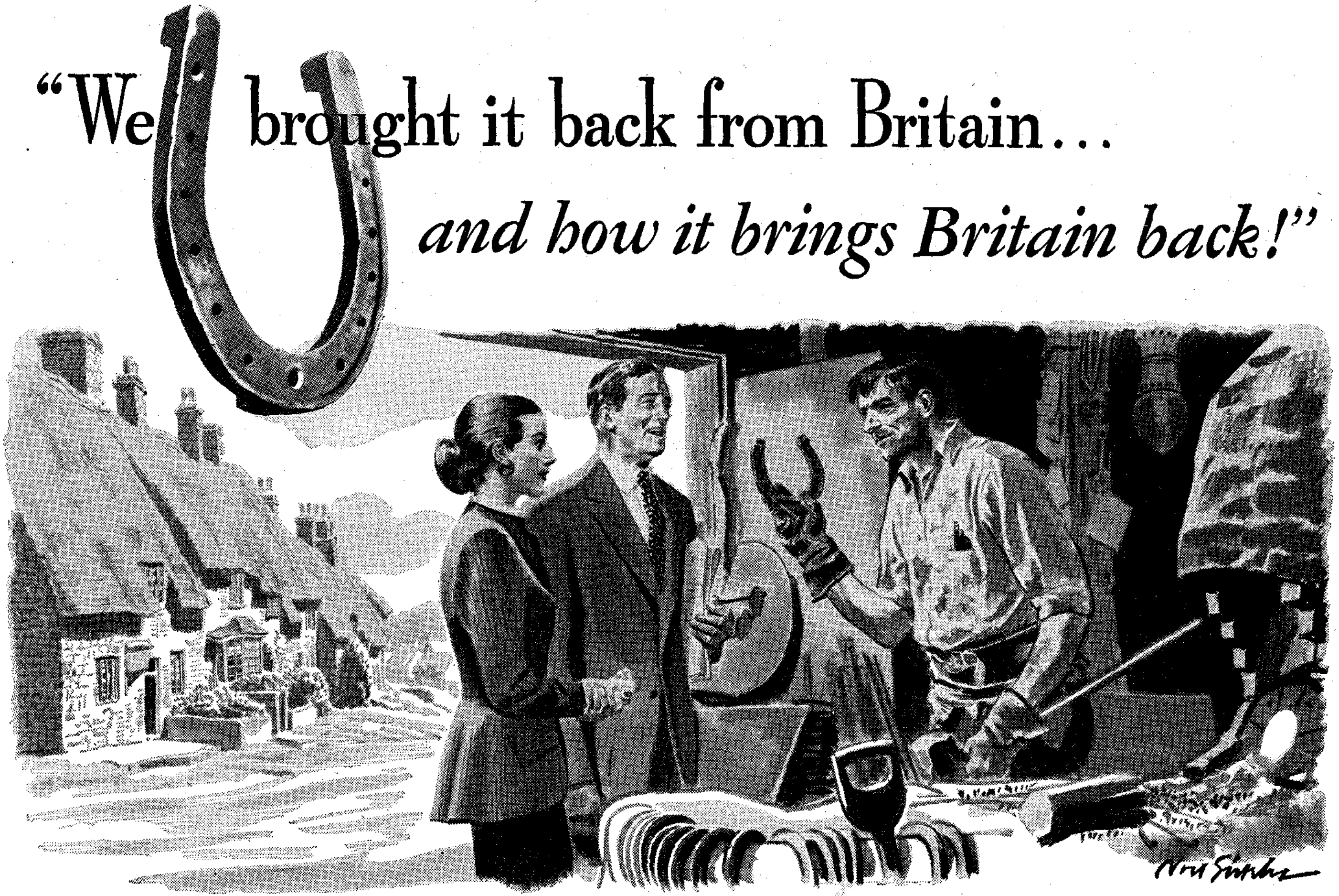
It takes a certain amount of experience in *World-Telegram* reading to realize that the verb "educate," referring to rumored dinner-table conversation, is the basis for the term "Social A-Spy School" in the head. At any rate, the inference is clear from Mr. Smith's story that either he must have surreptitiously read the secret record or a member of the Committee or a friend of a member must have let him in on what was up.

The allusion to the tall, green-eyed blonde's contribution to the Wallace campaign in the course of telling about her swank activities as a hostess is at once an example of Scripps-Howard fickleness and of what is called playing elbow pool, which means leaning over the table to make a shot with one ball and covertly joggling a second ball into position with one's elbow. Miss Elizabeth T. Bentley, the inside-data ex-spy who was the *World-Telegram's* Circe-of-the-Month last July, might well have felt a certain pique at the enthusiasm with which Mr. Smith built up the paper's new entry in the Femme Fatale Sweepstakes. Last summer, before Miss Bentley made her first public appearance, the *Telegram* was in the habit of describing her on its front page as a "svelte and striking blonde," but it has since become so cool toward her that when William W. Remington recently sued her for slander, the paper buried the information on page 3, six paragraphs down, in a story headed "McDowell to Testify on Red Loophole Blast," and referred to her simply and bluntly as "former Soviet



"We brought it back from Britain...

and how it brings Britain back!"



"This horseshoe was forged in friendship.

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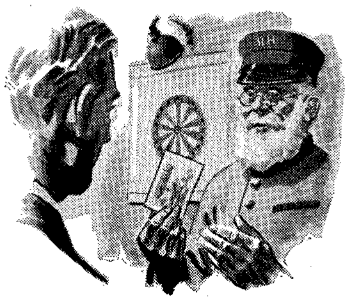
"But, when it was finished, he smiled and handed it over. 'A good luck keepsake', he told us. 'Back home, it may serve to remind you of some happy days here'.

"Well, it certainly does that!

"Now it has a place of honor on our wall . . . and keeps recalling the warmth of the welcome we were met with everywhere in Britain.

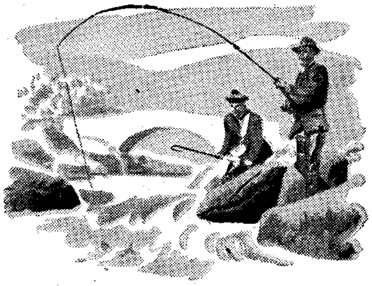
"And—because it brings back every detail of one charming, old-world scene—it starts up a whole train of memories, in pictures . . . "

"Remember that gypsy at Epsom, who called us 'My loves' when we crossed her palm . . . and how our hunch bet, 'My Love', won the Derby?"



"Remember the 'pub' where we drank 'mild & bitter' with the Chelsea Pensioner, while he showed us snapshots of his grandson's farm in Kansas?"

"Remember Scotland . . . and landing your first salmon—with old Angus muttering Gaelic incantations until it was safely on the bank?"



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spy." The second ball, set up by Mr. Smith's elbow as he put Miss Bentley in the side pocket, was the implication that a handout to Mr. Wallace's forlorn campaign has some connection with espionage.

Just as Mr. Smith had predicted—the man's prescience, I thought at this point, was uncanny—Mrs. Bransten (now, it developed, married to a Mr. Berman) *was* called before the Committee, on September 20th, when she declined to talk about her dinner parties, or anything else. William S. White, writing in the *Times* next morning, described her as a "wealthy young woman accused of long association with left-wing movements." Less susceptible, apparently, than Mr. Smith, Mr. White did not mention the color of Mrs. Bransten-Berman's eyes. About midway down in his piece, he noted:

> In testimony last October, Louis J. Russell, a committee investigator, identified her as once the wife of Richard Bransten, a former owner of the Communist magazine New Masses, and as a "sharper" or "loader" for the Communist party. "In Communist party circles," Mr. Russell said, "she directs the manner in which contacts with certain people are to be made. She has contacts, did have them, in numerous Government agencies."

The aspect of this year's Bransten-Berman affair that particularly interested me (aside from the fact that I have always had a weakness for tall, blond women with nineteen hundred dollars to spare) was that the passages I have quoted from Mr. White's story indicated that the whole number was a reprise. Referring to the *Times* files for October, 1947, I found, in the issue of the 31st, a long first-page-and-runover account of the final public hearing of the motion-picture inquiry I have already mentioned. The headline over the story, which was by Joseph A. Loftus, read:

> FILM INQUIRY REVEALS MOVE
> BY SOVIET AGENTS TO OBTAIN
> ATOM RESEARCH DATA IN 1942

Here, sure enough, I came upon an earlier reference to Mrs. B.-B. But before reaching it, I came upon this introductory passage:

> The espionage efforts, apparently directed toward obtaining atomic secrets and related scientific data, were described by a Committee investigator, Louis J. Russell. The connection with the motion picture industry was little more than incidental.

The *World-Telegram's* September 17, 1948, story had reported breathlessly, if hardly fully:

> The story was developed from questioning of Louis J. Russell, former FBI agent employed by the committee to investigate the movie industry in 1945 and 1947.

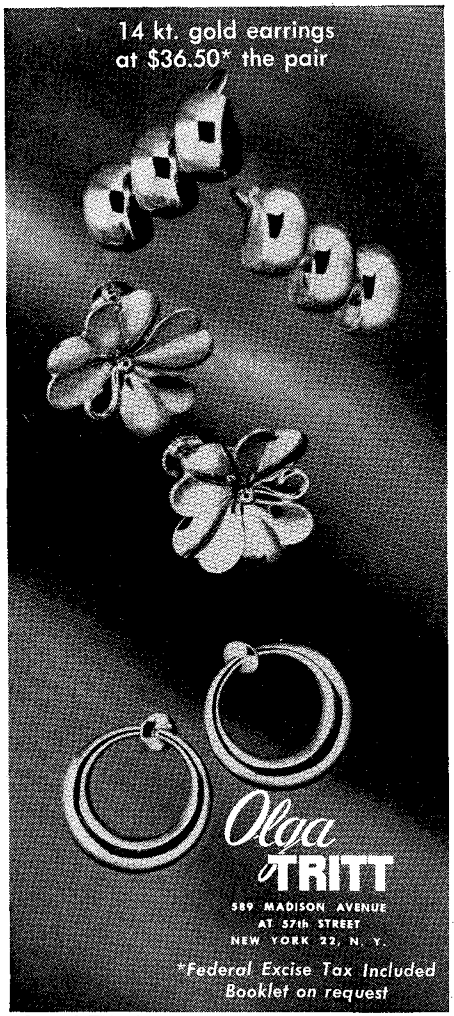
Mr. Loftus, in last year's *Times*, had further reported:

> According to Mr. Russell's testimony Peter Ivanov, Soviet Vice Consul at San Francisco, asked George Charles Eltenton to get some information from the radiation laboratory of the University of California, where Dr. Oppenheimer was working. He offered Mr. Eltenton some money.... Mr. Eltenton, it was related, went to Haakon Chevalier, a professor at the University of California at Berkeley. He told Mr. Chevalier he wanted some research data in which the United States was interested, particularly with relation to a "highly destructive weapon." The Soviet Government and the United States were Allies and therefore the Russians were entitled to the information, Mr. Eltenton was stated to have asserted. Mr. Chevalier, the witness continued, approached Dr. Oppenheimer, a faculty colleague.... The witness related, however, that Dr. Oppenheimer "said he considered such attempts treasonable and would have nothing to do with them."... This was the terminal point of an espionage chain which seemed to have been developed mainly at parties and meetings at the home of Mrs. Louise Bransten, a woman with Communist associations in Hollywood and New York and who contributed freely to Communist enterprises, the witness said. The committee investigator stated that Mr. Chevalier was a guest at one of Mrs. Bransten's dinners. Others named as taking part in some of these gatherings were Mr. Eltenton ... Gregori Kheilets, a Soviet Vice Consul ... and Alexander Stevens, alias Jay Peters, described as head of the Communist underground in the United States.

I quote now from the *World-Telegram's* story, nearly eleven months later but also right up there on the front page as current news:

> Louise Bransten had many acquaintances, many prominently mentioned in the spy case.... Mr. Russell suggested Louise Bransten "could be considered an indirect connection for the purpose of espionage." He based this on her acquaintance with Peter Ivanov, who once served as Soviet Vice Consul in San Francisco. Mr. Ivanov was the Russian who offered money for information about the secret of "a great destructive weapon" the U.S. was trying to develop in the Berkeley laboratory, Mr. Russell testified. Louise Bransten, the record shows, also was friendly with George C. Eltenton, an American translator to whom the offer was made; with Haakon Chevalier, the Berkeley professor to whom it was relayed, and with the Berkeley scientist who finally squelched it, according to Mr. Russell. The former FBI man described Louise Bransten as the one whose job was to "direct the manner in which contacts are made." Dinner parties seemed to be her favorite device, according to Mr. Russell's testimony.

The only difference of any consequence that I could discern between the two stories, except a time difference of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three hundred and twenty-two days, was that the *World-Telegram* had omitted the name of Dr. Oppenheimer, the security-minded scientist.

I could not at first comprehend why a story told in public before the Committee in October, 1947, should have to be "secretly read into the official record" in September, 1948, or why the narrative need be "developed from questioning" of a former F.B.I. agent who had already told it at considerable length without being asked. After a while, though, I twigged, and I am still in a state of admiration. The explanation is simple: Nothing has more news value than the revelation of a secret, and the only way to freshen a revelation for further use is to make it a secret again. To do this, you read it into a secret record. Once it has been *re*-secretized, as Father Divine might say, it can be *de*-secretized, or re-disclosed. To conventional journalists, the problem thus posed has always seemed to be in a class with the restoration of virginity, but Congressional ingenuity, the *World-Telegram*, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Russell have apparently solved it. It occurs to me that the process of re-secretization and de-secretization can be of infinite service to the newspaper industry, entirely eliminating the necessity of looking for fresh material and, by the same token, of employing reporters. From now on, why can't any de-secretized item of information that is getting a bit shiny in the seat be re-secretized and then re-de-secretized, and so be presented with a fresh nap? A publisher owning no more than a one-year file of a newspaper has a potentially inexhaustible supply of news. All he has to do is desecretize his re-secretized information, and then re-secretize it again, so that it will keep for next year. Even if the *World-Telegram* has patented the process, it may be expected soon to put re-de-s. machines on the market, probably under license.

One year, which I have used in the above hypothetical instance as the unit of re-de-secretization, is, I must admit, an arbitrary period; the principals in the Bransten-Berman-Russell-Smith-Thomas-Scripps-Howard experiment have already shaved the time to something under eleven months. Some future innovator may even try publishing an identical newspaper day after day, thereby eliminating the composing room as well as the editorial department. *Instantaneous* re-de-secretization of all news could be achieved if all newspaper readers could be infected with total amnesia, and sometimes, even now, I see

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symptoms of that around me. I myself, for example, had forgotten, until I turned back to the 1947 files, that when Mr. Thomas rang down the curtain on his Hollywood show, he announced, according to the *Times*, that "hearings in the near future will go into the injection of Communist propaganda into motion pictures." There have been no such hearings, but how near is a future? (How often, for that matter, is a revelation?) I had also forgotten that the Chairman, in 1947, had been quoted in the *Times* as saying, "I stated earlier in the meeting that I would present the records of 79 prominent people associated with the motion picture industry who were members of the Communist party or who had extensive records of Communist affiliations. We have had before us 11 of these individuals; there are 68 to go." There still are. Mrs. Bransten, or Berman, may well come to fill the same spot in the Committee's routine as the travelogue did in the days when it was known as the chaser, because its primary function was to get the audience out of a movie theatre. Her story made page 1 of the *Times* in 1947 but only page 9 in 1948. This suggests that she will be able to recur annually for at least another six years, if she is carefully re-secretized between usings and the *Times* keeps coming out with a sixty-page-or-better newspaper every now and then.

IT is interesting to note that re-desecretization is continuing to flourish. The *World-Telegram's* Night (10:30 A.M.) Edition of October 7th carried this five-column front-page head:

> RUSSIAN ATOM-SPY NET
> SET UP IN U.S. BEFORE
> RING STARTED IN CANADA
>
> ACTING NEW YORK CONSUL
> IN 1942 ORGANIZED RED
> UNDERGROUND IN OTTAWA

The essentials of the story, from which I have eliminated several paragraphs, follow:

WASHINGTON, OCT. 7—Russian atom spy rings were operating in the United States before the Canadian network uncovered in 1945 was even started, official documents have disclosed. In fact, the Canadian underground system which sent secret materials and documents to Russia was established by a Russian envoy sent from New York, according to the record.... The New York consulate official didn't start the first Communist spying activity in Canada, the record shows. But he was instrumental in directing the organization which obtained atomic and radar secrets.... The man from New

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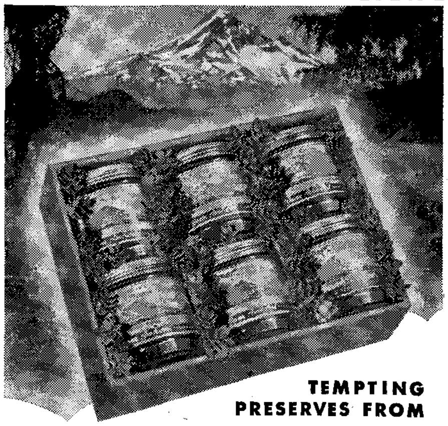

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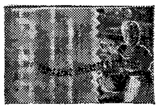

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York was known to the Soviet spies in Russia under the code name of "Molier." He later was identified as Pavel Mikhailov, who became the acting consul general for Russia in New York.... Mr. Mikhailov came into the picture when Major Sokolov (assistant Soviet military attaché in Canada) began to reorganize the old 1924 network.... Many lines in the Canadian case led to New York and Mr. Mikhailov. Some have been turned up by the House investigators recently. For example, it was learned that many members of the Canadian network were checked on through the New York consulate official. These included Fred Rose, Communist member of Parliament.

Beginning to understand the techniques of re-de-secretization, I immediately dispatched one of my apprentice sorcerers to the *Times* files for the period of the Canadian atomic-spy trials, and he came up with the following four-sentence Associated Press story, which appeared on page 6 of the *Times* of June 1, 1946:

> Fred Rose, Communist Member of Parliament, was suggested for use in Soviet espionage in Canada by the NKVD, the Soviet secret police, it was testified today in Rose's trial for conspiracy on behalf of the Soviet Union. Igor Gouzenko, 27-year-old former code clerk in the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa and star prosecution witness in the espionage trial, said Soviet Consul Michailov in New York, known under the code name of "Molier," had been sent to Ottawa in 1942 to organize the espionage network. Mr. Gouzenko identified a letter which he said he had stolen from the Ottawa Embassy and which related that Mr. Michailov went to Ottawa to work on the network with Major Sokolov, Soviet assistant military attaché. The letter said that "Fred," which Mr. Gouzenko said was a cover name for Rose, had "worked with" the NKVD previously and that he had been "checked up" by the NKVD in June, 1942.

This was the A.P. story in full; the *World-Telegram's* account was nearly a newspaper column long. What impressed me about this latest example of re-de-s. was the stupendous magnification that the poor little A.P. item had gone through in two and a quarter years. Re-de-secretization not only preserves news values, apparently; it inflates them. The man who said nothing was so dead as yesterday's newspaper was a fool; a bound volume of old dailies is money in the bank at compound interest.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

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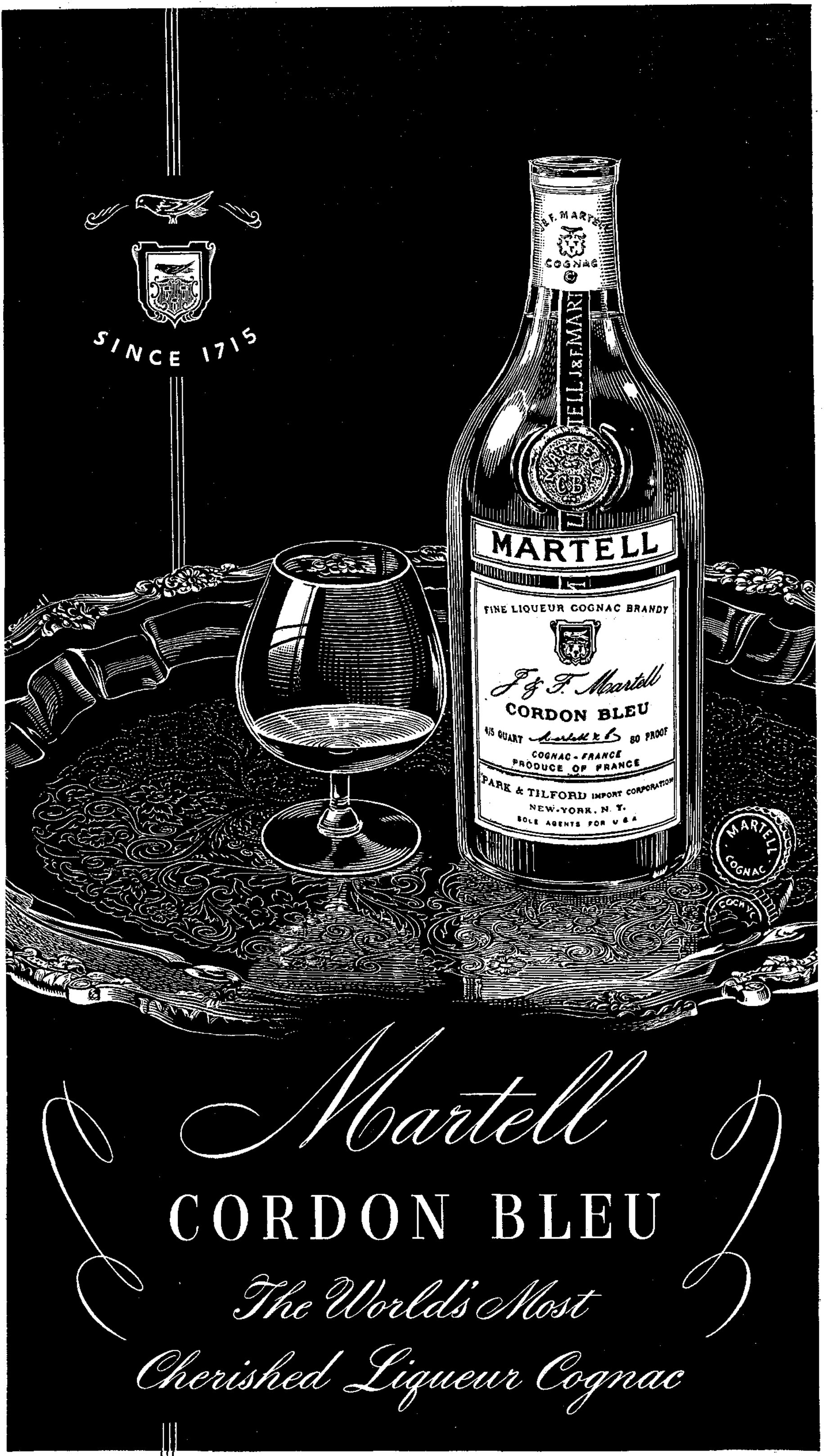

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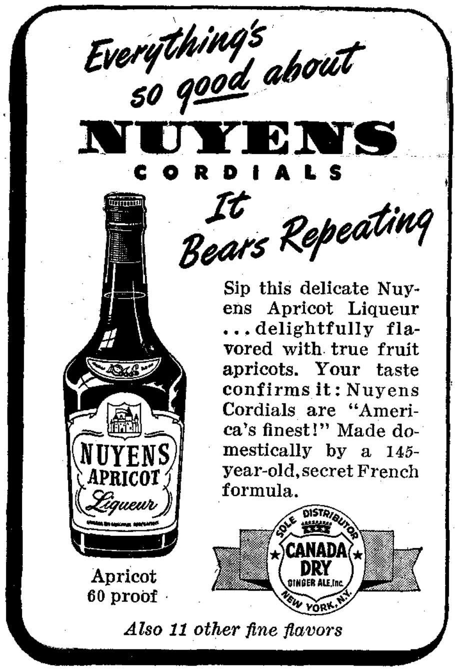
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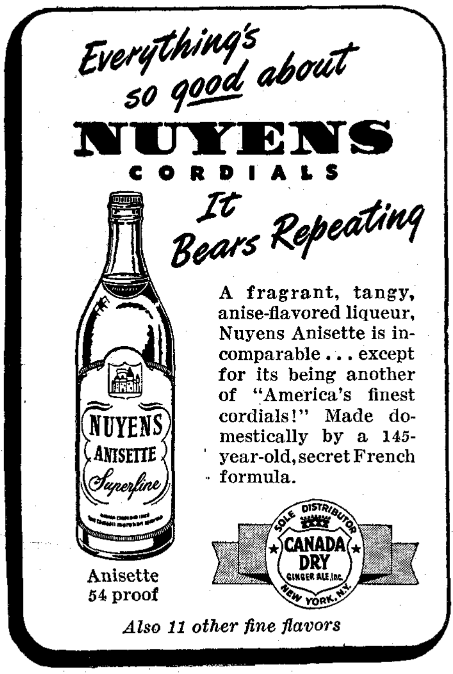
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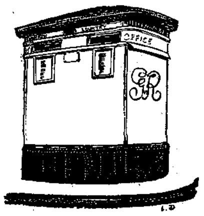
LETTER FROM LLANDUDNO

OCTOBER 10



OFFICIALLY, this year's Conservative Party conference opened last Wednesday evening in this little North Wales seaside resort, but unofficially it began on Wednesday morning under the sooty roof of Euston Station, where hundreds of delegates gathered to travel by special trains from London. The bookstall on the platform from which the Tory specials were to depart was quickly cleared of all its morning papers except the Labour *Daily Herald*, which some of the tardy delegates bravely bought, tucking it hastily under their arms along with their copies of Winston Churchill's "The Gathering Storm" (just published here), as though providing a slightly disgraceful orphan with a stout and unmistakably respectable father. The travellers to Llandudno—especially the men—had, as far as one could see, a curious air of being related to each other. After watching the crowds on the platform for some minutes, one Conservative lady said to another, "There's no doubt about it—there *is* a special Tory face." "No need to be ashamed of it," snapped her companion. The older men going to the conference, in addition to having a certain firm-jowled, well-shaven family resemblance, were frequently turned out in the conventional politician's garb of striped pants, black coat, and Anthony Eden Homburg hats. Many of the younger men, on the other hand, looked studiously tweedy and *négligé*, in the way that used to be recognizable as Intellectual Left Wing. By far the most resplendent gentleman on the platform was the Euston stationmaster, whom some innocents assumed to be a high and rather overdressed Tory official, since he was got up in the traditional stationmaster's rig of top hat, cutaway, striped pants, and a large boutonniere. The last item struck a neat, diplomatic balance for the occasion by being neither a blue flower (the Tory color) nor a defiant red one but a handsome purple aster.

In spite of the rumors that some of the passengers passed gaily back and forth to the effect that the Communists had threatened to blow up the train (one woman had got the news from a nephew doing military service in Scotland, who wrote a cheerful letter saying that everyone up there had heard that there was going to be a bomb in one of the railroad tunnels and that she was to be sure and have a good time), the delegates arrived intact. From the sea front, Llandudno (pronounced "Lan-did-no") is a crescent of cream and lemon-yellow houses lining the curving sands of a little bay, which the Welsh mountains seem to crane over each other's shoulders to see. In the dim evening light, when the fishing boats are drawn up high on the glistening sands, and the narrow Victorian boarding houses along the bay look as flat as pasteboard, it has the slightly melancholy French charm of an Impressionist painting.

When the delegates to the conference arrived, little housemaids were still mounted on wobbling chairs outside the hotels and boarding houses, excitedly adding the finishing touches to the strings of flags with which Llandudno welcomed the visitors from all over Britain. Political-party conferences in England are always held in seaside towns, since they are the only suitable places with enough hotel accommodations. This was the first time that a Conservative meeting had been held in Llandudno, which used to be a Liberal stronghold and the seat of the great Welshman David Lloyd George but has now moved over into the Conservative camp, and the inhabitants were naturally delighted by the tiny out-of-season boom. Putting up the Tories, who broke their previous conference-attendance records by arriving four thousand strong, was a slight problem. Mr. Churchill and the other important (or merely lucky) members of the Party stayed at the Grand Hotel, the only large establishment in the place. The other delegates and the numerous hangers-on were parked at various smaller and simpler boarding houses. Most of these expected their guests to turn up every night at six o'clock sharp for the evening meal of fish and chips, washed down with good, strong tea, which caused some of the more sophisticated visitors loudly and enviously to bewail the fleshpots of the Grand.

The seating of such a big group at the daily meetings was also a difficult matter, resolved by putting about two-thirds of the delegates in the concert pavilion on the pier and the remaining third nearby, in a not particularly sylvan building known as Catlin's Arcadia, where during the summer a vaudeville troupe gave nightly shows. The over-

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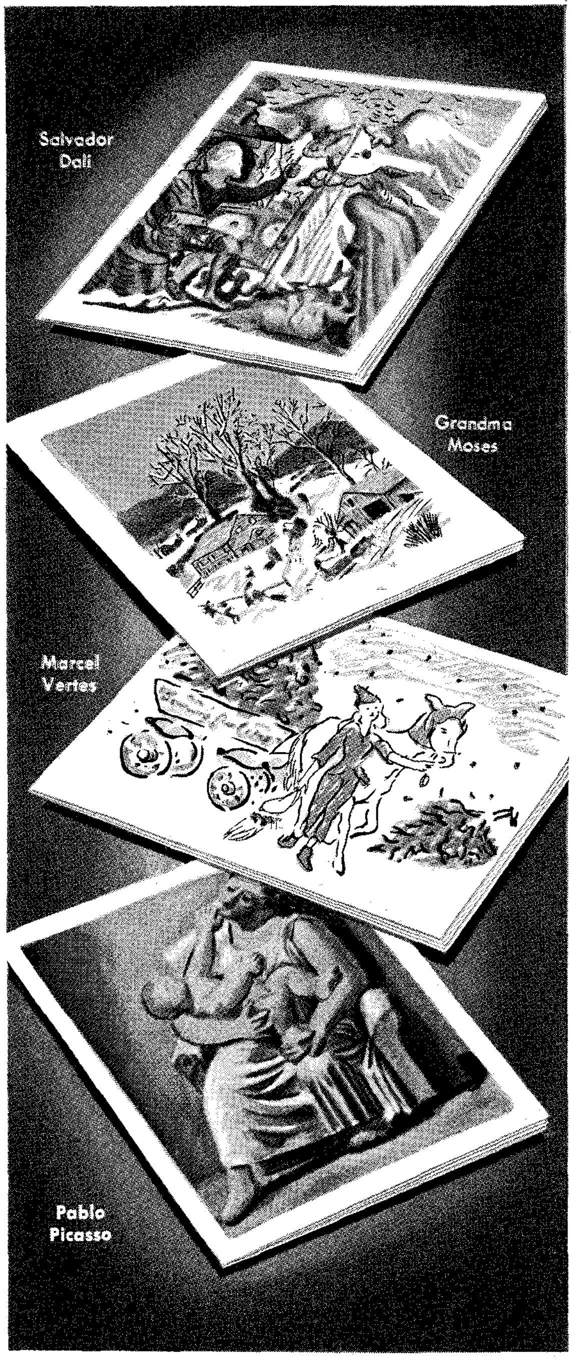

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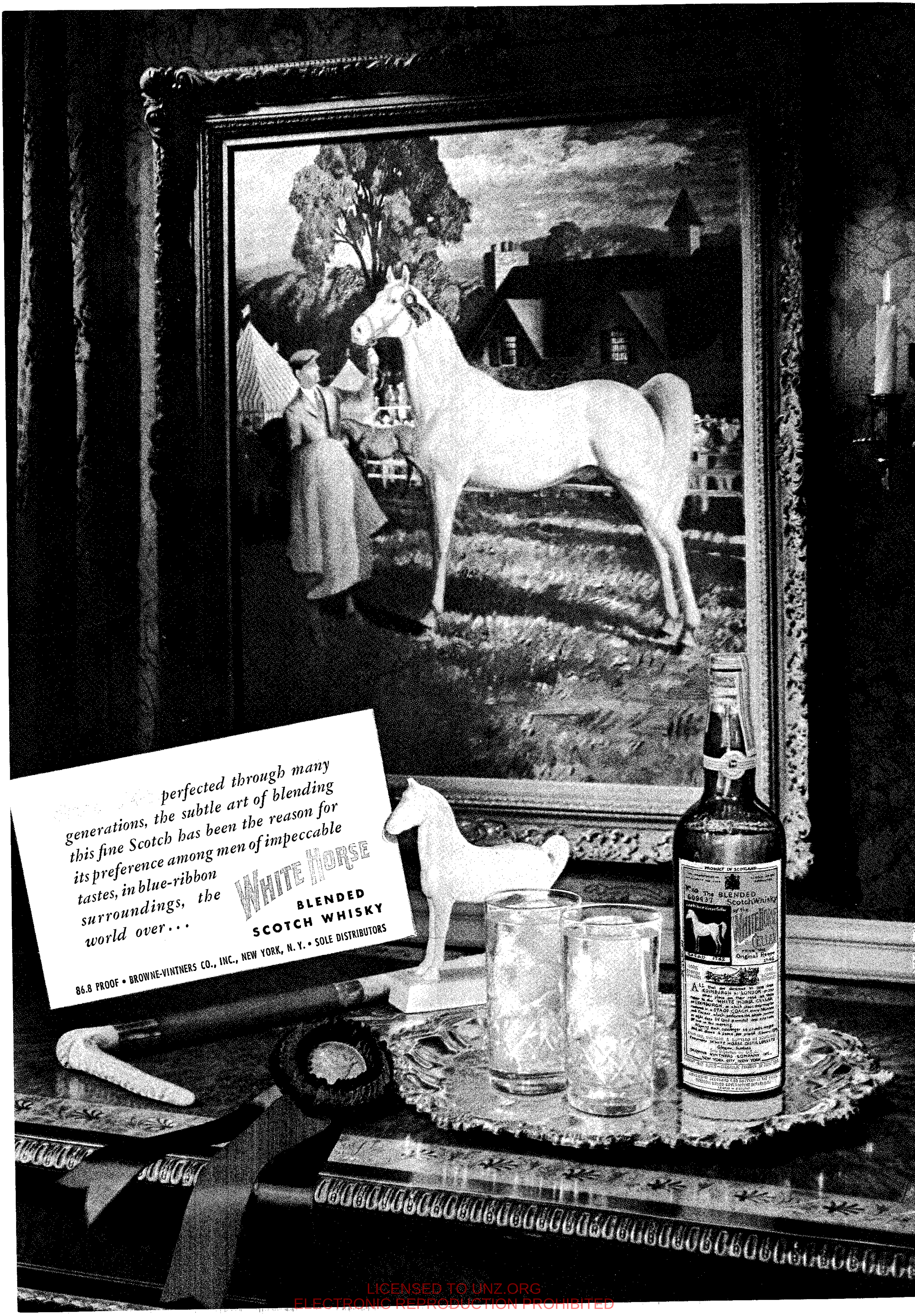

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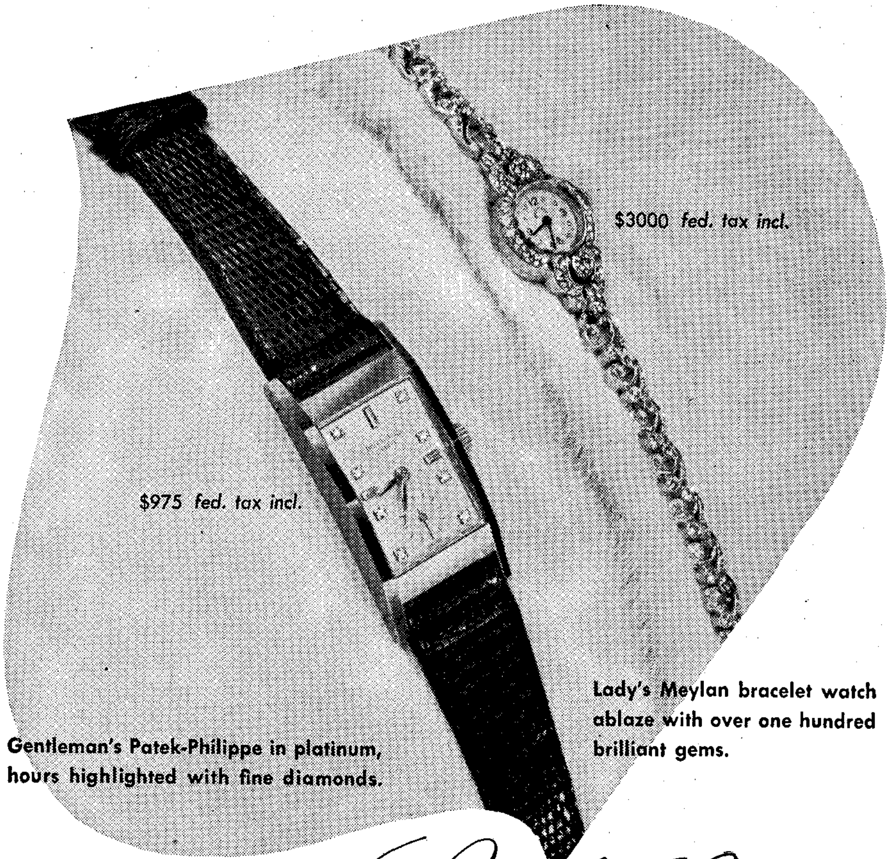
86.8 PROOF • BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS flow meeting had the main meeting's speeches relayed to it, and the Arcadian vote on the various resolutions was communicated by telephone to the pier pavilion. This edifice, which looks as though it had been run up some time in the eighties and hardly touched since, is a crushingly depressing place for a conference of any group, except possibly morticians. The local authorities had done their best to chirp it up a bit with banks of flowers on the platform, but its gloom and poor ventilation (after lunch, even a reference to Aneurin Bevan, who is like a red rag to most Tories, couldn't stop the heads from nodding) remained unaffected. Outside, the pavilion was decorated with huge banners carrying the new Party slogan, "The Tories Will Clear Up the Mess," referring, of course, to the deeds of the Labour Government rather than to the scraps around the pier that were of such interest to the Llandudno sea gulls, huge, speckled birds with the profiles of Roman emperors. The speeches in the pavilion were broadcast through loudspeakers placed along the pier, so that Llandudno babies, in their prams along the sunny promenade, jigged happily to the tune of roaring Tory voices that echoed weirdly against the rocky mass of Great Ormes Head, a cliff at the western end of the bay, which in Elizabethan days was renowned as a nesting place for peregrine falcons.

MR. CHURCHILL, to whom many of those present referred, with a capital letter, as the Leader, was not due to appear on the speakers' platform until Saturday, when his big speech would wind up the conference. For three days, the main business of the gathering consisted of rank-and-file speeches and of voting on resolutions. The chief impression given by this conference was one of dullness, which was explained away by Lord Woolton, the chairman of the Party organization, who presided over the first day's proceedings like a benign family solicitor just about to read Grandfather's will to the assembled dependents, as the result of a caution natural in a party that must be fully conscious of the responsibilities ahead. Many Tories now believe that the testament is in their favor—in other words, that they will get home in the 1950 general election. Some young Conservative candidates admit, in private conversations, that they have their doubts about this opinion, but speaker after speaker at the conference got up and announced a ringing conviction that the



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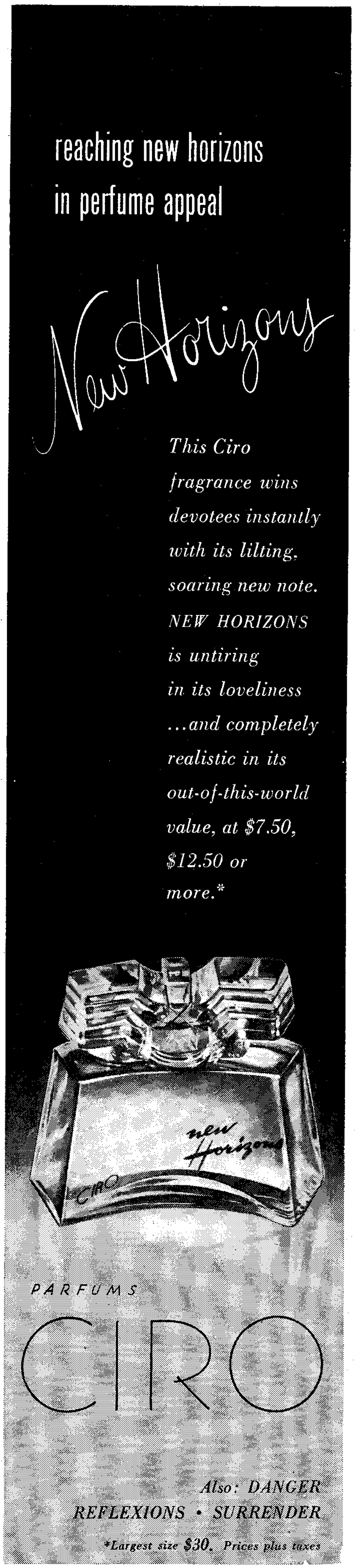
local elections next spring would show an important Tory swing, one that would be converted, the following year, into a Parliamentary victory.

One notion that this conference plainly strove to correct was the idea that the Tories are a one-class party. Not only were the speakers skillfully divided between rising young politicians with old-school ties and those, without them, who could be trusted to introduce into their speeches such lines as "Speaking as a plumber and a good trade-unionist" but the list of delegates identified many individuals, in brackets, as "railway worker" or "farmhand" or "docker." The conference also laid stress on the Party's youth and poverty. The days when the Tories could depend on thumping gifts of money from rich members of the Party are gone; it is now the Socialists who have the cash to oil party-machine wheels. The Tories at Llandudno were told that they must speed back to their constituencies and somehow whistle up an extra two hundred thousand pounds for the fight ahead.

Apart from a spirited discussion as to how this was to be done, one of the few lively spots in the three-day marriage of true Tory minds—which was proceeding all too blandly for many of those present—was the debate on imperial policy, in which delegates who favored the scheme of imperial preference collided in heated argument with the enthusiasts for some sort of federation with Western Europe. Lots of speakers had no hesitancy about spitting out the old-fashioned word "empire" straight from the back of the throat, without any apologetic mumblings, nor were they reluctant to express their dislike of the prospect of becoming, as Colonel Oliver Stanley, M.P., put it, "permanent pensioners of the United States of America." The principal rumpus, however, occurred during discussion of the resolution on "the growing menace of Communism to the security of the nation," when a young Norfolk delegate named Fountaine, who made a dangerous, anti-Semitic speech at last year's conference, stated his excitable belief that if Britain should become involved in a war with Russia, a large percentage of trade-unionists would actively fight on the other side. He was shouted down by the audience, but many delegates were extremely pessimistic afterward about the effect this sort of thing might have on votes after it had been worked over by the Socialist press, and about the unfortunate tendency of some high Tories to lump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THE arrival of Mr. Churchill, just after dark on Friday evening, was the big event of the meeting for his supporters and for the local people, who stood outside the Grand Hotel in the windy twilight shouting for Winnie until the familiar shape ambled out on a balcony and, only just discernible against the lighted window, gave them the old V sign. When he finally appeared on the pavilion's platform, on Saturday afternoon, to make his big speech (the audience was informed with charming simplicity that it would be broadcast throughout Llandudno, the small nearby spa of Colwyn Bay, and the United States of America), the enormous warmth of his welcome clearly moved him. His pink face puckered and flushed touchingly, and for a second he looked like a baby before it opens its mouth and lets out a howl. What eventually came out of his mouth was enough, one would have thought, to make the audience do the howling, but one of the most extraordinary things about his listeners' reaction was the calm with which they heard him utter his forthright views on the atomic bomb and Russia. Maybe there are people who have to read grave news in the papers before they can realize that it is grave news. At all events, the audience streamed out of the pavilion to speed Mr. and Mrs. Churchill on their tour through the streets of Llandudno (they rode perched in the open back of an ancient-vintage Rolls-Royce, which gave an uncanny impression of being drawn by a couple of spanking bays) as cheerfully as though they had just heard their leader declare that everything was for the best in the best of all possible Tory worlds.

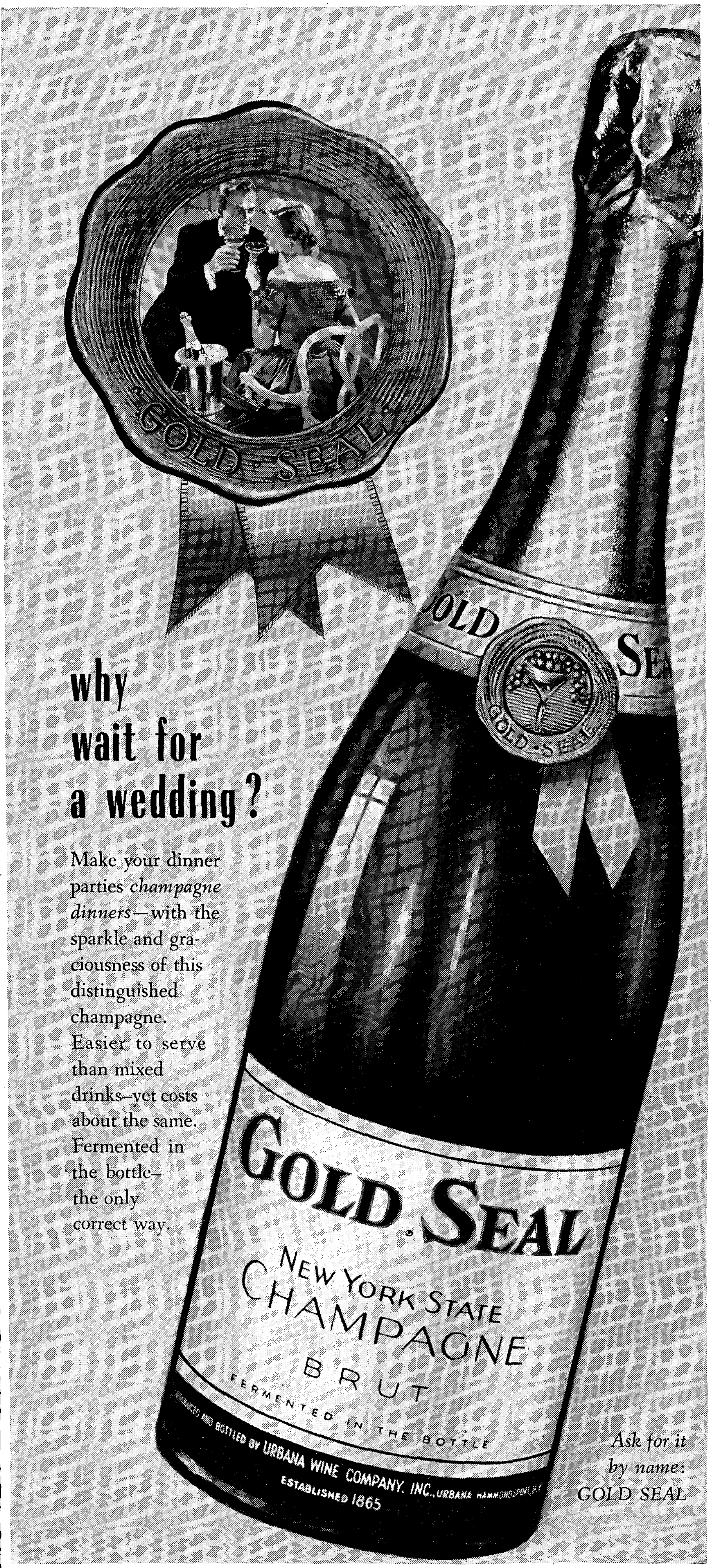
An hour later, the conference began to wash out of the little town. The happiest man in Llandudno appeared to be an anonymous fisherman who was rowing himself away from the shore standing up in a tiny dinghy—away from the flags and the voices, obviously and tranquilly intent on nothing in the darkening world but mackerel.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

A thirty-four-year-old Memphis, Tenn., doctor credited with developing an anesthesia that eliminates childbirth was named one of 10 outstanding young men of 1947 by the United States Chamber of Commerce.—*Bulletin of the Los Angeles County Medical Association.*

He *does* sort of stand out.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

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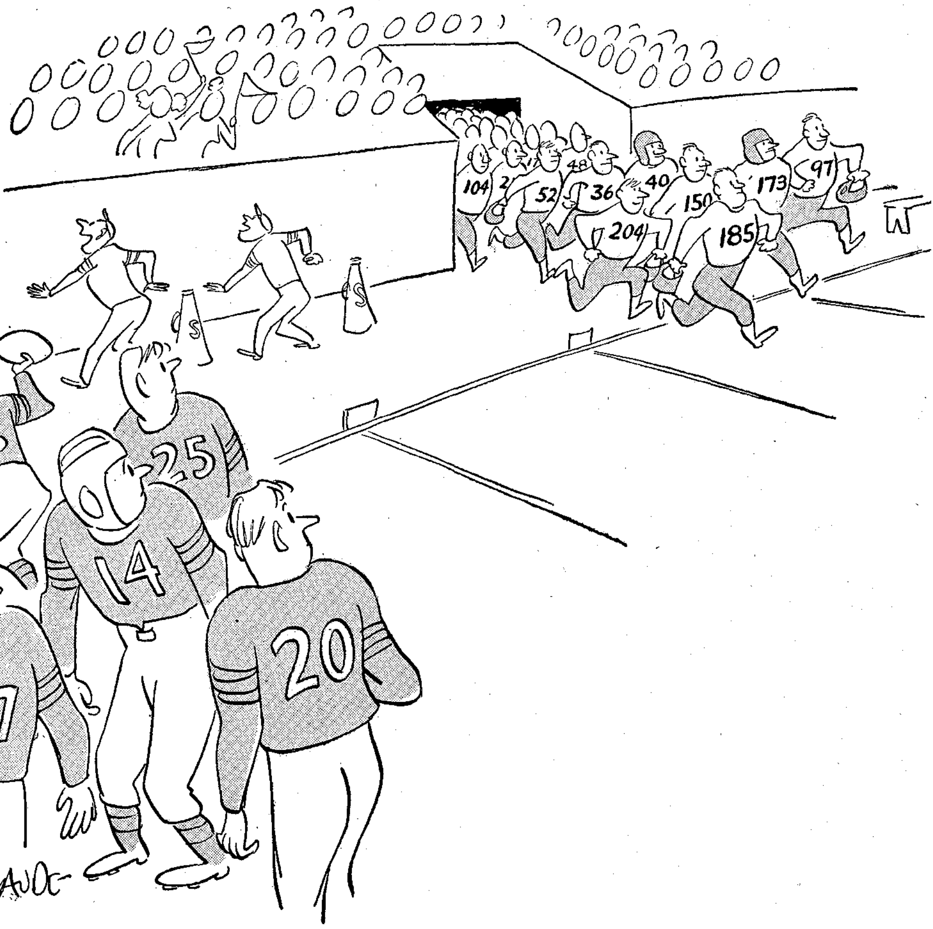
I TOOK a train up to Westerly, Rhode Island, one recent sunny morning and spent several agreeably aromatic hours on an herb farm operated by two sociable spinsters, Mittie Arnold and Margaret Thomas, in the worn, piny hills some twenty-five miles north of there. Miss Arnold met me at the station. It was our first meeting, but I singled her out at once from the few others on the platform. "I don't think we'll be apt to miss each other," she had written me a day or two before, "but, just in case, I'll wear a little sprig of herbs. Maybe scarlet pimpernel. Ha, ha." She was standing quietly near the waiting room—a plump, gentle, fine-featured woman in her middle fifties, with a bun of graying dark hair. She wore a brown-and-white checked gingham dress, a panama hat with a flowered band, and scuffed oxfords. Pinned to her bosom was a cluster of willowlike leaves. I went over to her and introduced myself. "Now you're going to ask me why scarlet pimpernel isn't scarlet," she said, giving me a quick smile and a calloused hand. "It is, only I couldn't find any nice enough to wear. Besides, that was mostly just a joke—you remember the story. I decided on lemon verbena instead." She tore off a leaf, crushed it, and handed it to me. "Hold it to your nose," she said as we headed for her car. "Isn't that a delightful scent? So lemony and sweet. You can imagine what a delicious tea it makes, and what a delightful sachet. When people wonder what I can see in herbs, I sometimes feel like saying, 'Well, have you ever smelled lemon verbena?' " Three cars were parked in a row behind the station—a crumpled Ford station wagon, a Pontiac coupé, and a new black Cadillac limousine. Miss Arnold's was the Cadillac.

"Make sure your door is closed good and tight," she said, gripping the wheel. "We don't want any accidents." Then she gave her full attention to steering the car through the meagre intricacies of Westerly traffic. I sniffed my instructive leaf. When we had edged past the last clam stand and were safe in the wooded countryside, Miss Arnold leaned comfortably back and said, "Of course, verbena is merely one of my favorites." I asked her what other herbs she was partial to. "Oh, dear!" she said. "Dozens. I just meant that verbena isn't the only herb I like. I'm very fond of carrots and string beans." She looked at me gravely for an instant and then broke into a merry laugh. "I said that to astonish you," she explained. "The truth is, you know, that most plants are really herbs. Vegetables and flowers and nearly everything that in a broad sense isn't a tree or a shrub is actually an herb. But nowadays, of course, when we say herbs we mean plants that are used medicinally, or for seasoning, or for their scent or decorative value. People are so funny about herbs. They're suspicious. They seem to link herbs with witchery and quack medicine. They'll admit that they use spices and seasonings in cooking, but they say they don't care for herbs. Well, my goodness, spices and seasonings and herbs are all practically the same thing. Culinary herbs, I mean. We grow medicinal and decorative and aromatic herbs, too, but, except for a little verbena and lavender and catnip, the herbs we sell are mostly culinary, so I'm more interested in them. Altogether, we must have well over a hundred different kinds of herbs in our gardens. I couldn't begin to name every one of my favorites. Some of the ones I like best, though, are sweet basil, chervil, marjoram, thyme, tarragon, summer savory, parsley, rosemary, sage, spearmint, peppermint, coriander, fennel, and dill. I honestly don't see how any good cook can get along without most of those. Imagine sliced tomatoes without basil! Or chicken without rosemary! Actually, there's only one herb I don't particularly like, and that's horehound. The funny part of it is that horehound is what got me started with herbs."

"What turned you against horehound?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't turn against it," Miss Arnold replied. "I never liked it. I've always disliked horehound candy, and I found that the herb itself, when I finally came across it, hasn't any fragrance. I was dead set against raising any kind of herbs then, or using them in cooking, either, up until 1939. 'Ugh! Nothing doing,' I used to say. I didn't want to be faddy. My sister-in-law was always giving me one of those teeny-weeny boxes of assorted dried herbs, but I never had a cook, either out here on the family farm or during the winters



From experience comes faith . . .

You are looking at a young man who already has faith. His age is in months and days, not years. But even now, experience has shown from whom comes help and comfort and love.

A child's horizon of experience is a room. Later it will be a house, a city, a world.

Out of each new experience wisdom is gathered. Comparisons teach which things are constant, where to place trust.

By comparison, man learns also the value of things unseen, things in which he can finally put his faith.

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in the city—in Providence—who would take the trouble to use them, and I never did anything about them myself. I do my own cooking now, or most of it. But about how I got started. I happened to see a horehound plant at the Spring Flower Show in Providence in 1939. It was the first one I'd ever seen, and I was astonished to learn that it was a native plant. I'd always thought it was Oriental. Well, I bought it. I don't know why, but I did, thank heavens. I must have rather liked its looks. I took it out to the farm and planted it. Then some friends of mine who like herbs heard about it and sent me some peppermint and spearmint seedlings, and I thought, oh, well, and put them in, too. Their fragrance appealed to me. The next thing I knew, I was interested in herbs and reading books like Rosetta Clarkson's 'Magic Gardens' and buying seeds right and left. It gave me something worth while to do. I'm not one to sit still. When I used to have to spend my winters in the city, I hated it. I don't like high society and never did. My father died years ago and I took care of my mother as long as she was alive, but that was about all I had to occupy my time. Besides, I think Father would be pleased if he knew that I was growing herbs, because he always tried to interest me in gardening when I was a child. He was a businessman—he was the head of Arnold Hoffman, a company that manufactures chemicals, in Providence—but he loved the farm, and he was a worker. There's a sundial out on the lawn, and the motto on it is 'Life's but a short day, but it is a working day.' Father believed that, and so do I."

We swung off the highway and into a shadowy side road, and Miss Arnold went on to say that Miss Thomas was also an advocate of the working day. "We got acquainted in 1940," she said. "She's a Minneapolis girl and a graduate of Stanford University, and she's taught school and done social work out West. When we met, she was director of the Providence Council of the Girl Scouts. We were neighbors. My family's house in the city is practically next door to the Girl Scout offices—or, rather, it was; I sold it five or six years ago. About the time we became friends, Miss Thomas lost her apartment. She didn't have any place to live, so I asked her to move in with me. We've been together ever since. She kept up her Girl Scout work for a year or two after we met. By that time, just by association, she was as interested in herbs as I was, so she resigned from her job and we decided to go into the business of selling dried culinary herbs, and I made her a partner. We've been living out here all year round ever since. It was a lucky day when we met. If it hadn't been for Miss Thomas, I'm afraid I'd still be just an amateur." The woods thinned out, the road broadened, and a clapboard church, a general store with a gasoline pump in front, and a scatter of white cottages set in deep lawns came into view. Somebody waved to us from the porch of one of the houses as we passed, and Miss Arnold waved gaily back. "Well, that was our village," she remarked as the trees closed in again on either side of the road. "The village of Greene. Population one hundred, including us. We're only two miles from the farm now."

"How big is your farm?" I asked.

Miss Arnold hesitated. She seemed almost embarrassed. Then she said, "I don't know exactly. Two thousand acres, or about that. And it isn't really a farm. It's mostly woods. It's just something that's been in the family for I don't know how long. Ever since the Indian days, I guess. Of course, it isn't all mine. I have two brothers and two sisters, and it belongs to all of us. I just happened to own the old homestead—the house, that is. I'm the eldest, and I stayed on there with Mother. Also, the farm isn't nearly what it used to be. You probably remember the hurricane of 1938. Well, until that happened, the farm was ninety per cent virgin white pine. The family had never cared to cut it. Father always said that a stand of white pine was the best investment there is, because you can always cut some at a good price if need be. The hurricane blew most of our woods to pieces. Then, in 1942, a drunken firebug set fires all around Greene, and most of the rest of our trees went up in smoke. That terrible fire burned over an area of a hundred square miles and destroyed three million dollars' worth of timber. We were under the National Guard for a full week. Only a miracle saved Greene, and the only thing that saved our house was the wide lawn around it. On a close day, you can still smell the charred wood."

While Miss Arnold was talking, we had emerged abruptly from the woods and had begun to wind down through a long valley of sunny fields and meadows. In the middle distance, surrounded by sagging apple trees, stood a large, rambling white shingle-and-clapboard house, a comfortable combination of early Colonial and late Victorian. Be-

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yond it were a group of well-kept farm buildings, an empty, blue-lined swimming pool, and a greenhouse, blazing in the sun. A driveway, flanked by a pair of huge, solitary gateposts, led unhurriedly down to the house and on to the buildings behind. On one of the posts was a sign: "Greene Herb Gardens." "Here we are," Miss Arnold said with satisfaction, wrenching the car into the drive. "You know, I get a little thrill whenever I see our sign. Who would ever have dreamed that Mittie Arnold would end up in business! And I'm glad that we simply named our place after the village. We couldn't be bothered to think up a picturesque name like—well, like Twin Trees, say, which is an herb farm down on Long Island, or Spice Islands, out in California, or Juniper Hill, over in Connecticut. I suppose I'm like Father that way. He always just called the farm 'the farm.' We make up for it in quality. Our dried culinary herbs are the freshest and cleanest and spiciest on the market. The only possible exception is the tarragon and parsley that Crosby Gaige raises for himself and his friends on his place down in Westchester. That may sound like boasting, but it isn't. It's just the plain truth."

As we pulled up at the house, the front door opened and Miss Thomas came briskly out to meet us. She is forty-two years old, slim, firm-jawed, and cool-eyed, and wears her hair in a boyish bob. She had on a rainbow-striped shirt, pale-blue shorts, and beaded moccasins. "Welcome to Greene Herb Gardens!" she cried in a hearty voice. "You made good time, Mittie. You're just in time for lunch."

"Dinner, dear," Miss Arnold murmured.

Miss Thomas smiled calmly. "I hope you're hungry," she said, turning to me. "I know I am." We followed her into a dim, beamed, angular living room containing two cavernous fireplaces, both filled with branches of bayberry and rhododendron. The walls were lined with handsome and durable furniture and hung with family portraits. At one end was a short passage into a sunny, white-panelled room, in which I could see another big fireplace and chairs arranged around a dining table. Presently, steps sounded outside and a tall, rawboned, bespectacled man of about thirty-five drifted into the room. He, too, was wearing shorts, and he was carrying a book—a guide, I gathered from its cover, to the nutritional values and vitamin contents of various

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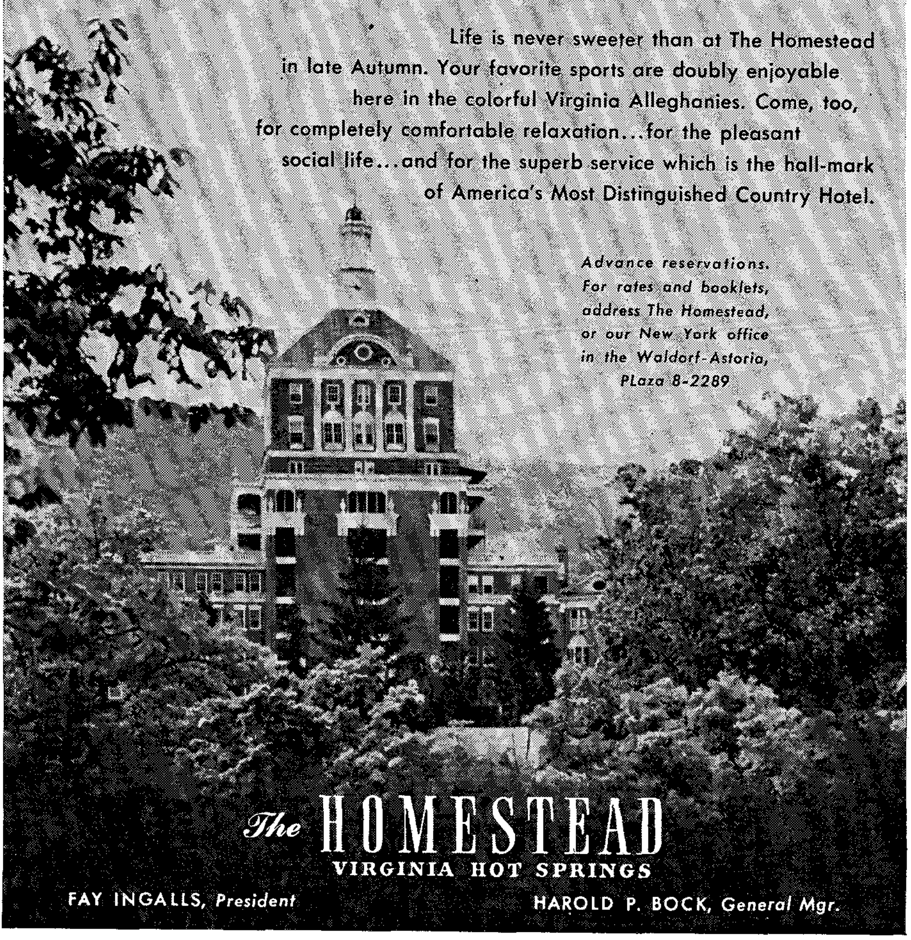

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foods. He bowed to my companions and then leaned back against a mantel. "This is my brother Irving," Miss Thomas said to me. "We call him Jack, though. He's our mechanical genius."

"Oh, I'm full of brainstorms," Mr. Thomas said.

"Jack's very clever," Miss Arnold said softly. A pungent smell of cooking crept into the room. She raised her head and sniffed. "If you'll excuse me," she added, "I think I'd better see how Helen is getting along in the kitchen. She's helping me out there today."

Mr. Thomas released her with another bow, and she hurried off. "Helen is Jack's wife," Miss Thomas told me. "They're both former high-school teachers, like myself. Jack used to teach science, and Helen and I taught physical ed. Jack and Helen came here from the West Coast for a little two-week visit in 1946, and—I don't know—they've just never left." She gazed fondly at her brother. "They keep telling Mittie and me that they will, but—"

"That's the truth," Mr. Thomas said. He chuckled and slapped his thigh with his food guide. "Our baby boy was even born here. I don't mind Rhode Island. Of course, it isn't California."

Miss Arnold, accompanied by Mrs. Thomas, a shy, pink-cheeked, robust young woman, appeared in the passage to call us in to dinner, and we joined them at the table. It was a bracing meal. The meat, which Miss Arnold carved, was a roast leg of lamb, cooked with garlic and marjoram. With it, we had fresh peas cooked with spearmint; browned potatoes and a gravy that was flavored with a fiery multitude of herbs that Miss Arnold and Miss Thomas, explaining that the combination was a trade secret, jealously declined to identify for me; peppermint relish; hot biscuits flavored with rosemary; herb-blossom honey; and homemade dill pickles. We drank herb tea. For that, Miss Arnold passed around a silver pot of hot water and a plate on which were sprigs of fresh lemon verbena, sweet basil, fennel, thyme, peppermint, sage, and camomile. For my first cup, I chose lemon verbena, and sweetened it with honey. It tasted rather like mild lemonade. Then I joined Miss Arnold in a faintly more invigorating cup of camomile. "Sage makes a very nice tea, too," she told me. "It was *the* American tea for a long time after the Boston Tea Party. All the patriots drank it. But camomile is really tastier, I think. And it's very relaxing. Camomile tea is what Peter Rabbit's mother gave him after his terrible experience in Mr. McGregor's garden, you remember." We had vanilla ice cream for dessert. It was crisp, ghostly white, and made of goat's milk. Miss Thomas, Mr. Thomas, and Mrs. Thomas all had generous second helpings. "We used to have some cows," Miss Arnold said mildly, "but now we keep goats instead. The goats are Jack's idea. He and Helen and Margaret believe that goat's milk is much more nutritious than cow's milk."

Mr. Thomas chuckled. "It is, Mittie," he said. "There's no doubt about it."

"Ugh!" Miss Arnold said, pushing back her chair.

Mrs. Thomas rose with her, and the two began to clear away the dishes. Mr. Thomas smiled around the table and slipped swiftly away. "Jack's cutting sage today," his sister told me as we followed the others through a pantry into the kitchen. The room was large and cluttered and low-ceilinged. Along one wall was a bookcase crammed with cookbooks and works on botany and horticulture. In a built-in cabinet above the stove were several rows of tiny glass jars containing dried herbs. "Sage is our biggest crop," Miss Thomas said, "and this is the third one we've cut this season. The last, too, probably. We *have* cut sage as late as the twenty-eighth of October, though. It's the hardiest of all herbs."

"And sweet basil is one of the most delicate," Miss Arnold remarked from the sink. "Poor, tender sweet basil—even a hard rain will ruin it."

"Yes," Miss Thomas said. "Well, while Mittie and Helen are finishing up here, we'll go around the gardens and you can see how we harvest our herbs. Jack has rigged up a sort of harvesting machine on a little two-wheel garden tractor we have. It's really swell. The blades work like clippers, shearing off the good top leaves, and they're wide enough to cut a row at a time. And there's a basket right behind the mower to catch the cuttings. He got the idea for that from those things people put on lawnmowers. It used to take us forever to harvest a crop. In the old days, we had to crawl up and down the rows on our hands and knees with a pair of scissors. Remember, Mittie?"

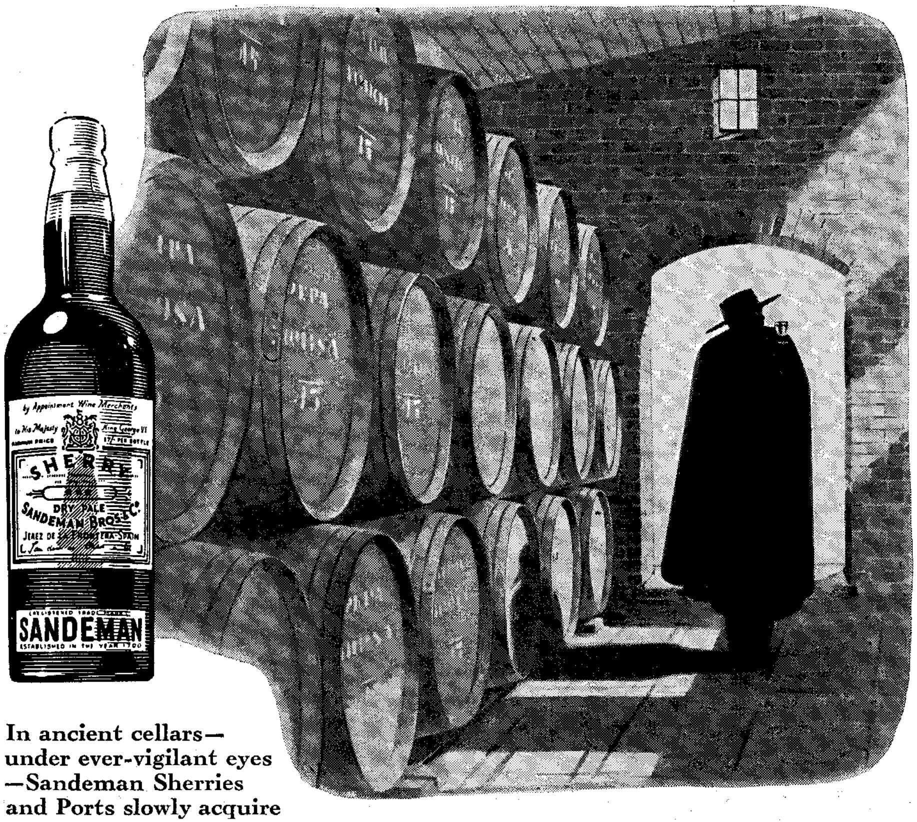
Miss Arnold nodded dreamily. "We worked like slaves," she said. "We were awfully ignorant, too. Neither of us had ever studied botany. The only way we had of telling the weeds from the herbs was by smell. We decided that if something smelled good, it was an herb. If it didn't, we decided it was a weed. We used to work with an herb book in one hand and a hoe in the other—or almost. But you two had better run along. I'll meet you in the knot garden."

"O.K.," Miss Thomas said.

"What is the knot garden?" I asked.

"It's beautiful," Miss Arnold said, smiling a secret smile. "You'll see."

WE walked down the back lawn, past a long vegetable garden and a row of dead-ripe plum trees, toward the farm buildings. From behind one of them—a high, square, finicking carriage house topped by a conical belfry—came the sputter of the garden tractor. There was no other sound. The surrounding fields lay green and peaceful in the sun. Beyond were dark, wooded hills, with here and there the huge gray skeleton of a ruined pine rearing sadly up above the second growth. "I don't know how much Mittie has told you about our little business," Miss Thomas said, absently plucking a plum, "but we've finally got ourselves pretty well organized. We started out with seven acres of herbs. The weeds or the frost got a lot of them. Out of seven whole acres, all we ended up with our first year was six hundred pounds of dried herbs. Now we've got only three and a half acres in cultivation, but if we do as well this year as we did last, we'll produce about a ton and a half. Those first years, we just bit off more than we could chew. We sell about a fourth of our crop every year direct by mail to people who hear about us somehow and write in. We get thirty cents for a two-ounce jar of any herb except tarragon. That's forty cents. Another fourth of our crop goes to dealers, and, naturally, we get a little less from them. The rest of it we sell to the big packers, and they pay a lot less. Unfortunately, we're not well enough established yet to get along without them. But, by golly,



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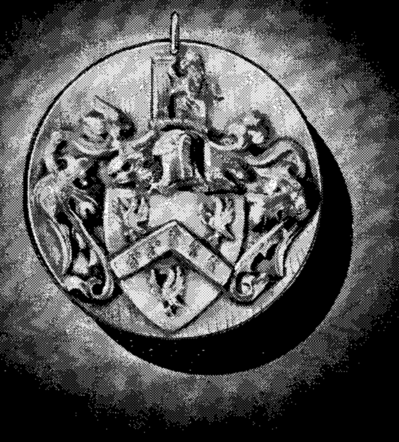

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Miss Thomas contemplated her plum, took an indifferent bite of it, and pitched the rest at a loitering robin. "You can see all but one of our herb gardens from here," she said. "You passed that one when you drove in. It's on the other side of the house, across the road. We call it the North Plot. Way over there to the right is the Old Potato Bed. That's what it used to be—a potato patch. And the flat, rectangular field just this side of it is the Tennis Court Plot." Mr. Thomas came into sight from behind the coach house, hunched over his muttering machine, knee-deep in tumbling greenery. "Mm—smell that sage," Miss Thomas said, and I caught a faint whiff of something sharp. "That's the West Hillside he's working in. It's our biggest garden, and probably our best. It gets plenty of sun, and the drainage is practically perfect, and the soil isn't much good." I looked at her questioningly. "Many herbs," she explained, "are natives of the Mediterranean countries, you know, where the soil is about worn out, and that's the kind of soil they do best in. This old, sandy, used-up Rhode Island land is just right for herbs. Herbs will grow to beat the band in rich soil, but then they're all foliage and no flavor. They just don't produce the aromatic oils that make them smell good and taste good. Down there, at the far end of the greenhouse, where the West Hillside levels off, is what we call the Old Vegetable Garden—and that's all of them."

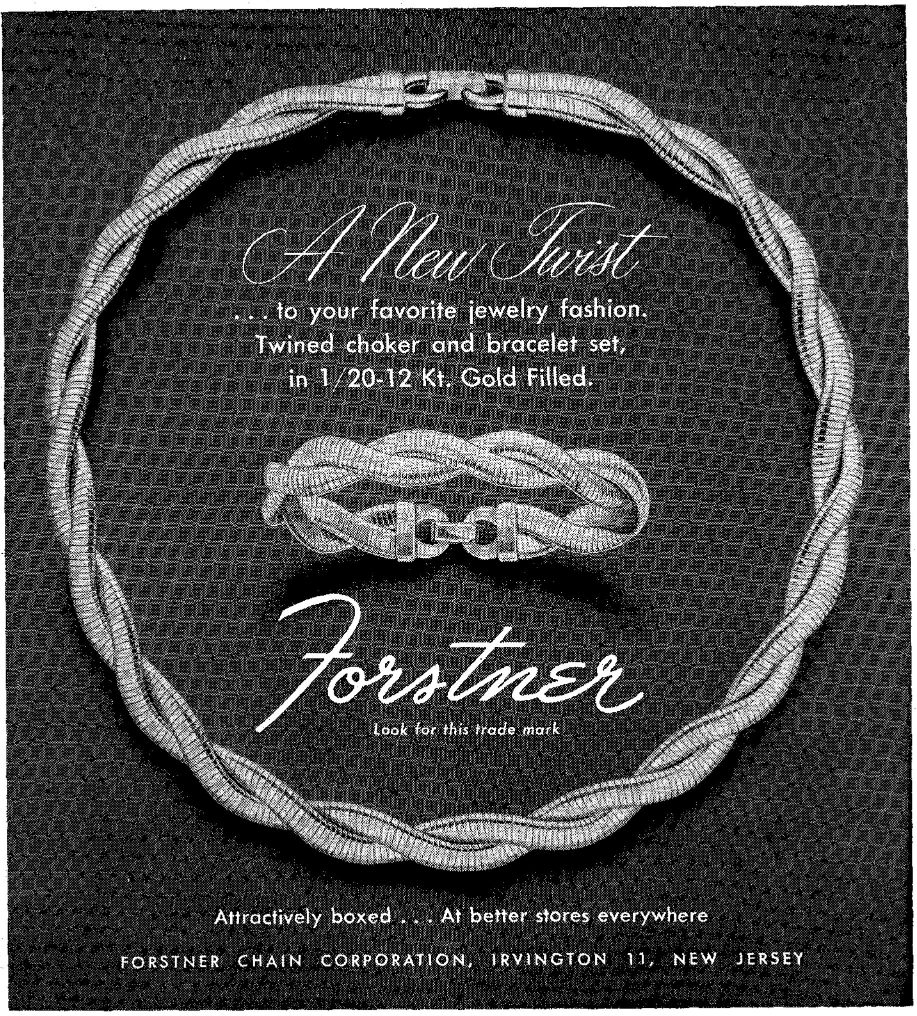
"Is the West Hillside all sage?" I asked.

"Just the top sixteen rows," Miss Thomas replied, as we reached the greenhouse. "We grow a little of everything in most of the gardens. There's sweet marjoram in the West Hillside, and purple and green sweet basil, celery, chervil, thyme, parsley, and tarragon. Actually, we've got herbs growing all over the place. Just to show you how nature reproduces, I once worked out the number of seeds on one little plant of basil and, believe it or not, it came to around four hundred thousand. Herbs spread like weeds, some of them. Here's something you'll find growing around all our buildings." She tore a handful of grayish heart-shaped leaves off a bushy plant near the greenhouse door. "Catnip," she said. "Some people say that termites can't stand the smell of it. It's funny about herbs. They seem to keep most insects away, except honey bees. Honey bees love herb blossoms. The ordinary garden pests won't touch herbs, or anything growing near them. Lately, we've been planting rows of herbs in our kitchen garden to protect the vegetables, and it works. I hear the Japanese beetles have been eating up everything in the country this year, but we haven't seen a single one here. It must be that herbs smell too strong for bugs. I know that ants hate tansy. We always keep a fresh sprig or two of it in the kitchen. They run from tansy like the plague. Another thing about herbs—some of Mittie's old herb-lore books say that people who grow herbs are never sick. Maybe germs don't like their smell, either, because I can't remember when anybody in this house has been ill. The real reason probably is that people who grow herbs are outdoors all the time, breathing fresh air and working up a big appetite. And then food flavored with herbs is so tasty that you eat a lot and get plenty of nourishment. I'm sure I'd be as big as a house if I didn't work so hard."

Miss Thomas opened the greenhouse door and peered in. "Nobody home," she said, shutting it. "Not that it matters. There isn't anything to see in the greenhouse now. It's where we start our plants, during the first few months of the year. A good many herbs are perennials, but we prefer to start them from seeds in here. It's one way to beat the weeds. The plants are well up when we set them out in plots, but the weeds are just beginning to grow then. Our schedule is to start sage in the greenhouse on December 31st, thyme in early January, majoram around the middle of February, and basil and savory and most of the rest sometime in April. When they've got some growth, we transfer them to a cold frame outside, for hardening off. Then they go into the plots. We transfer sage in early March, for instance, and put it into the ground in May. Maybe you're wondering how one ordinary-size greenhouse can hold enough plants to cover three and a half acres. Well, that's another wonderful thing about herbs. They're so little at the beginning that we can get about two hundred plants started in only twelve square inches."

As we turned away from the greenhouse door, Mr. Thomas caught sight of us and waved elaborately. Then he bowed and plodded on behind his machine. "That Jack!" his sister said. We stood for a moment watching him. Several large wicker laundry baskets were scattered among the rows in which he was working. Occasionally, he stopped to scoop armfuls of cuttings from his catcher and dump them into one of the baskets. A breeze had sprung up, and the uncut rows rippled like deep-green water. The odor of sage was stronger now, rich and warm and peppery. "We haul the herbs to the drying house in a truck," Miss Thomas said, taking a long, therapeutic breath. "It's probably over there now. Let's have a look. I want you to see the drying house anyway. Then you'll know one reason why Greene Garden herbs are so good."

WE walked around the greenhouse, across a dusty barnyard, and up a short, steep lane to the drying house. It is a small wooden building, overlooking a scrubby pasture. The truck, a little jeep pickup, was at the door, with its engine idling, and a quaking heap of dull-gray-green sage in back. An elderly man in overalls was standing beside the truck, lifting the sage out and dropping it into a vat of water. He gave us a placid glance, nodded to Miss Thomas, and then fished a dripping clump of sage from the vat and carried it over to a shoulder-high tier of wire-mesh trays that stood just outside the door—they looked like short-legged iron cots, stacked one on top of another—and spread it out in one of them. "I have an idea a lot of herb growers don't bother to wash their cuttings," Miss Thomas said. "As a matter of fact, I



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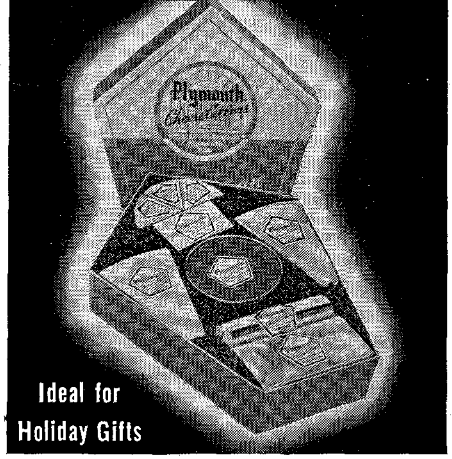
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don't know of any others that do. Fresh herbs aren't really dirty, but we always give them a good dunking just the same. That's one big difference between our herbs and most others. There just isn't anything that's too much trouble when you're going in for quality, you know. After they're washed, they drain for about an hour, and then they're ready for the drying. Those racks are movable. All we have to do is carry them inside and stack them up again. I'll show you."

I followed Miss Thomas into a hazy, L-shaped room. Dusty patches of sunlight seethed at the windows, and the floor was lumpy with dropped or discarded herbs. The aroma was staggering. It was minty, sugary, salty, weedy, earthy, and almost visible. It smelled like a hay barn and the seashore and a candy kitchen. My eyes began to smart and my nose felt tight. I made out a row of topless barrels, most of them filled with processed herbs, and, in a corner, a man in a limp-brimmed hat who was bending over a table, noisily at work. It sounded as if he were sandpapering something. His back was to us and he didn't look up. I stifled a sneeze. There was a heavy door at the far end of the room. Miss Thomas pulled it open. A wave of withering, bittersweet heat broke over us. My face went wet with sweat, and then bone dry, and then wet again. "This is the drying room, but I guess I don't have to tell you that," she said, grinning, as we went in. "We keep the temperature at an even hundred in here, and the humidity is nearly zero. It's all thermostatically controlled. That licorice smell is sweet basil. There's basil on most of those racks now, and a little thyme and sage. Drying takes from twenty-four to thirty-six hours and sometimes even longer, depending on the weather. Before we got really professional and scientific, drying was solid worry. In those days, we dried our herbs the old-fashioned way. We just hung them in bunches along the rafters in the attic up at the house and prayed for dry weather. A close day would set us back nearly a week. Even in good weather, we couldn't count on anything much under three weeks. Of course, it was very pretty and picturesque, and Mittie—"

There was a sudden, sullen, subterranean growl. "Oh-oh," Miss Thomas cried. "That's the furnace starting up. I've cooled the room off. Just leaving the door open for a few minutes will do it. Even on a warm day." She shooed me out ahead of her and slammed the door. The man at the table turned slowly around. He wore thick canvas gloves, and he had a big, bristling bunch of dried herbs in each hand. "Afternoon, Miss Thomas," he said. He stared tolerantly at me for a moment, and then turned back and resumed his work. We walked over and watched him. The table at which he was occupied was simply a sheet of quarter-inch wire screening fixed in a wooden frame, and under it stood a wide-mouthed hopper. He was separating the leaves from the stems by rubbing the herbs vigorously back and forth across the screen. The leaves dropped into the hopper, but the screen was too fine for the coarse stems. Every now and then, the man paused and swept an accumulation of stems off onto the floor with the back of his hand. Miss Thomas said with contempt, "I've seen herbs on the market that were half stems. I won't name any names, but you can bet your bottom dollar that they weren't ours. We don't stop at one screening, either. Greene Garden herbs are screened twice. The second screening gets rid of the tougher leaf stems. We do that with a machine. Jack invented it, and it's all electrical."

Miss Thomas took me down the room to another screen-topped table. Its mesh was considerably finer than the other's, no more than an eighth of an inch. A broad conveyor belt led from beneath the table to within a foot of the rim of a large, shallow box. An electric fan, with the blades tilted up at a forty-five-degree angle, stood on the floor near the other end of the belt, facing the box. "I wouldn't dare turn the machine on without Jack," Miss Thomas said, "but this is how it works. We spread the leaves out on the screen, and it's made so that it can be agitated by a motor. That shakes them up, and the finer particles sift down onto the conveyor. Then the belt carries them along, and when they come to the end and fall off, the fan blows the tiniest pieces—the only parts that we consider tender and flavorsome enough to use—into the box. Then we take them upstairs and package them. But the larger bits and any stem fragments that may have slipped through the screen are too heavy for the breeze from the fan, so they tumble to the floor, and that's the last of them. It's really ingenious, isn't it?" I said there was no denying that. I began to edge toward the bright, bland afternoon beyond the door. My nose was almost numb and I itched all over. "Of course," Miss Thomas added, "Jack says he hasn't brought it to the peak of perfection yet, but that's just Jack for you. He's a perfectionist."

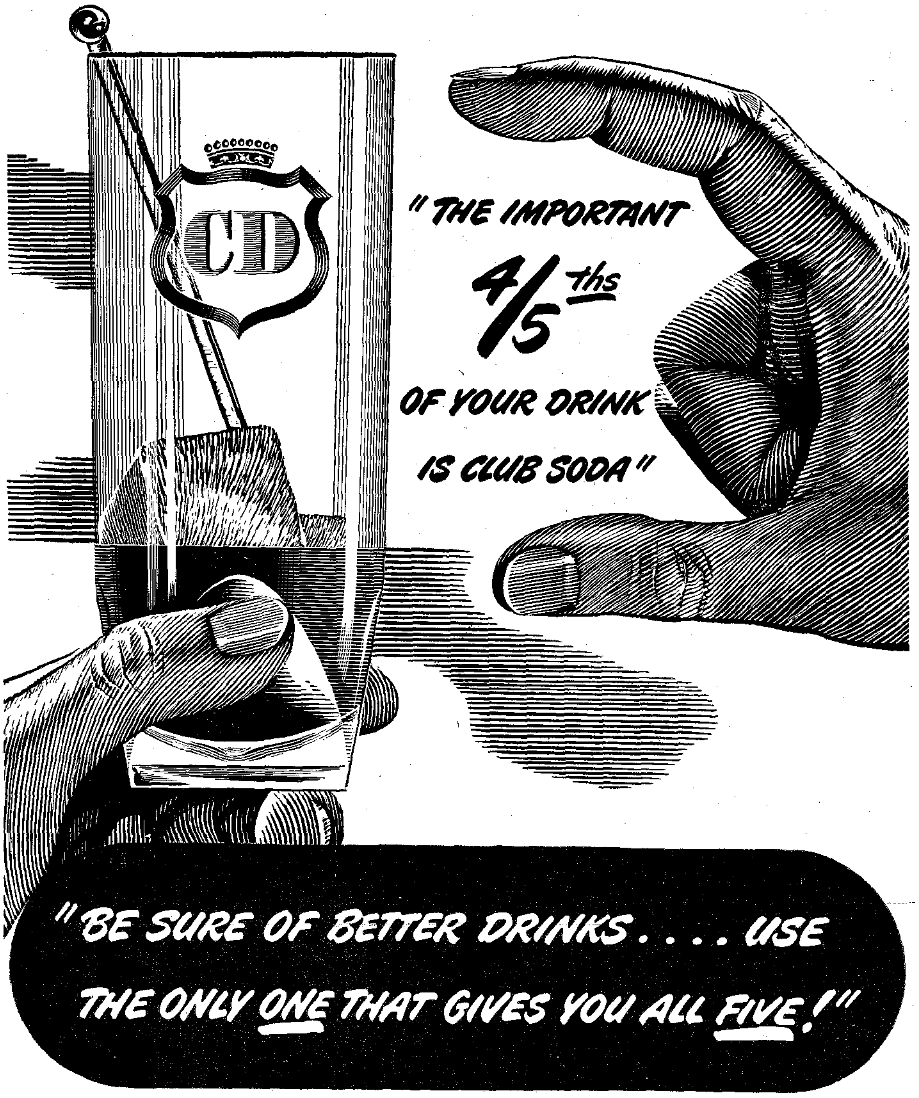
THE truck was gone when we came out into the yard in front of the drying house. The vat had been emptied and refilled with clean water, and the racks were piled with soggy sage. Even though the sun was bright, the air now seemed cool and damp. We picked our way around a vanishing puddle. Someone called to us. It was Miss Arnold. She was standing on the lawn near a thicket of shrubbery. "Goodness!" she said as we joined her. "It's warm for this time of year, isn't it? The herbs should be simply luxuriating."

"Umm," Miss Thomas said. "If it only lasts, we might get another crop of marjoram."

"I hope so," Miss Arnold said. "You both must be warm after your prowl. I asked Helen to put some tea things on the porch. A nice cup of peppermint will taste good later on. But the knot garden comes first, and I'll lead the way." She ducked through a break in the foliage, and we trailed after her, down a narrow flight of stone steps. They ended in the deep shade of a grape arbor. Beyond it lay a long, rectangular formal sunken garden—a mosaic of gray flagstone paths and the glittering greenery of herbs. It was enclosed on two sides by an arcade of arbors, and on the other two by a wall of privet. In the center was a vine-entwined wattle seat, with herbs growing from it, built around the bole of a stunted orange tree. Miss Thomas plucked a dusty grape from the vines overhead and squeezed it gently between her lips. Miss Arnold gazed blissfully at the garden and then turned to me. "Can you guess why it's called a knot garden?" she asked. I shook my head. "Oh, but I know you can," she said indulgently. "Doesn't it look like a beautiful knot? That's the reason. Just study the pattern formed by the paths and the different herbs for a moment. Then you'll see it. Of course, it's very stylized. Knotted gardens—that's what mostly decorative gardens like this used to be called—are extremely old. Much older than flower gardens. They go all the way back to Tudor England and medieval times. The idea that a garden should be a riot of color and all for pleasure is really quite new."

"All color and no smell," Miss Thomas remarked, stepping into the garden.

"Fragrance is ever so much more restful," Miss Arnold said. "We'll follow you this time, dear." As we filed down a wandering path, she went on,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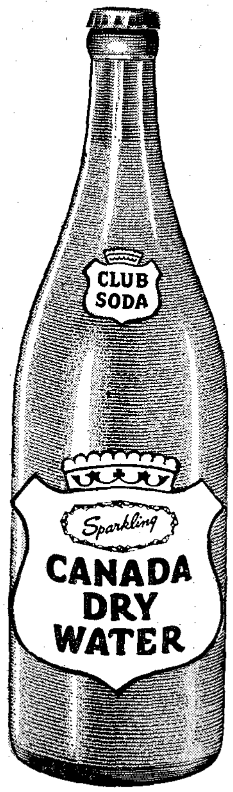

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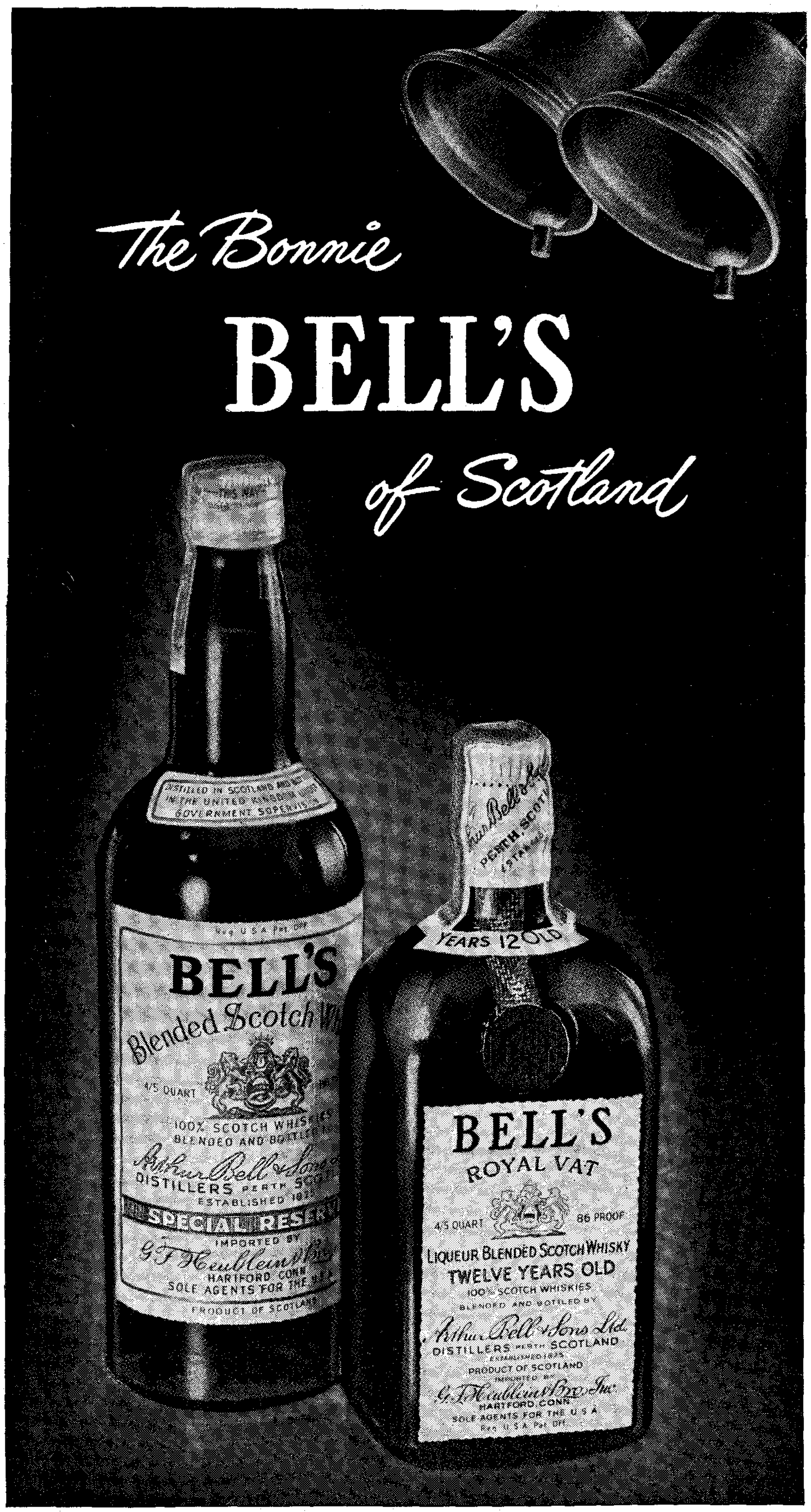
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"You can imagine how relaxing it is to sit over there on the wattle seat on a fine evening and be surrounded by a hundred different delicious scents. All the old knot gardens had some sort of a turf seat in the middle. Ours is covered with creeping thyme. I suppose you'd like to know what some of these herbs are. This big, spiky fellow here is mugwort. The old herbalists believed that a sprig of mugwort would ward off lightning. That's hyssop, where Margaret is. It's mentioned in the Bible, but don't ask me where. Those tall, funny-looking things are called backward onions—they're just like regular onions except that their bulbs are on top. We use them in dressings. Just beyond them is our lemon grove. We have lemon thyme, lemon balm, lemon geranium, and, of course, plenty of lemon verbena. Then there's some sweet woodruff. The Austrians make a punch out of it. And this is borage. It's supposed to give you courage. Its tender fresh leaves are wonderful for salads or— What in the world are you doing?"

I had moved abruptly aside to avoid trampling on a patch of herbs that were struggling up between the flags. Miss Arnold laughed and shook her head. "Well, it's easy to see that he's a greenhorn," she said. "You're *supposed* to step on the herbs in the path. That's what they're there for—to be stepped on and crushed. It releases their fragrance. Like this!" A faint, familiar smell of licorice drifted up from the walk. "Minimum basil," she said.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

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Seems as though she must have gained a *little* experience *some*where.

•

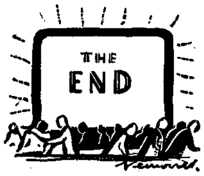
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From "Cases and Materials on the Development of Legal Institutions," edited by Julius Goebel, Jr.*]

Having given this entity the flame of life from the lamp of the law, they must soon have discovered that the raw milk of English precedent was no diet to sustain it.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dancers and Gangsters



NESTLING among the innumerable reels of "The Red Shoes," a British Technicolor production, is a fine ballet, vaguely based on a Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale about a girl who puts on a pair of magic slippers, finds that she can't stop dancing, and finally has to have her feet cut off. The ballet is as interesting an item as you're likely to come across in a long time, and Moira Shearer, the ballerina, could hardly be improved upon, but pleasant as this interlude is, I can't say that the picture as a whole struck me as being very stimulating. The color gives most of the characters the dismal complexion of the recently embalmed, and the dialogue runs to such doubtful extravagances as "The dancer who relies on the comforts of human love will never be a great dancer" and "Great expression of simplicity can only be achieved by great agony of body and spirit." These master thoughts may be valid, but a film that swarms with people given to talking that way is hard to endure for more than two hours, and this film lasts more than two hours. The leading figure of the piece is an impresario, played by Anton Walbrook and presumably modelled on Diaghilev. Then we have Miss Shearer, as the ballerina, and Marius Goring, as a young composer. When Mr. Goring starts ogling Miss Shearer in a way that is likely to take her mind off her *pliés*, Mr. Walbrook gets to mulling over schemes to keep the talented lovebirds apart. This goes on and on and on. Now and then there are glimpses of Leonide Massine and Ludmilla Tcherina, and of Robert Helpmann, who did the choreography.

"TRAGIC HUNT," an Italian picture, has all the accoutrements of an old-fashioned Chicago-gangster film. We are presented with a mob led by a woman former collaborator, operating in postwar Italy; the gun moll, a handsome baggage, is loved by an ex-soldier, who has taken to crime, reluctantly, because no other employment is available to him. Together with some other hoodlums, this pair holds up a truck bound for a collective farm, steals a bundle of money with which the farmers had

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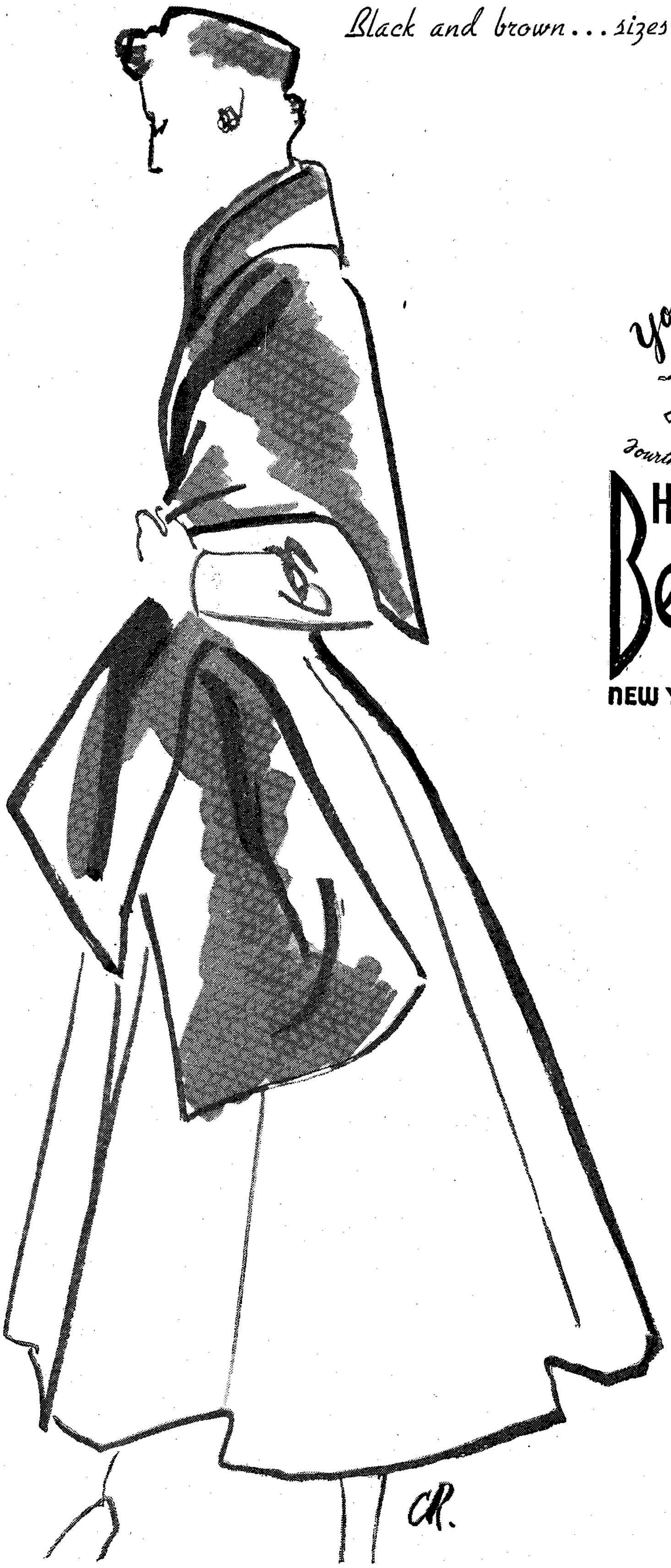

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intended to pay off their debts, kidnaps a newly wedded bride, and lights out for a hideaway. The exasperated farmers promptly organize a man hunt, and presently a hell of a commotion breaks loose in the neighborhood.

"Tragic Hunt" is nowhere near the lofty level of the films of Roberto Rossellini, who made "Open City," "Paisan," and others, but it is lively entertainment, and Giuseppe de Santis, who directed it, has threaded his story with so many realistic scenes that it is possible to forget the over-all improbability of the plot. The acting throughout is robust, and Vivo Gioi, as the lady gang leader, displays such vigorous enthusiasm for her soldier pal that I found it hard to blame him for tearing around the countryside with her instead of settling down with a chicken farm and a mortgage.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON, who has confidently faced all kinds of dilemmas in his cinema career, comes up against a staggering one in "Night Has a Thousand Eyes." He plays a fake mind reader who suddenly gets authentic second sight. He foresees the winners of horse races, a rise in oil stocks, and the trend of the Dow-Jones averages, but he can't get really warmed up over his gift, since, along with these profitable flashes, he has others, of a most sinister nature. For instance, he has a presentiment that the girl he wants to marry is going to die in childbirth. There's no need to assault you with further details of the plot; I will merely say that though the complications are damned near endless, Mr. Robinson pulls everybody through, as you might expect. Floundering with him in this morass are Virginia Bruce and John Lund.

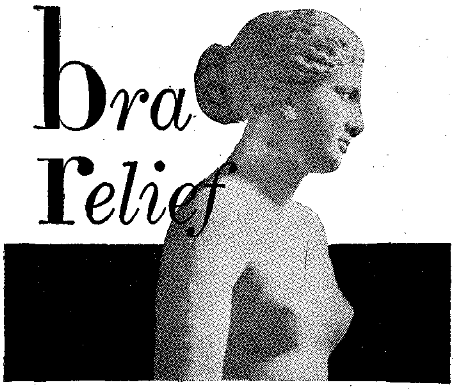
"APARTMENT FOR PEGGY" is a mild little affair about married veterans returning to college and running head on into the housing shortage. The picture centers on a couple (Jeanne Crain and William Holden) who are permitted to inhabit the attic of a house belonging to an eccentric professor who feels that he has nothing to live for. The couple have their ups and downs, but they succeed in keeping the professor from doing himself in. All this is bland enough, but I'm not sure that it's particularly nourishing.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Frank remained out of sight except in the presence of others.—*The News.*

That's rank discrimination.



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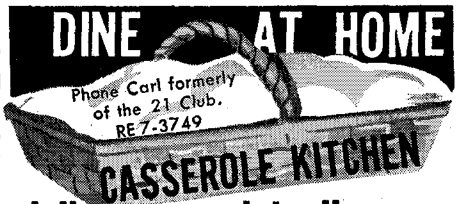
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THE DOLOROUS TOOTH

WHILE spending a vacation recently with some American friends on their sugar mill in Cuba, I awoke one morning with an aching wisdom tooth. None of my efforts to placate it helped. My friends, knowing nothing about the dentists in Havana, called a few Cuban acquaintances of theirs and found that a Dr. Emilio Suárez had the best reputation by far. According to their informants, Dr. Suárez had a *simpático* personality, and his assistant was, reputedly, the most beautiful girl in Cuba. Furthermore, Dr. Suárez was supposed to speak a truly formidable English—an attribute that, mysteriously, gave me confidence in his skill as a dentist. I called his office, got him on the line, and told him my trouble.

"Ah, it makes you painful—the tooth?" he asked.

"Yes." I groaned. "Very painful."

He clucked sympathetically. "At two o'clock, you shall come to my office," he said. "At that time, either I shall preserve the tooth or I shall extract it. And now, for your comfort, you will take a little rum—no?"

Dr. Suárez's advice was persuasive, and by two o'clock I felt that I could face even an extraction with equanimity. The Doctor's office was on the second floor of an ancient coral-stone building in the heart of Havana. It was a warm afternoon, and the elevator man was sleeping peacefully in his cage as I entered the building, so I climbed the long flight of stairs to the second floor. On the riser of each step, a brightly painted sign encouraged me in my ascent. "Be of Good Cheer," read the first sign, in Spanish. "Dr. Suárez Awaits You," read the next. Every third sign offered the dubious assurance given by dentists the world over: "*Extracciones sin Dolor.*" Dr. Suárez's office was at the head of the stairs. I hesitated before entering, for from within came sounds alien to a dentist's office. Music, hilarious laughter, a rattle of talk, and the clink of cup on saucer suggested a gay party. A sharp jab of pain spurred me on, and I opened the door and went into the waiting room. Three fashionably dressed Cuban women were sitting inside holding tiny cups of coffee and shaking with laughter. A dapper little man with a mustache and wearing a white coat—obviously Dr. Suárez—talked rapidly to them, gesticulating energetically. Through the partly open door at the rear, leading to what I presumed was the office,

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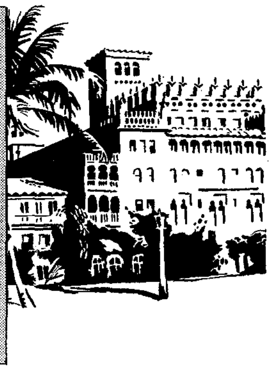

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came the lively strains of a Haydn symphony.

The Doctor jumped up as I entered, hurried forward to meet me, and grasped my hand. "Ah, the Señor with the dolorous tooth!" he exclaimed. He led me toward the women. "Permit me to present the Señora García, the Señora Fontes, and"—his shrill voice softened—"the Señorita Gonzalez." All three smiled ingratiatingly. Dr. Suárez looked at his wristwatch and then clapped his hand to his forehead. "*Ay, mi madre!*" he cried. "Two o'clock! Impossible! Ah, Señor, I am a very occupied man." He spread his hands and hunched his small shoulders in despair. "My appointments—always they deluge me." He sat me in a chair beside a low table, on which a large coffee urn was steaming. "But you will have some coffee while you expect me—no?"

I shook my head and pointed unhappily to my swollen jaw. "*Sí, sí,*" he murmured, and, turning to the women, he explained to them in Spanish that I was in great pain. They looked at me understandingly and made little sounds of commiseration. Dr. Suárez put his hand on my shoulder. "You will open the mouth, please," he said sternly. I opened and he peered in. The women leaned forward. He clicked his tongue. "Very bad," he said. "Very bad. An extraction is necessary."

Dr. Suárez plucked at his small black mustache and frowned. Then his face brightened. "Graciela!" he called. A lovely creature, her dark beauty accentuated by the white garb of a dentist's assistant, appeared in the doorway of the office. The faces of the three women hardened. It was true. She was certainly the most beautiful girl in Cuba. "*Graciela, un poquito de ron para el Señor,*" said the Doctor. Graciela nodded, turned back into the office, and reappeared in a moment with a bottle of Bacardi and a jigger. She poured the jigger full, gave it to me, and, after setting the bottle on the table by my chair, withdrew. While Dr. Suárez and the three women watched, I tossed the jigger down. Dr. Suárez clapped his hands and grinned. "Now, Señor, you rest comfortably—no?" I smiled wanly. "And now to business," he cried, glaring with mock fierceness at Señorita Gonzalez. She rose, giggling nervously. Dr. Suárez took her gently by the arm and led her into his office.

The door to the office remained open and I heard Dr. Suárez's steady chatter, interspersed with frequent titters from Señorita Gonzalez. The Haydn sym-

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phony gave way to a Bach concerto, and that to a Mozart quartet. Another woman, a friend of Señora García, joined us in the waiting room. I thought the Señoras García and Fontes were also patients and resigned myself to waiting for Dr. Suárez until evening, but when Señorita Gonzalez emerged, at the end of the quartet, I found that I was next. The Señoras García and Fontes had merely been waiting for the Señorita. Dr. Suárez urged coffee on the new patient, kissed the hand of each of the women leaving, and then patted me gently on the shoulder.

I rose unsteadily and made my way into his office. From the doorway, it looked like a living room or library. Walls of shelves to my left and in front of me were filled from floor to ceiling with books and record albums. A huge radio-phonograph stood beneath the single large window of the wall to my right, and a sofa and a rocking chair were stationed at either end of the room. On a table by the radio, yet another coffee urn stood ready. Groggy though I was, the unconventionality of all this startled me, and, turning to question the Doctor, I saw the orthodox appurtenances of a dentist's office—the drill, the white cabinets, the sterilizer, and the framed diploma—arranged on both sides of the door leading to the waiting room. The patient's chair, disguised in rich upholstery, faced away from these disturbing sights, and when I sat down, I had the impression I was in the library of a friend's home. Dr. Suárez was delighted by my bewilderment.

"A theory of mine," he said. "It pleases me to make the patient imagine that he is in an agreeable atmosphere. You like my little deception?" He sat on the sofa and started to drink another small cup of coffee. Graciela retrieved the Bacardi from the waiting room and poured me another jigger. I relaxed in the chair in a drowsy state of well-being. My eyes wandered to the collection of record albums.

"You like music?" asked the Doctor eagerly. "I am a great lover of classical music, and I have discovered that it serves a very great function in the office of the dentist. It makes quiet the mind of the patient." He gestured with his coffee cup as he talked. "For each type of work in the mouth, I play a special type of music. For cleaning the teeth, something gay—a Mozart rondo, a Chopin mazurka. For filling a tooth, something that will distract the mind—a Bach fugue, a Chopin étude. For an extraction, something soothing—a

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Chopin nocturne, perhaps. You will see that Chopin is most useful to the dentist. And yet," he added severely, "there is much of Chopin that I would not dare to use—the polonaises, the scherzos, for example. They would inflame the nerves of my patients."

I could see the titles on the albums from where I was sitting and with the exception of Chopin, no composer later than the eighteenth century was represented. "You use no modern music?" I asked.

"*Madre de Dios!*" cried the Doctor. "You have in mind Stravinsky, Shostakovich, Prokofiev?" He sat erect on the edge of the sofa, and the coffee cup shook in his hand. "Of what use are those Russians to a dentist? To listen to Stravinsky is to have a tooth extracted! It is not that I have prejudice against the Russians," he went on hastily. "I find even the great master Beethoven unsatisfactory also. It is impossible to trust him. For a minute, he will be soothing, and then"—Dr. Suárez's voice trembled—"and then you have violence, passion, an eruption of the emotions, music that is disaster for the patient to hear."

"Do you allow your patients to choose their own music?" I asked.

"In very few cases," said the Doctor. "They do not have discrimination. Once, many years ago, I foolishly permitted a patient to listen to the 'Pathétique' Symphony of Tchaikovsky during an extraction." The Doctor rolled his eyes and clutched the coffee cup in both hands. "*Ay*, Señor, it was a terrible occasion. First she wept, and then she fainted. And was it I—Dr. Suárez—who was to blame?" He rose, pressing the coffee cup against his chest. "No, Señor, it was Pedro Ilich Tchaikovsky." He spat out the name. "After that, I banished him from my office."

Mention of the extraction reminded me of my tooth, and I rubbed my jaw. "*Ah, sí*," sighed the Doctor. "The dolorous tooth." He set the coffee cup on the table and looked at me carefully. "I think perhaps you are discriminating, Señor," he said. "I shall permit you to choose your music."

I suggested the Chopin waltzes, but he frowned.

"The slow ones, perhaps," he said, "but the waltzes are more successful for cleaning the teeth. I think the nocturnes will be more satisfactory."

I agreed, and, directed by the Doctor, Graciela selected the records and put them on. The Doctor worked with surprising efficiency. While Graciela took my hand and stroked it, he deft-

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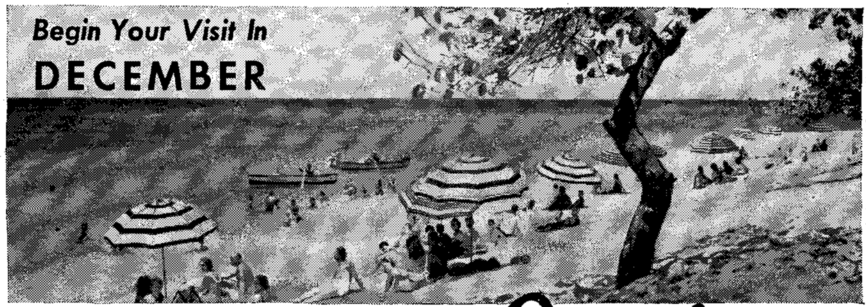

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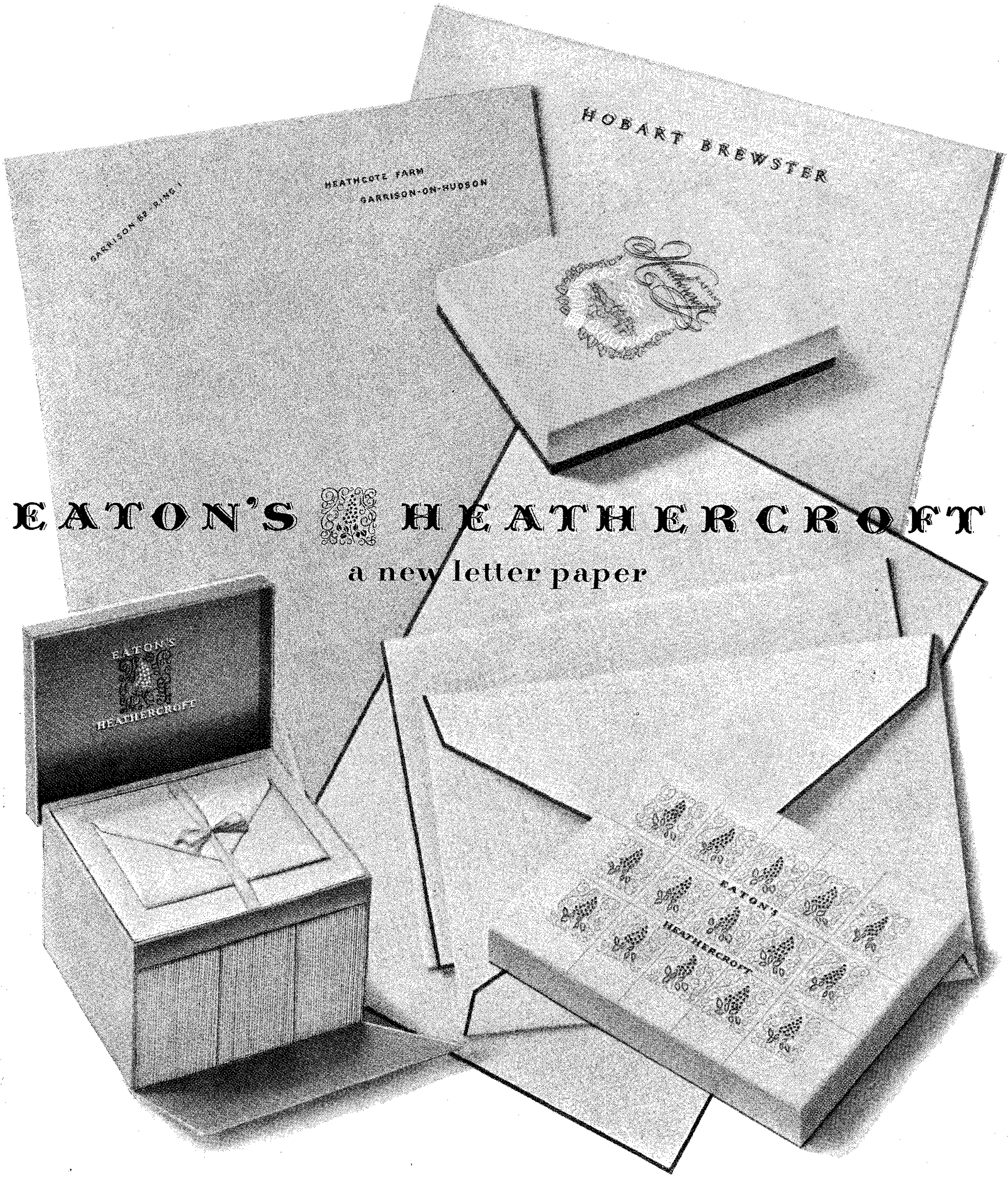

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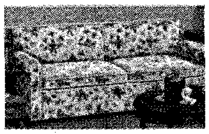

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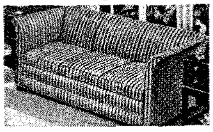

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ly administered the novocain. "We must wait now for it to take effect," he said. "Graciela will give you comfort." He disappeared into the waiting room, and I could hear him greeting yet another woman patient and urging her to join him in a cup of coffee. Graciela squeezed my hand gently, stroked my hair, and looked at me with an expression of infinite tenderness. The rum, the music, and the ministrations of Graciela had their effect. I murmured:

> Where the Houri glances are
> Imbued with all the beauty
> Which we worship in a star . . .

"What you say?" asked Graciela.

"*Poesía*, Graciela," I said. "You are very beautiful and I am slightly drunk."

"Ah, you like the *poesía*?" asked Graciela excitedly. "Then you will listen." She began to recite Spanish poetry. I did not try to understand. Listening to her soft, musical voice as it rose and fell was enough.

In the midst of a poem, the Doctor came back, leaving the women in the waiting room in a gale of laughter that sounded very far away. "Ah, José Martí—so beautiful," he murmured as Graciela continued reciting. I closed my eyes, Dr. Suárez set to work, and within four poems and half a nocturne the tooth was out. Graciela dreamily prepared a mouthwash while Dr. Suárez wiped his hands, hurried over to the phonograph, and played a Chopin waltz. "Your reward, Señor," he cried. "My theory is a good one—no?"

I rested for a few minutes on the sofa while Dr. Suárez drank coffee and talked of the relative merits of Spanish and Cuban poets. As I was about to leave, he presented me with a little white package that Graciela had just finished tying up with a blue ribbon. "For you, a souvenir," he said, patting my arm affectionately. "When you wish to have your teeth cleaned, you will return and listen to *all* the Chopin waltzes."

I opened the package when I reached the street, and found, of course, the dolorous tooth. —W. L. COPITHORNE

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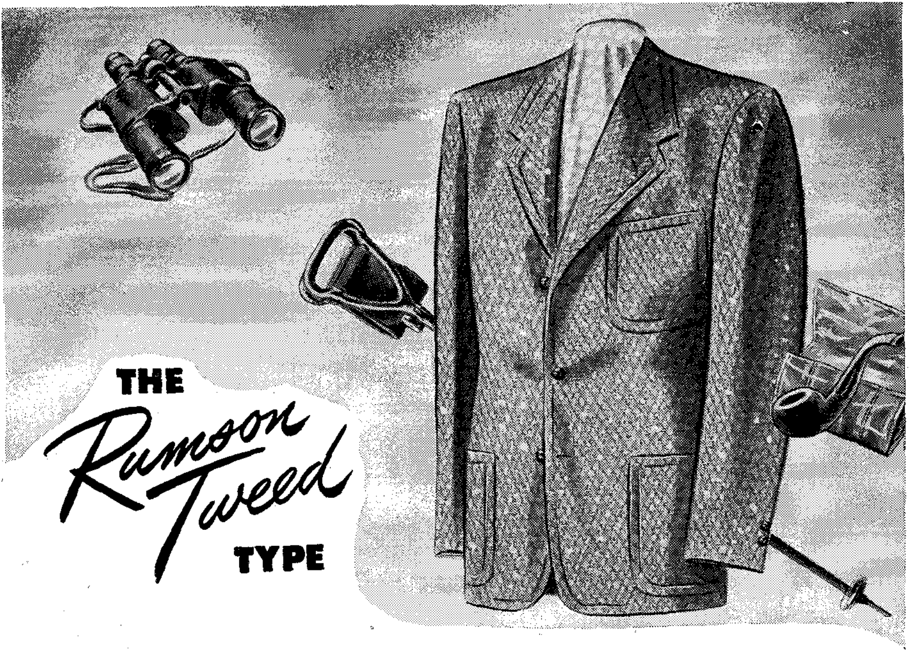

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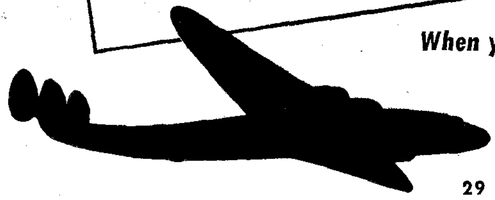

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FOOTBALL

Nice Going

A SUSPICION that Cornell has the mightiest football team east of the Alleghenies would now seem to be in order. Last Saturday, Harvard played its third game under its new coach, Arthur Valpey, taking on Army, at West Point. It looked as impressive in losing, 20–7, to Army as it had in beating Columbia, 33–24, a fortnight before, even though Army scouts had clearly tipped their team off to some of the tricks that had puzzled Columbia. (It seemed to me that Bert Aton, an Army lineman, was occasionally making for the Harvard man who was to run with the ball long before it ever got to him.) Using Gannon sparingly and Kenary not at all, Harvard held Army to a 7–7 draw in the first half of the game and, if it hadn't been for a sudden state of coma in the third quarter, might have held Army the rest of the way. Yet this was the team that Cornell had beaten, the week before, by a score of 40–6. Almost everyone who can make it will, I imagine, tag along with Army up to the Cornell campus this Saturday to find out why. Cornell rested up last Saturday afternoon by beating Syracuse, 34–7.

Harvard is a team after Army's own heart—or, at least, system of substitution—being as fond as the Cadets are of the platoon idea, which involves making replacements six or eight at a time. With such a high turnover of players, it was not always easy to be sure who was doing what. I can remember, though, that when Harvard had the ball, Shafer and O'Donnell and Noonan and Gannon and Moffie and Roche appeared to know what to do with it, and that when Army had the ball, the same could be said for Stuart and Gillette and Cain and Stephenson. But it was only because the players indulged in the old human weakness of momentarily relaxing that there was any scoring at all in the first half. Toward the end of the first quarter, Stephenson was stopped, after a short gain, just inside the Harvard forty-yard line, and all hands automatically began coasting to a halt. But Stephenson hadn't been downed; he had merely run aground on a shoal of Harvard men. He backed off, side-stepped, and shot for the Harvard goal. No one could get into stride fast enough to catch him, and he scored. Toward the end of the second quarter, Noonan, trying to get off a last-minute pass, was trapped by a cluster of Army men far behind the line of scrimmage. He stood there, furious, his arms pinned at his sides, while again everybody in the vicinity began decelerating; then he wrenched loose. Someone nabbed him from behind on the Army seventeen-yard line, but the damage had been done. Harvard had a touchdown two plays later.

There were a great many men to admire on these two teams, which tore into each other unremittingly, with a nicely balanced mixture of impetuosity and skill, and which were so confident of their ability that they always waited until fourth down to kick, even when deep in their own territory. The one real difference between winner and loser, I guess you could say, was that now and then a Harvard ballcarrier got tagged behind his line, and almost never did that happen to an Army ballcarrier.

Harvard's third-quarter state of catalepsy was induced mainly by Gil Stephenson, the Army newcomer who, filling in at fullback the week before for the damaged Cosentino, had made a lot of yardage and two touchdowns against Illinois, one of which the officials ruled out. He made all three of Army's touchdowns Saturday, and all of them stayed in the record. Stephenson is not an especially big boy, but, like every other Army football player, he has been trained to the point where he is simply a splendid collection of muscle under a thin coating of skin. He runs head down, his back horizontal, and charts his course by dead reckoning; such is his momentum that when he is hit, he floats forward several more yards before he comes to earth. I think we can say that he is here to stay. If you wish to make his acquaintance (I'm afraid that it will be only a fleeting one), ask your coach to put you on the right side of the line, his favorite target. I did notice one dazzling Stephenson run around the left flank, though, and several times he sifted through center, so he is not a man against whom it is easy to set up a standard defense. A flock of Cornell spotters were on hand to watch him in operation in the Harvard game. It will be interesting to see what comes of their studies. —J. W. L.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Mirror*]

When Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" he did not have Hollywood in mind.

A Crack-up Can Spoil a Romance

WHEN Grandpop was sparkin' Grandma in his one-horsepowered buggy, he could drop the reins and Old Nell would find her own way home. Horses are gone, but romance is here to stay, we're told. The difference is that today's Romeos drive a hundred horses in the form of fire-engine red convertibles. To see some of these lover boys tearing around the local countryside at 80 mph, with their right arm draped over the shoulders of some sweet young thing, you'd think new cars were equipped with automatic pilots.

If these young bloods would just remember to keep two hands on the steering wheel and their eyes on the curves (in the road, that is), we think they'd save their moms and pops a lot of midnight worrying. It's just as much fun to pitch woo on the front porch and it's a heck of a lot safer. We know what we're saying 'cause we've patched up too many crushed convertibles that didn't quite make a curve because of one-armed driving.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

At the Center

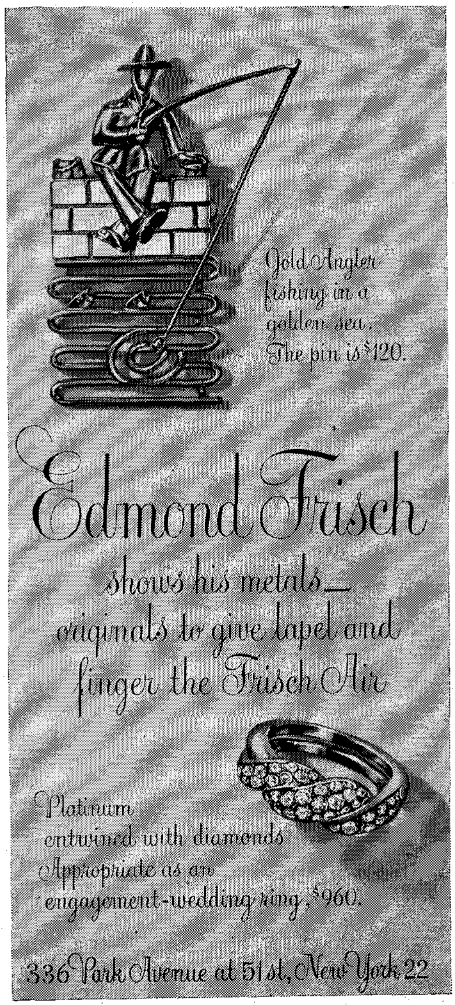
MOZART'S "The Marriage of Figaro" is a masterpiece that can be as troublesome for its performers as it is fascinating for its audience. Last week, the New York City Opera Company took on this work at the City Center and ran up a tidy credit for itself. This is not to say that the presentation solved all the problems involved in the singing of Mozart's music, but it was alert, intelligent, cohesive, and entertaining, and the audience welcomed the company's latest addition to its repertory vehemently.

This being a Mozart-in-English decade, the City Opera offered the story of Figaro in a recent translation by Ruth and Thomas P. Martin. I can tell you from experience that shifting a foreign text into English that sounds reasonably natural, is faithful to the original, conforms to the composer's musical design, is possible to sing, and makes good stage material is a formidable chore. The Martins handled the many problems effectively, fluently, and, when appropriate, wittily. There were a few spots that didn't sound too easy vocally, but these can probably be smoothed out.

The conductor was Joseph Rosenstock, who hadn't conducted in this country, so far as I know, since 1929, when he directed a few performances at the Metropolitan. Mr. Rosenstock was an instant success with his clear, deeply understanding treatment of the music and his flexible, yet commanding, treatment of the personnel. He played the piano for the recitatives, and thereby further demonstrated his intimacy with Mozart's subtleties.

In the cast, whose doings ranged from the competent to the authoritative, were several newcomers to the company, among them Frances Bible, who was a musical and believable Cherubino; Dorothy MacNeil, who was pertly charming in the brief role of Barbarina; and Luigi Velluci, who succeeded in conveying the humor of Don Basilio without recourse to banal operatic funny business. Leopold Sachse's staging was concise and convincing, and H. A. Condell's scenery was both practical and good-looking.

An incidental but apposite ballet se-



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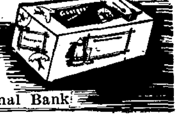

quence for the opera was prepared by the company's new choreographer, George Balanchine, who is also artistic director for the New York City Ballet Company, which is currently on view at the Center each Monday and Tuesday evening. The City's ballet season began a week ago last Monday with three Balanchine creations—"Concerto Barocco," to the music of Bach's Concerto for Two Violins and Orchestra, "Orpheus," with Stravinsky's music, and "Symphony in C," with the Bizet symphony as orchestral complement. The dancers received a huge assist from the excellent conducting of Leon Barzin, the musical director for the ballet group. The première was a hit for all concerned.

City Center operas and ballets are available at a three-dollar top, tax included. There are some big buys on Fifty-fifth Street, all right.

SOMETIMES concerts of unusual interest take place simultaneously, which can lead to some reportorial shuttling between Carnegie and Town Halls. On one evening last week, for example, Szymon Goldberg, who hadn't been heard here in recital since 1938, was at Carnegie Hall, while Marion Bell, who had the original feminine lead in "Brigadoon," made her local concert début in Town Hall. Mr. Goldberg, whose discs are well known to record collectors, proved to be an important addition to the list of violin recitalists. He played with unobtrusive skill, complete musicianship, and the undefinable quality that marks a master. From what I heard of Miss Bell's venture in songs, it was evident that she is as uncommonly attractive in her singing as she is visually. In spite of some vocal tension, she displayed a winning blend of musicality and dramatic expressiveness. She introduced to New York Leonard Bernstein's "La Bonne Cuisine," four neatly flavored compositions with eighteenth-century French recipes as subject matter. They were good diversion and good sound, but I would have preferred to hear those recipes in English.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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THE RACE TRACK

Hail to the Chief

4TH RACE
SCRATCHES

ONCE again we had the spectacle of Citation galloping around the track at Belmont, and it was a good show. Regardless of whether you bet on him to win the Gold Cup last Saturday, and collected fifteen cents on the dollar, or just watched a performance that warmed you through and through, you got your money's worth. There were gasps and squeals as Phalanx made one of those rushes through the stretch for which he was famous last season, and Arcaro, Citation's rider, taking no chances, drew his whip. He never had to use it, though, and Citation won by a couple of lengths. (Merely for the record, Carolyn A. finished third, a long way behind Phalanx.) As you would expect, a few people immediately said that had Donoso, who rode Phalanx, started his charge sooner, he might have won. Well, I think that if those horses had circled the track again, and then had run from there to the Rocky Mountains, Phalanx would never have been any closer to Citation than he was at the winning post. Anyway, the band played "Hail to the Chief" as Citation was led into the weighing-in enclosure. I'll string along with that selection.

At saddling time, Jimmy Jones, Citation's trainer, remarked that his colt wasn't in quite the form he enjoyed a fortnight before, but you'd never have guessed it from the way he ran or from his looks. Citation has been in training since early in January, has travelled about five thousand miles in Railway Express cars, and has run seventeen races, sixteen of which he has won. Yet he looks sleeker and stouter than when I saw him at Havre de Grace in April. His next, and most likely his last, start this season will be in the Pimlico Special, at Baltimore, on October 29th. I'll throw caution to the winds and predict that he'll win it.

Getting around to what makes Citation go, his share of the Gold Cup purse was $75,600, which gives him a total of $664,570 so far this year (about a hundred thousand more than his celebrated long-tailed stablemate Whirlaway earned in his entire career) and a grand total of $820,250 for two sea-

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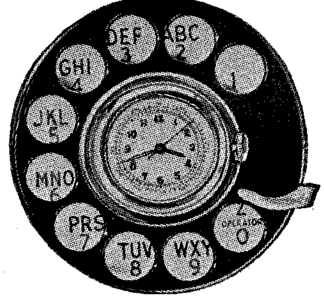

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sons. There is a story that Stymie, who earned $911,335, and who was retired in midsummer because of a leg injury, will be put back in training so that he might hold his place at the top of the winning list. Two to one he doesn't!

IT is no betrayal of confidence to state that as an international race the Gold Cup was not a success. One of the four foreign entries—the Maharajah of Baroda's My Babu, the beaten favorite for the Derby Stakes, in England, last June—wasn't shipped. Another—André Lombard's Madelon, a French filly—developed leg trouble after her arrival. The others—Nathoo, who won the Irish Derby for the Aga Khan, and Bayeux, a Belgian colt belonging to Jean Nys—ran and, as the saying goes at Newmarket, finished down the course. Nathoo, a light-bodied, mean-looking gray, was backed heavily in the tote, probably because Atkinson rode him. I may be an old fuss-budget, but it seems to me that the Aga Khan's trainer might at least have sent a set of new silks over with the horse. Those Atkinson wore looked like some you see at Bowie on a rainy afternoon. As for Bayeux, a big, rough-coated four-year-old, all his luck was bad. Coming over, early last week, he went into a dither every time the plane he was in ran into an air pocket, and he battered his hocks so badly that it was doubtful he'd get to the post. (When a horse is shipped by plane, he wears a sort of padded helmet, and shin guards like a baseball catcher's on his front legs, but for some reason his hind legs aren't protected.) On Saturday, Bayeux started outside the stall gate, because he hadn't been schooled in that apparatus, and got away so badly that he should have been pulled up.

It's a dour pronouncement, if you like, but an international race just won't go. Nobody in England or France is any more likely to send a good horse over here, even with the dollar what it is abroad, than Calumet Farm is to send Citation abroad for the Ascot Gold Cup or the Prix de l'Arc-de-Triomphe. For one thing, European owners and trainers are stuffy about racing horses on dirt tracks. If the Empire City Racing Association's new plant has a turf course, that might help a bit. —AUDAX MINOR

•

> Belief that warts are caused by The Grand Canyon of the Colorado lies entirely within the State of Arizona.—*Portsmouth (Va.) Star.*

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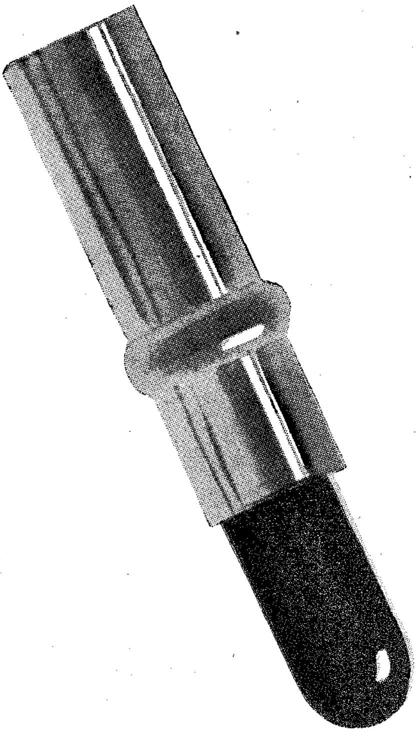

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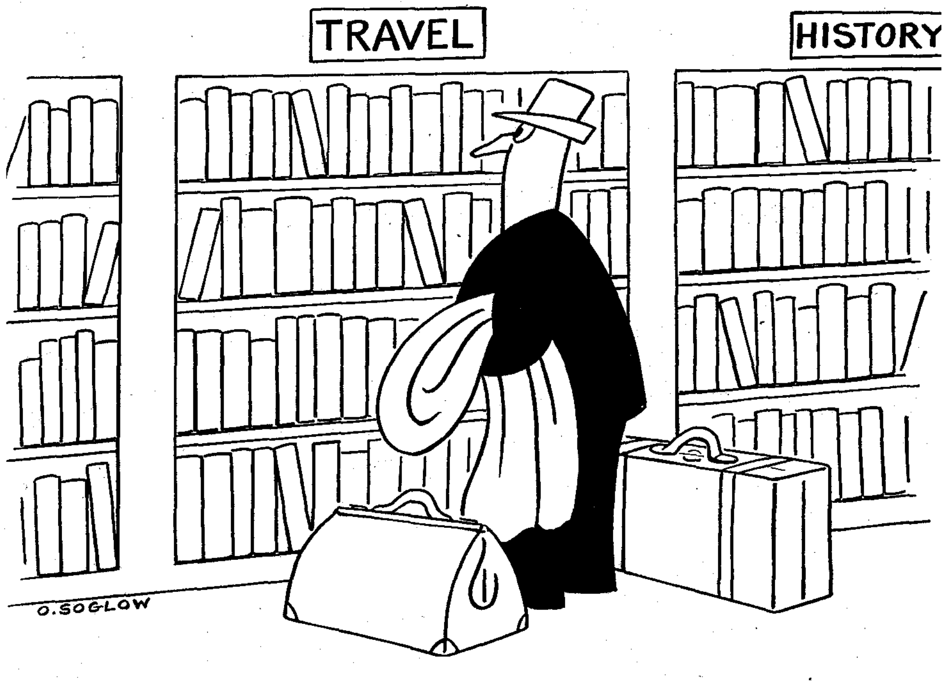
BOOKS

William Faulkner's Reply to the Civil-Rights Program

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S new novel, "Intruder in the Dust" (Random House), is the story of a Negro with white blood who refuses to behave with the submissiveness demanded of his color in the South and has developed so rigid a pride that, even when wrongfully charged with the murder of a white man, he can hardly bring himself to stoop to defend himself against his race enemy. The narrative deals with the adventures of the handful of people in the community (the Jefferson, Mississippi, which is the locale of most of Faulkner's fiction) who, having come to respect Lucas' independence, interest themselves in his case and exert themselves to save him from lynching. These champions include a boy of sixteen, who had once been rescued by Lucas when he had fallen through the ice; the boy's uncle, a local lawyer, who has lived abroad and has, to some degree, been able to surmount provincial prejudices; and an old lady of the best local quality, who had grown up with the accused man's dead wife in the relation of mistress and maid. All the happenings are presented from the point of view of the boy. It is his loyalty to the old Negro that leads to the discovery of evidence that the crime has been committed by someone else; and his emergence, under the stimulus of events, out of boyhood into comparative maturity is as much the subject of the book as the predicament of the Negro. The real theme is the relation between the two.

The novel has the suspense and excitement that Faulkner can nearly always create and the disturbing emotional power that he can generate at his best. The earlier Faulkner of "Sanctuary" was often accused of misanthropy and despair, but the truth is that, from "Pylon," at any rate, one of the most striking features of his work, and one that sets it off from that of many of his contemporaries, has been a kind of romantic morality that allows you the thrills of melodrama without making you ashamed, as a rule, of the values which have been exploited to produce them. I do not sympathize with the line of criticism which deplores Faulkner's obstinate persistence in submerging himself in the mentality of the community where he was born, for his chivalry, which constitutes his morality, is a part of his Southern heritage, and it appears in Faulkner's work as a force more humane and more positive than almost anything one can find in the work of even those writers of our more mechanized society who have set out to defend human rights. "Intruder in the Dust" is one of the most ardent demonstrations of this reconditioned Southern chivalry; and the question that arises in connection with it is not whether it paints too hopeless a picture but, on the contrary, whether it is not *too* positive, too optimistic—whether the author has not yielded too much to the temptations of the novelist's power to summon for innocence in difficulties the equivalents of the United States Marines.

I shall return to this aspect of "Intruder in the Dust." In the meantime, it ought to be said that, from the point of view of the writing, this is one of the more snarled-up of Faulkner's books. It is not so bad as "The Bear," which has pages that are almost opaque. But in his attempt to record the perceptions—the instinctive sensations and the half-formed thoughts—of his adolescent boy, in aiming at prisms of prose which will concentrate the infrared as well as the ultraviolet, he leaves these rays sometimes still invisible, and only tosses into our hands some rather clumsy and badly cut polygons. It would require a good deal of very diligent work and very nice calculation always to turn out the combinations of words that would do what Faulkner wants. His energy, his image-making genius get him where he wants to go about seventy per cent of the time, but when he misses it, he lands in a mess. One cannot object in principle to any of Faulkner's practices: to his shifting his syntax in the middle of a sentence, to his stringing long sequences of clauses together with practically no syntax at all, to his inserting in parenthesis in the middle of a scene (in one case, in the middle of a sentence) a long episode that took place at some other time, to his invention of the punctuation (( )) to indicate a parenthesis within a parenthesis, or to his creation of non-dictionary words. He has, at one time or another, justified all these devices. But what is the excuse for writing "the old grunt and groan with some long familiar minor stiffness so used and accustomed as to be no longer even an ache and which if they were ever actually cured of it, they would be bereft and lost"?—a mismanagement of relatives quite common in the Faulkner of the latest books. One is willing to give the benefit of the doubt to "regurg," "abnegant," "dismatchment," "divinant," "perspicuant," until one runs into a dictionary word used out of its real meaning, as in "it's only men who burk at facts"—when one realizes that Faulkner is not merely coining but groping. It is true that his new way of writing has enabled him to render impressions more accurately than he did before; but the passages that become unintelligible on account of a confusion of pronouns or that have to be read twice for lack of proper punctuation are not really the results of an effort to express the hardly expressible but the



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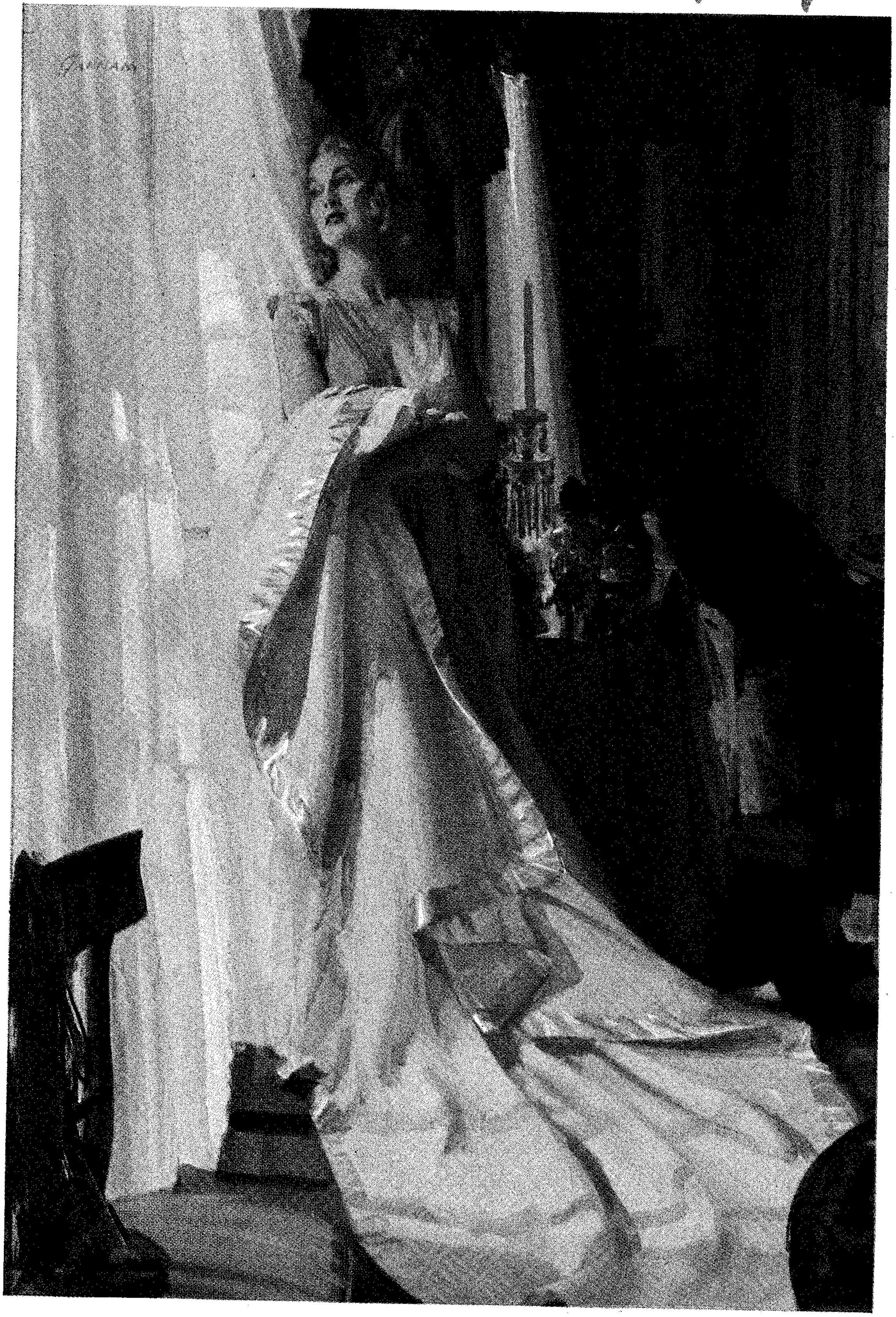

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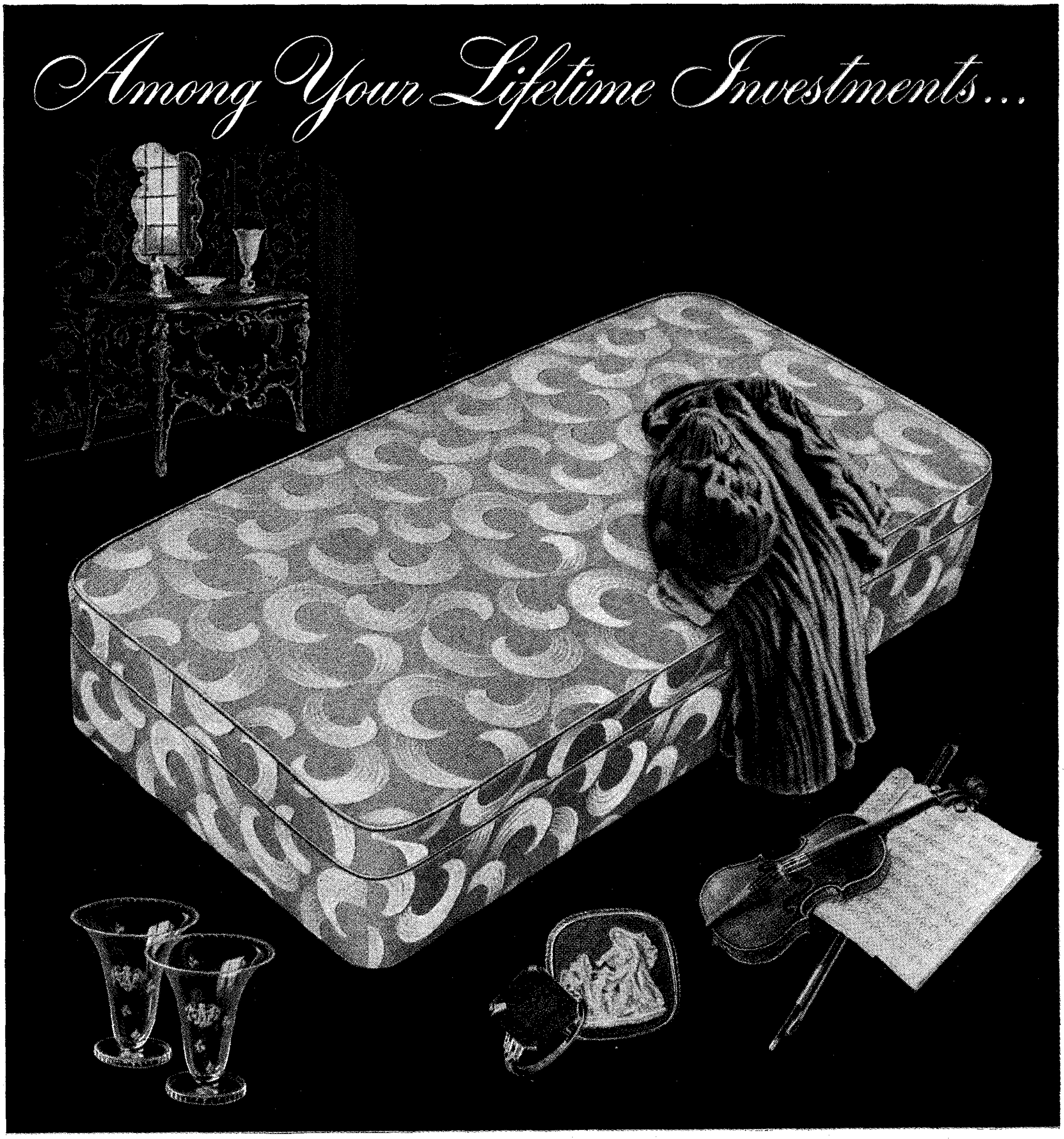

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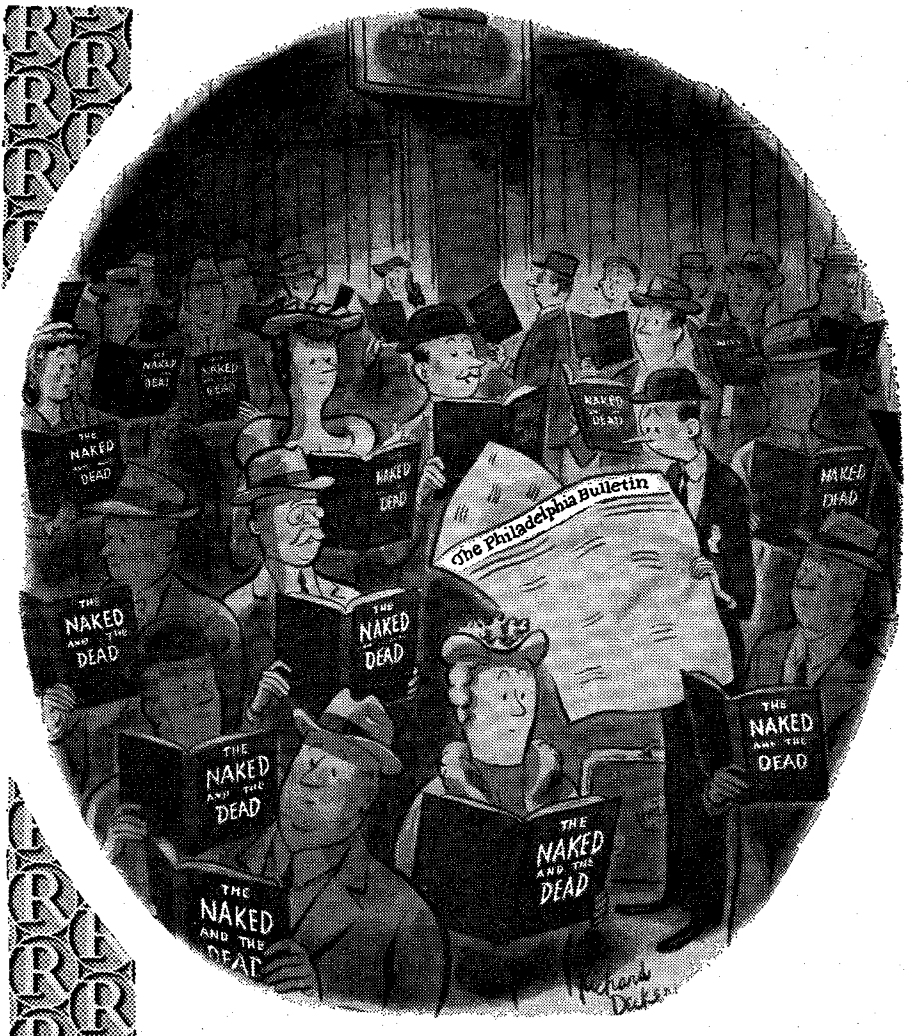
casualties of an indolent taste and a negligent workmanship that did not appear to the same degree in the prose—for the most part so steady and clear as well as so tense and telling—of such a book as "Light in August."

One finds here both the vigor of a tradition and the signs of its current decay. For the writing of Faulkner, too, has a noble and ancient lineage. Though he echoed, in his earlier novels, Hemingway and Sherwood Anderson, he really belongs not to their school but to the full-dress post-Flaubert group of Conrad, Joyce, and Proust, whom he has sometimes echoed since. To their kind of highly complex novel, he has brought the rich and lively resources, reappearing with amazing freshness, of English lyric verse and romantic prose (as distinguished from what we now call American). This is an advantage that the Southerners often have—a contact with the language of Shakespeare which, if they sidestep the oratorical Southern verbiage, they may get from their old-fashioned education. And Faulkner, it must be said, often succeeds as Shakespeare does—by plunging into the dramatic scene and flinging down the words and images that flow to the ends of his fingers. This book, like all his books, is full of passages that could not have been written if he had sat down and contemplated the object—as Flaubert is said to have done the cabbage garden by moonlight—instead of allowing himself to be possessed by it. Minor but admirable examples in "Intruder in the Dust" are the renderings of the impression on the white boy of the smell of a Negro cabin, with all its social implications, and of the effect of a little frame church that, though lacking a steeple and shabbily patched, speaks to him with the spirit of the Calvinism that its Scotch-Irish congregation have given a degenerate shrine there. He has described so many things so well!—got out of them so much human meaning. No other of our contemporary novelists, perhaps, can compete with him in this department—for most of the best of them were bred in a world that is based on abstract assumptions, and they cannot help sharing these; whereas, for William Faulkner, everything that man has made wears the aspect of the human agent, and its impact is that of a human meeting.

To be thus out of date, as a Southerner, in feeling and in language and in human relations, is, for a novelist, a source of strength. But Faulkner's weakness has also its origin in the antiquated community he inhabits, for it



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consists in his not having mastered—I speak of the design of his books as wholes as well as of that of his sentences and paragraphs—the discipline of the Joyces, Prousts, and Conrads (though Proust had his solecisms and what the ancients called anacolutha). If you are going to do embroidery, you have to watch every stitch; if you are going to construct a complex machine, you have to have every part tested. The technique of the modern novel, with its ideal of technical efficiency, its specialization of means for ends, has grown up in the industrial age, and it has a good deal in common with the other manifestations of that age. In practicing it so far from such cities as produced the Flauberts, Joyces, and Jameses, Faulkner's provinciality, stubbornly cherished and turned into an asset, inevitably tempts him to be slipshod and has apparently made it impossible for him to acquire complete expertness in an art that demands of the artist the closest attention and care.

BUT "Intruder in the Dust" does not come to us merely as a novel: it also involves a tract. The story is evidently supposed to take place sometime this year or last, and it seems to have, at any rate partly, been stimulated by the crisis at the time of the war in the relations between Negroes and whites and by the recently proposed legislation for guaranteeing Negro rights. The book contains a kind of counterblast to the anti-lynching bill and to the civil-rights plank in the Democratic platform. The author's ideas on this subject are apparently conveyed, in their explicit form, by the intellectual uncle, who, more and more as the story goes on, gives vent to long disquisitions that seem to become so "editorial" in character that it is impossible to take them merely as part of the presentation of the furniture of the uncle's personality. The series may be pieced together as something in the nature of a public message delivered by the author himself. The first difficulty about this message is the way in which it is expressed. Faulkner, who has shown himself a master at making every possible type of Mississippian talk in his natural idiom, has chosen to couch the uncle's conversations with the boy in a literary prose like his own at its most complicated and non-colloquial—so that it is difficult to reduce what is said to definite propositions. I shall, however, make an attempt to do so.

The point of view, then, seems to be as follows (interpolated comment by the reviewer):

"The people named Sambo" [the uncle's way of designating the Negroes] have survived the ordeal of slavery and they may survive the ordeal of dictatorship. The capacity for endurance of the Negro is a recurrent theme of Faulkner's, and his respect for their humble persistence is unconsciously but strikingly contrasted here with his attitude toward "the coastal spew of Europe, which this country quarantined unrootable into the rootless ephemeral cities" [as if the Italians, Greeks, Hungarians, Poles, and Czechs had not shown as much tenacity as the Negroes, and as if the Southern Negroes had not been kept alive—that is, encouraged to persist—by the people who had an interest in employing them, just as the immigrants from Europe were].

The Southerners in the United States are the only "homogeneous people." (The New Englander, in his pure and respectable form, crowded back by the coastal spew of Europe, is no longer of real importance.) "We are defending not actually our politics or beliefs or even our way of life, but simply our homogeneity, from a federal government to which, in simple desperation, the rest of this country has had to surrender voluntarily more and more of its personal and private liberty in order to continue to afford the United States." The Negro is homogeneous, too, "except that part of him which is trying to escape not even into the best of the white race but into the second best." The saving remnant of Southerners, such as the characters in the story who rescue old Lucas Beauchamp, should combine with the non-second-rate Negro—the second-rate variety being, by the author's definition, the Negro who demands "not an automobile nor flash clothes nor his picture in the paper, but a little of music (his own), a hearth, not his child but any child [back to Uncle Tom and Uncle Remus!], a God, a heaven which a man may avail himself a little of at any time without having to wait to die [Oh, dem golden slippers!], a little earth for his own sweat to fall on among his own green shoots and plants [no large-scale agriculture for Sambo!]." Let the white man give the Negro his rights, and the Negro teach the white man his endurance, and "together we would dominate the United States; we would present a front not only impregnable but not even to be threatened by a mass of people who no longer have anything in common save a frantic greed for money and a basic fear of a failure of national character which they hide from one another behind a loud lipservice to a flag." [The Mississippian may have hold of something here.]

Lucas-Sambo must be defended "from the North and East and West—the outlanders who will fling him decades back not merely into injustice but into grief and agony, and violence, too, by forcing on us laws based on the idea that man's injustice to man can be abolished overnight by police." Any other course of conduct toward the Negro is to risk dividing the country. Attempts on the part of the people in other sections of the United States to strengthen the hand of the Negro amount to nothing more than "a paper alliance of theorists and fanatics and private and personal avengers plus a number of others" [including a good many Negroes] against "a concorded [i.e., solid] South," which is now full of "ignorant people" from other parts of the country, "who fear the color of any skin or shape of nose save their own." Such action will force the many Southerners "who do begrieve Lucas' shameful condition and would improve it," and will eventually abolish it, to ally themselves with all those objectionable elements "with whom we have no kinship whatever, in defense of a principle [the inalienable right to keep the Negro down] which we ourselves begrieve and abhor." They will thus be forced into "the position of the German after 1933, who had no other alternative between being either a Nazi or a Jew, or the present Russian (European, too, for that matter), who hasn't even that, but must be either a Communist or dead." So they must be allowed themselves, without intervention or advice from others, to grant the Negro his citizenship. Otherwise—

Otherwise, what? I have been able, I think, up to now, to make Faulkner's argument clear by quoting or paraphrasing his own words, with the addition of a little punctuation; but here I must present you with a chunk of his text without any elucidation, for I cannot be sure what it means: Otherwise, "Lucas' equality" cannot "be anything more than its own prisoner inside an impregnable barricade of the direct heirs of the victory of 1861-1865 which probably did more than even John Brown to stalemate Lucas' freedom which still seems to be in check going on a hundred years after Lee surrendered." But, the other side may object: The South will never get around to doing anything for the Negro. Your policy, the South retorts, is dangerous, in any case: it will give rise to "a people divided [Faulkner thus seems to take it

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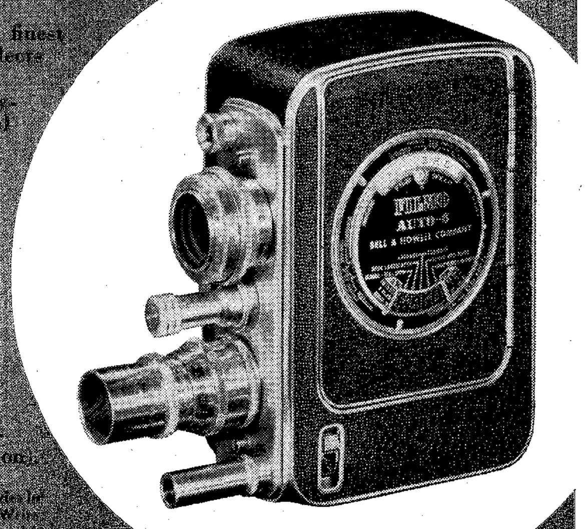

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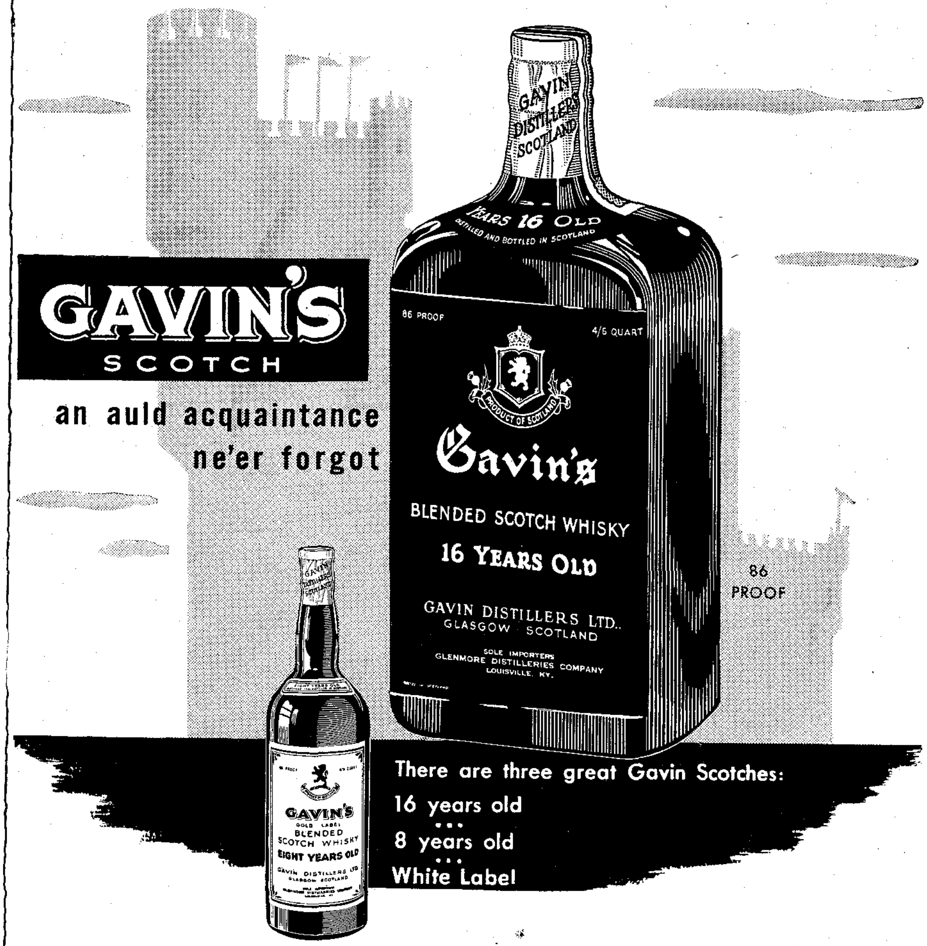

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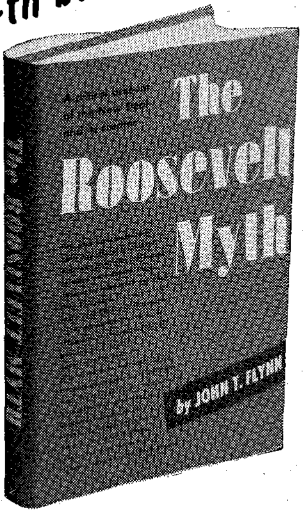

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for granted that if Washington tries to back the Negroes, it will arouse the whole South to resistance] at a time when history is still showing us that the anteroom to dissolution is division."

But is pressure from outside worth nothing? Has it had no moral effect on the South? It seems to me that this book itself, which rejects outside interference, is a conspicuous sign that it has. The champions of Lucas Beauchamp are shown as rather reluctant, as even, at moments, resentful, in recognizing his rectitude and dignity, but they do rally energetically to clear him—all of them of the best old stock—in a way that I do not remember the inhabitants of Jefferson behaving in any other of Faulkner's books. Young Charles and his young Negro pal become regular Boy Scouts. Miss Habersham proves herself a dear, gallant old thoroughbred. The uncle is as ironic and delightful as the uncle of the boy next door in E. Nesbit's books about the Bastable children. And when this wonderful posse is on the march, they have hairbreadth escapes but get all the breaks. And, in the end, the vulgar people who wanted to see Lucas lynched get into their vulgar cars and turn tail and run away. There has been nothing so exhilarating in its way since the triumphs of the Communist-led workers in the early Soviet films; we are thrilled with the same kind of emotion that one got from some of the better dramatizations of the career of Abraham Lincoln.

This is a new note to come from the South; and it may really represent something more than Faulkner's own courageous and generous spirit, some new stirring of public conscience. In the meantime, in harping on this message, I do not want to divert attention from the excellence and interest of the book, which sustains the polymorphous vitality, the poetic truth to experience, of Faulkner's Balzacian chronicle of Yoknapatawpha County. Old Lucas and certain of the other characters have already appeared in "Go Down, Moses," to which "Intruder in the Dust" is, indeed, more or less of a sequel, and the later adventures of Lucas are more interesting if you know his past history as recounted in the earlier volume, and understand his role in the tangle of black-and-white relationships which Faulkner has presented there. This subject of the complicated consequences of the mixture of white with Negro blood has been explored by Faulkner with remarkable intelligence and subtlety and variety of dramatic imagination; and Lucas himself, the black man who embarrasses a set of white relatives by having inherited the strongest traits of a common white ancestor, is one of the author's most impressive creations. Even when the prose goes to pieces, the man and his milieu live.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

I CAPTURE THE CASTLE, by Dodie Smith (Little, Brown). The secret notebook of Cassandra Mortmain, who is living penniless with her family in a broken-down English castle. Two wealthy young Americans inherit Scoatney House, nearby, and Cassandra, who bears a faint resemblance to Kitty Foyle, views the subsequent events with that blend of observant sophistication and girlish naïveté common to most first-person heroines, winding up, inevitably, by falling in love with one of the new neighbors. Neither Mrs. Smith's facile dialogue nor the very romantic scenery within and without the castle is enough to cover up the essential silliness of the story, but the writing is neat and enthusiastic, and there is a communicated sense of excited activity to keep the reader going until the preposterous ending. The Literary Guild selection for November.

THE HICKORY STICK, by Virgil Scott (Swallow-Morrow). A long, depressing look at a few discouraging aspects of our public educational system. After laborious preparation for teaching, a young high-school instructor finds his ideals about that profession being wrecked by venal officials and indifferent colleagues. He rebels effectively, gets fired, and, thus purified, returns to his alienated wife and his youthful standards. His travail occurs in a Midwestern hamlet of the sort Sinclair Lewis once made interesting, but the author's compulsion for thorough documentation of its geography and inhabitants stretches an otherwise readable treatment of an important subject entirely too far. Mr. Scott writes with knowledge and total disillusionment, and in an urgent, staccato style, but his insistence on the near-savagery of almost all children and teachers is hard to accept, even after seven hundred and fifty pages.

ERICA'S RETURN, by Louise de Vilmorin (Random House). A remote, whimsical description of the devotion of a widowed Flemish clockmaker to his daughter Erica, the most popular

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young girl in their picture-postcard village. Erica, at sixteen, is trying to make up her mind which of her two desirable suitors to choose when she falls chaotically in love with a handsome day laborer from a southern province. Her father forbids her to see him, and after a period of despair she falls into a pond and drowns, only to reappear in her father's grieved imagination as all the successive and enchanting Ericas he remembers. Mlle. de Vilmorin's first work to be published here is hardly more than an anecdote in either length or depth, and it is told—even to the happy ending, in which the old man dies surrounded by sixteen loving little Ericas—with the pleasing sing-song simplicity of a fairy tale.

THE WELCOME, by Hubert Creekmore (Appleton-Century-Crofts). An attempt to explore some of the more tortuous problems of modern marriage, in a prose that varies from the choppy to the poetic. The first hundred pages, which are pretty hard going, discuss the stunted union of a somewhat cardboard couple living in one of those small Mississippi towns that, as described in literature, make one wonder why the state wasn't ruled out of the Union years ago. Mr. Creekmore begins to warm to his task when he delineates the relationship between this pair and a young man with whom the husband once had a delicate and apparently beautiful adolescent friendship. The young man, after a lot of introspection, gets free of the two, marries, and leaves them to their crumbling devices. The author's probing into what's wrong with matrimony, or with this particular example, is intelligent and earnest but, by and large, exhausting.

MRS. PARTY'S HOUSE, by Caroline Slade (Vanguard). A sentimental and only slightly ribald account of how a sweet little woman went astray, to the extent of becoming the madam of a bawdy house. The author, a former professional social worker, combines an authoritative technical knowledge of such matters with a knack for making a story move along, even though she bogs down every now and then in wispy philosophical discussions between Mrs. Party and a local priest. Written with humor, despite the occasional overtones of psychiatry and social welfare.

ROANOKE HUNDRED, by Inglis Fletcher (Bobbs-Merrill). Another of Mrs. Fletcher's formidable plunges into early Colonial history. This one deals with Sir Richard Grenville and the hundred and eight Englishmen who in 1585 established a settlement on Roanoke Island, off North Carolina. The author is at her best when telling factually—or almost factually—of the trials of the colonists and of their dealings with the Indians, which culminated in the Englishmen's return home after fifteen months; she is very ill at ease, however, in the Elizabethan world of gentle ladies, hot passions, and finicking conversation. The book has vitality, even if the characters move across its pages like chessmen, and Mrs. Fletcher has kindly documented it with some contemporary letters that make literate and informative reading.

GENERAL

THE WEST AT BAY, by Barbara Ward (Norton). An analysis of the present-day political dilemma of the Western world by the very bright and articulate young woman who is foreign-affairs editor of the London *Economist*. In Miss Ward's opinion, there is only one way in which the people who still cherish free institutions—among whom she numbers the British, the Scandinavians, the French, the Italians, and the Americans—can extricate themselves from their troubles, and that is by combining in what she calls a Western Association. This would entail the establishment of a vast free-trade area, comprising all European countries outside Soviet control, in which political and economic interests would be fused and with which the United States would coöperate along lines already laid down by the Marshall Plan. The author is specific and hardheaded about the details of this blueprint, and has anticipated many of the objections that might be made on the ground of practicability. Altogether, a pretty strong argument.

A MAN CALLED WHITE, by Walter White (Viking). The autobiography of the executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The author, as is well known, is a Negro whose appearance is so Caucasian that he could easily pass for a white man but who has remained in the ranks of his race to carry on a fight for the betterment of conditions for Negroes everywhere. His life story, which is also a history of race rela-

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tions in the United States during the past forty years, is a disturbing document. It is no less powerful for the author's quiet tone, his humor, and his avoidance of point-blank emotionalism.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, by Randall Stewart (Yale). The second book about Hawthorne to appear this fall, and a very good one, too. Professor Stewart gives a full account of Hawthorne's life, keeping him always in the center of a busy stage. In the last chapter, he assays him on the basis of his works, which, he says, are sombre not because Hawthorne was innately morose but because he was unable to pretty up his bitter opinions on the grave questions of his time in the literary fashion then admired.

The Affairs of Dame Rumor, by David J. Jacobson (Rinehart). A thoroughgoing inquiry into the workings of rumor and of amateur and professional rumormongers—the latter being fellows employed by some business firms to discredit rival products. Mr. Jacobson progresses from the more or less benign kind of rumor, such as the perennial story of the dead man in the subway, to more serious matters, such as the tireless whispering campaign conducted against President Roosevelt and the sinister efforts to undermine American morale during the early part of the war. The book is both entertaining and useful.

Cicero and the Roman Republic, by F. R. Cowell (Chanticleer). An attempt to reconstruct the Roman way of life, as reflected in the personality of Marcus Tullius Cicero, who not only embodied the finest ideals of Roman constitutional government but left a full record of his thought and activity. The author has really written three books in one—a rise, decline, and fall of the Roman republic; a biography of Cicero; and a cultural anthropology, in which he throws as much light as possible on every aspect of Roman life, from shipbuilding to municipal politics and public health. An excellent work, copiously illustrated.

The Portable Veblen, edited by Max Lerner (Viking). An intelligent selection of excerpts from the writings of Thorstein Veblen, providing an orderly display of the philosophy of the man whom the editor calls "the most creative mind American social thought has produced." The selections range from

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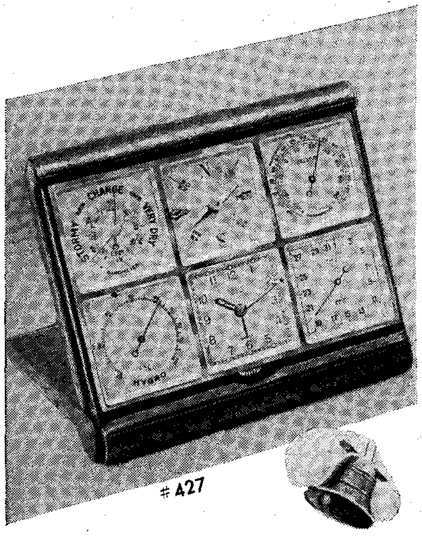

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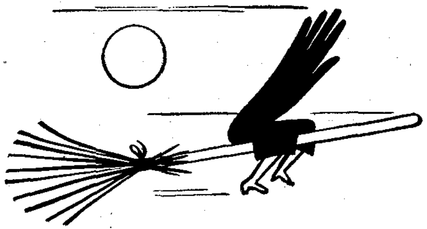

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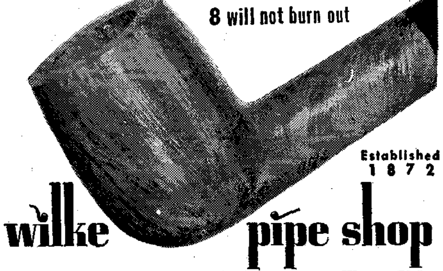

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large chunks of Veblen's major works—the first half of "The Theory of the Leisure Class" is included, as well as sizable portions of "The Place of Science" and "Absentee Ownership"—to essays and single chapters, sometimes the key ones, from his other books. Mr. Lerner contributes a long and lucid introduction, in which he considers Veblen in the light of the changed concepts of political-economic theory that have appeared during the twenty years since his death.

Fifty Secrets of Magic Craftsmanship, by Salvador Dali (Dial). Dali, behind his rather absurd attitudinizing, conceals a real respect for the craft of painting, and if he had wanted it so, his book might have been extremely informative. The trouble is that he can't avoid posturing, and the result is a hodgepodge, in which the items of sound painterly advice (and there are a good many) are mingled almost inextricably, and a bit annoyingly, with nonsense. The illustrations, scattered through the text and along the margins, are additional evidence of his own technical virtuosity.

Note—A collection of Helen E. Hokinson's drawings of her irrepressible ladies has been brought out by Dutton, under the title "When Were *You* Built?," which is the caption of one of the pictures. All were first printed in this magazine during recent years. . . . "The House Without a Roof," Joel Sayre's account of the experiences of a German family—Fritz and Hedi Hofmann and her daughter, Lilo—in Berlin during the war, has been published by Farrar, Straus. A large part of the book originally appeared in *The New Yorker* as a series of five articles.

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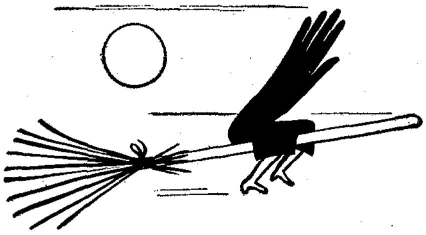

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